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EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER

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B.O.FLOWER: EDITOR



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The German Problem, - - - - - by Mrs. Spencer Tracy

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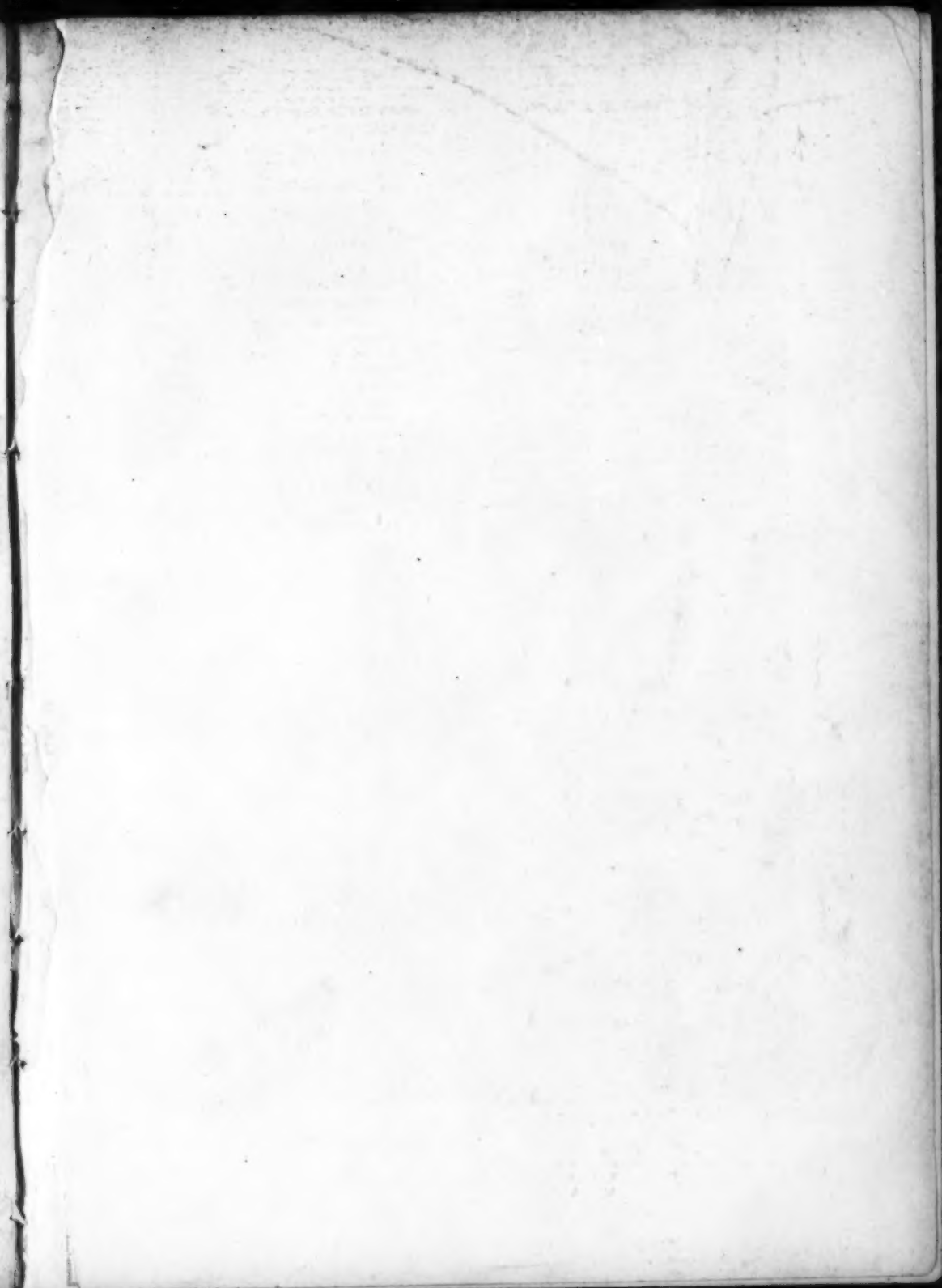
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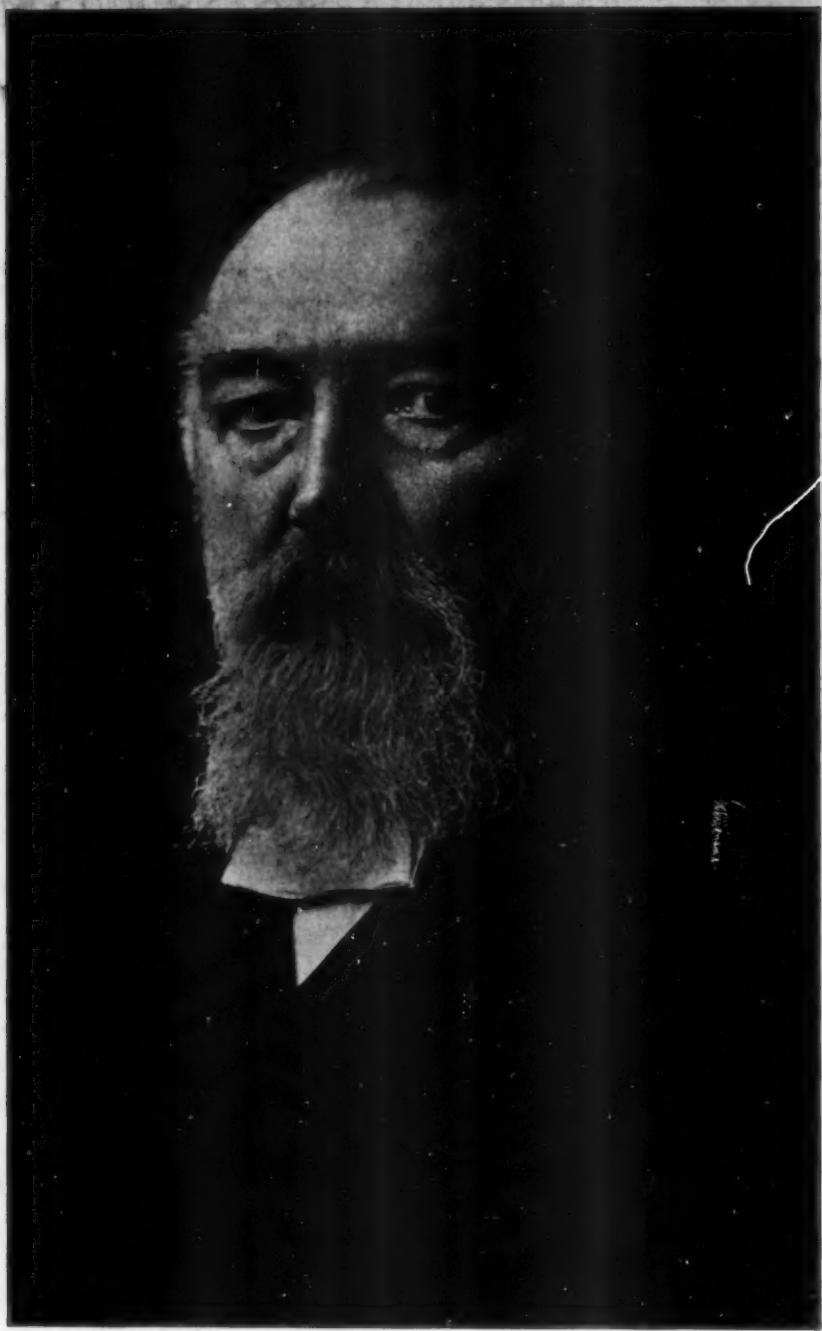


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RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG

"We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them.
They master us and force us into the arena.
Where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."—HEINE.

The Arena

VOL. XXXIII

JANUARY, 1905

No. 182

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, MASTERS AND RULERS OF "THE FREEMEN" OF PENNSYLVANIA.

By RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

"And the Lord's anger was kindled against Israel, and he made them wander in the wilderness forty years, until all the generation that had done evil in the sight of the Lord was consumed.—Numbers 32: 13.

LET US ardently hope that the Lord's anger will not prevail until all those who have done public evil, small or great, in our Commonwealth within the last forty years, are consumed. If his anger can be appeased only and good relations reestablished by the taking away of every man guilty of evil actions, whether of commission or omission, in public life, or as a plain every-day citizen, the death-rate will necessarily have to increase at an alarming rate and cause just fears that the United States Census of Pennsylvania in 1910 will cut a sorry figure and show a marked decrease in the population of the State.

One of the crying evils of the hour is the lamentable indifference of the average citizen to his public duties and the easy-going spirit with which he permits his municipal or State servant to become his master and ruler, and, as a natural result often the unchecked beneficiary of public funds without first passing the customary appropriation bills.

Another difficulty is the unconcern he exhibits when robbed of the most precious

privilege and rights inherited from his ancestors or bestowed upon him by the founders of our government. If he reads flaming headlines in his morning paper about an attempted robbery, his interest is instantly aroused, every line of the story is closely perused, his indignation knows no bounds and he may even mutter: "That fellow should be hung, and I would n't hesitate to help pull the rope." The same paper, in a parallel column, may relate the story of the grossest debauchery of the ballot, of thousands of fraudulent votes cast and counted at an election affecting the very life and future of the community, the crime committed, perhaps, under the shadow of Independence Hall. He glances at the head-lines, yawns, throws the paper aside and lights a cigar!

We find the Metropolis of the State of Pennsylvania, called the "most American City" in the Union, under the undisputed control of a late police-magistrate, a successful public contractor and a former saloon-keeper. The elation of our citizens should know no bounds when they contemplate the rare triumvirate who "by the grace of themselves and the indifference of the people" have virtually become proprietors and rulers of

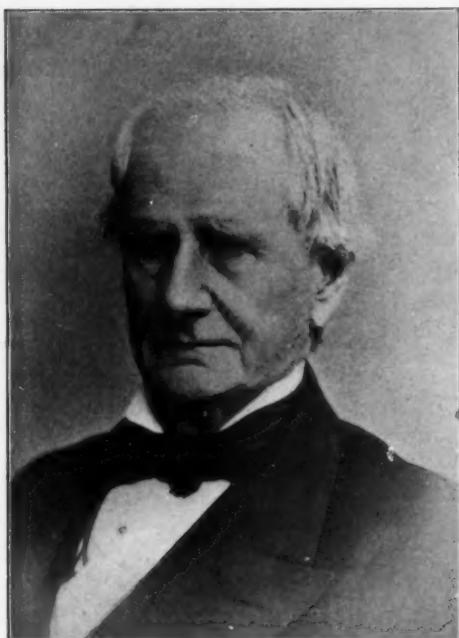


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

SIMON CAMERON.

the City of Philadelphia, masters of municipal legislation, distributors of office, tithe-gatherers from dependent officials—from Mayor to scrub-woman—wizards of elections and general superintendents and arbiters of all that concerns the municipal welfare of "their loyal and obedient subjects."

Our political czars may well feel a peculiar pride in their constituency, for:

They control one Mayor.

They own ninety per cent. of City Councils.

They are Directors of Public Safety and Public Works.

They select and elect all but three Magistrates.

They police the Police.

They promote public education through sectional school-boards of their private choice.

They manufacture Republican majorities *a la carte*.

They care for machine tools and agents

after acquittal or conviction on criminal charges.

They keep our streets as clean as their politics.

They are "blind" believers in civil-service.

They decree our tax-rate.

These are a few of the accomplishments of our honored rulers. Their power and dictation are, more or less cheerfully, tolerated and acquiesced in by:

700 churches, ministers of the gospel and their congregations.

5,000 Sunday-school teachers.

2,500 members of the bar, graduates of our universities.

2,500 physicians, graduates of our universities.

1,800 active members of the Union League.

150 life members of the Union League.

900 members of the Manufacturers' Club.

10,000 members of other social, literary, business and reform clubs.

2,500 firms composing "The Trades League."

750 members of the "Ancient and Honorable" Board of Trade.

200 financial institutions of clean business record.

16,000 manufacturing firms, employing 250,000 hands.

10,000 business establishments, large and small.

500 building associations with a powerful, provident and respectable membership.

Then there are "The Mayflower Descendants," "Sons of the Revolution," "Society of Colonial Wars," and other hereditary bodies who glory in the virtues and accomplishments of their forefathers and are satisfied with carrying their honored names—to the grave!

We have in our midst a quarter-million honest, well-disposed men who could rescue the city if they would cultivate and

arouse the dormant public-spirit within them, if they would once awaken from the political turpitude and moral lethargy that has, almost continually for a generation, been their voluntary lot. They have been in the hands of banded spoilsmen, who levy tribute whenever the law is not too close upon their heels and who can be routed only by an uprising of patriotic, public-spirited citizens and the proclamation of a new Declaration of Independence aimed not at foreign foe but at a domestic oppressor, far more dangerous, insidious and threatening than any possible enemy or combination of powers against our country and its institutions from foreign lands.

The history of the infamy of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia under boss-rule, from Cameron to Quay, is of such proportions that it can be dealt with only in a general way and will be taken up in a series of articles, beginning with an introductory chapter on

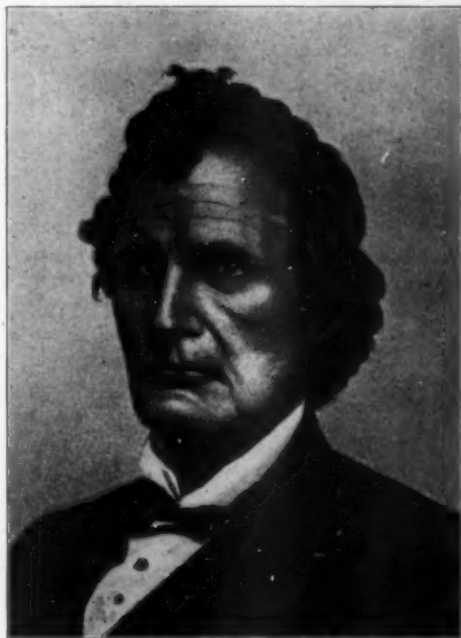
THE BIRTH OF CORRUPTION.

Senator Quay was not the author or originator of the corrupt system of politics in Pennsylvania, which came in later years to be fittingly described as Quayism; he found, when he commenced his debasing public career, a crude, cut-throat political machine which he perfected and elaborated until it became the most effective instrument of liberty-destroying power in American politics. The man who originated and laid the foundation for the unparalleled system of political debauchery which has made Pennsylvania politics a hissing and a by-word wherever the English language is spoken, was the late Simon Cameron. He broke into political parties and achieved success with the crow-bar and sledge-hammer, with a friendly burglar-proof safe, the closed doors hiding from public view compartments filled with persuasive boodle. His successor discarded the crow-bar and substituted the finest tempered file; the unwieldy sledge-hammer gave way to the noiseless pry; the

closed door of the burglar-proof safe to double-locked and guarded apartments on the political battle-ground, safe from public view but far richer in possibilities and rewards for the faithful than they had ever dreamed of under their first ruler.

Cameron was born of Scotch parentage, in Lancaster county, in the last year of the eighteenth century. As a boy he learned the printer's trade, edited a paper for a short time in Doylestown, the county-seat of Bucks county, and at the age of twenty-three removed to Harrisburg, to become the editor of a Democratic newspaper, and gradually, by shrewd and timely changes of his political affiliations, the dictator and the arbiter of Pennsylvania politics for a period of forty years.

His first leap into notoriety came through a shady transaction occurring during the administration of Van Buren, in which he was the authorized Government agent to pay the Winnebago Indians a large sum of money in consideration of their release of certain lands to the United



THADDEUS STEVENS.

States. Cameron was at the time President of a bank in Middletown, Pennsylvania, and it was charged that he deposited the specie entrusted to him to discharge the debt to the Indians, in his own bank, taking with him the equivalent of the amount in new bank-bills. He is also said to have equipped himself with a large stock of beads, gewgaws, and cheap finery of the sort that would be likely to strike the fancy of the aborigines. After having first induced the Indians to accept his new Middletown bank-notes, which they regarded as the prettiest money they ever saw, in payment of their claim against the Government, he proceeded to sell the cheap stock in trade to his easy dupes to an amount sufficient to cover nearly the entire payment he had made to them. He had left the specie in his own bank before starting on his mission, and he brought back nearly all the paper notes which represented the amount. Whether the story was exaggerated or

not, it won for him the derisive title of "Old Winnebago," which clung to him for a generation. This episode should have forever precluded his becoming an even secondary factor in the affairs of state, for a man who deliberately deceives and swindles the wards of the Nation should be shunned as much as he who would betray and rob his own orphan wards.

He entered into politics as the leader of a legislative bolt by which he was elected to the United States Senate as the successor of James Buchanan, who had become a member of President Polk's cabinet. The Democrats had a clear majority in the legislature at the time, and had nominated the late Chief-Justice Woodward to succeed Buchanan, but Cameron, who while professing to be a Democrat was a protectionist, quietly made it of interest to a number of Democrats to bolt the nomination of Woodward and support him for the vacancy. This created a deadlock, and the Whigs, finding they could not elect a candidate of their own, finally voted for Cameron, giving him a majority, and thus a stepping-stone to his unsavory prominence in the politics of Pennsylvania. He was defeated for reelection in 1849 because the Know-Nothing members of the legislature, who then held the balance of power between the Whigs and the Democrats, imitated the example and followed the tactics by which he had secured his first election with this difference, that they fused with the Whigs, voting for James Cooper, instead of Simon Cameron, Democrat.

In the election of 1854, the Know-Nothing party had become powerful enough in Pennsylvania to constitute a controlling element by endorsing the Whig candidate for Governor and the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, both of whom were elected, their triumph carrying with it the complete control of the legislature. Cameron supported the Democratic ticket and had made a Democratic speech the evening

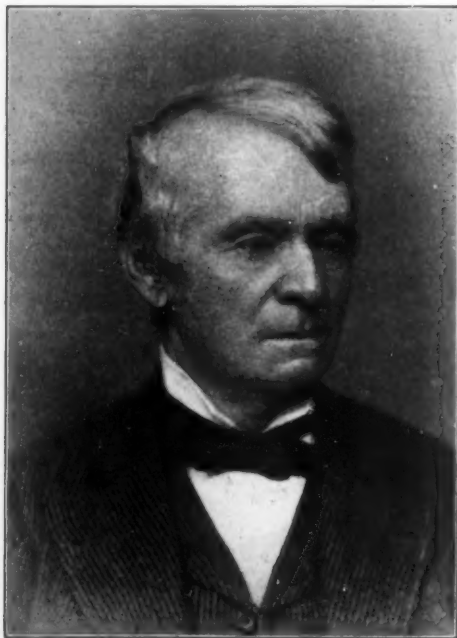


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

before the election. Immediately after the election, over night so to say, he switched around, turned Know-Nothing, and became a candidate for the United States Senatorship. Andrew G. Curtin, who was then Secretary of the Commonwealth, was his chief competitor, but there were minor candidates enough to create a deadlock, and the legislature adjourned without electing anybody. The next legislature was Democratic, and Governor William Bigler, of Clearfield, was chosen Senator.

By this time Cameron had boxed the political compass with little success, but with an unabated desire to again become Senator. The legislature of 1857, which had to elect a successor to Richard Brodhead, was Democratic on joint ballot, by three votes, a temptingly small number for an unscrupulous aspirant for office and power to ignore. The late Colonel John W. Forney, was the Democratic caucus nominee, by the personal request of President Buchanan, and no one at the time dreamed that there was any doubt about his election. Cameron, after having been a Democrat, a Fusionist, again a Democrat and later a Know-Nothing had now become a Republican, having been one of the Republican candidates for elector on the Fremont and Dayton ticket in 1856. He still wanted to be Senator, but his disreputable business and political record failed to commend him to the new party which he had joined and which was composed chiefly of men of honor, principle and conscience. His name was proposed in the Republican caucus for the Senatorship, but was not seriously considered until State Senator Penrose assured the caucus that Cameron could command three Democratic votes if he was certain of a solid Republican vote. A confidential committee was appointed to ascertain the truth of this statement, and reported that it had an apparent foundation. The caucus then decided to vote on the first ballot for Cameron for United States Senator, and await results. Much to the surprise of

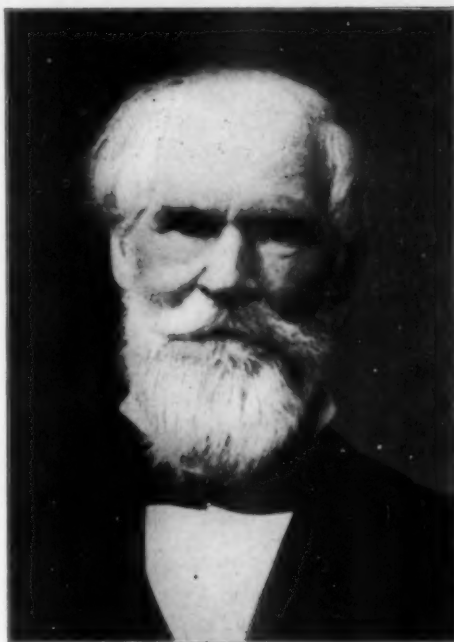


Photo. by L. C. Handy, Washington, D. C.

GALUSHA A. GROW.

the greater number, who were not initiated, three Democratic members of the House, Lebo, Manear, and Wagonseller voted with them, and Cameron was elected. The three Cameronian Democrats paid a heavy penalty however, for their partisan perfidy. They were driven from the hotel in which they boarded, and no other hotel in Harrisburg would receive them. They were hanged in effigy at their own homes, to which they dared not return, and were compelled to seek quarters in an obscure boarding-house in the lower part of the town.

Their perfidy drove them into ignominious retirement, branded by their indignant constituents as fit company for Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. Cameron, however, took little account of the storm of indignation which followed his elevation to the Senate by what were boldly charged to be purchased votes. He was impervious to popular condemnation. Politics with him was mere business.

He thought no more of buying legislators or legislation than he did of purchasing a yoke of oxen or a pair of trousers. If he had, at that time, been overwhelmed and crushed by public wrath, if his betrayal of all that is sacred and dear to honest citizenship had been punished by political ostracism, Pennsylvania would never have sunk so deep, and the pages of her later history would not have been so black and repellent.

Once in the Senate, he began to have higher aspirations. While a member of a body containing such moral and political giants as Seward, Sumner, Wade and other pillars of the newly-formed Republican party, his bodily presence only was felt, for he cut no figure whatever intellectually or as a statesman. He prepared at once to intrigue and scheme to secure the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1860. He was without the cordial support of the Republicans of Pennsylvania, whose leaders were men like Curtin, McClure, Wilmot, Stevens and Grow, yet he was able to make himself necessary to the election of Curtin, who secured the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania in that year, and to harmonize the party and make success at the October election possible, the majority of the delegates to the Chicago Convention yielded to Cameron's entreaties and voted for him for President on the first ballot.

In the meantime, having cunningly secured a pledge from David Davis, who was managing Lincoln's candidacy at Chicago, that if the latter were nominated and elected to the Presidency, he would be appointed Secretary of the Treasury, Cameron consented in return to have the vote of Pennsylvania transferred to Lincoln. As illustrating Cameron's ideas of statesmanship, he frequently afterwards reproached McClure for refusing to give him a cordial support for the nomination, saying that he could have been nominated and elected instead of Lincoln, and to use his own expressive language, he added: "We could all have

had everything we wanted." This was the keynote of the Cameron character. Responsible offices were not in his judgment public trusts to be wisely administered in the public interest, but private perquisites to be sought and gained for the pecuniary benefit of himself and friends. The thought of Cameron nominated and elected in the place of Lincoln makes one shudder even at this late date. It is appalling to contemplate what would have been the fate of this country if in the place of wise, honest, patriotic Abraham Lincoln an occupant of the White House had been chosen whose life and character were the very antithesis of our martyred President. We cannot enough thank Providence and the Chicago Convention of 1860 that we escaped this humiliation and peril.

The election of Lincoln and the war which followed have become history. With a great deal of persuasion and manifest reluctance, Lincoln ratified the bargain made with Davis, to which he was not a party at the time, and of which he was not made aware until after the election, by appointing Cameron to his first cabinet, merely changing the promised portfolio from the Treasury to that of the War Department. It is also a matter of history that in the great crisis which tested the statesmanship and administrative capacity of each of the men the President called to his assistance in the formation of his first cabinet, Cameron proved to be the one conspicuous failure, and was driven from the cabinet within less than a year at the imperative demand of a profoundly disgusted and indignant country. As Secretary of War, he gave more attention to the granting of fat contracts to his speculating followers than to the suppression of the Rebellion, with the result that the soldiers were provided with shoddy uniforms, antiquated guns that would n't shoot, and summer hats for winter wear. His dark and dubious doings aroused public indignation to the highest pitch. He was severely criticized and condemned by leading journals and statesmen of his

own party, while high officers of the army blamed him for much of the suffering their soldiers were compelled to endure. Representative Dawes, afterwards Senator from Massachusetts, led an investigation of the alleged abuses of the War Department that resulted in a scathing report against Cameron's method in administering the office and a vote of censure by the House. While Cameron some ten years later, occupied a seat as United States Senator from Pennsylvania the resolution of censure was expunged from the journal of the House of Representatives!

With great effort, a fifty-million-dollar loan had been negotiated with the leading financiers of the country, and when this had been expended and it was necessary to raise more money to carry on the war, the leading bankers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other financial centers peremptorily refused to advance another dollar until Cameron was superseded in the War Department by a man whose integrity and patriotism were unquestioned. Then a blow fell which made the callous Secretary of War wince, and he was bluntly dismissed from the position he had disgraced and into which he had forced himself by shameless political trading. President Lincoln, in January, 1862, sent a letter to Mr. Cameron by Salmon P. Chase, couched in this language: "I have this day nominated Hon. Edwin M. Stanton to be Secretary of War, and you to be Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia." Cameron was stunned and deeply humiliated by this unexpected missive, but he had no redress, except that by the interposition of the late Col. Thomas A. Scott, his Assistant Secretary of War, President Lincoln consented to withdraw this curt letter of dismissal, and permit Mr. Cameron to write a letter tendering his resignation. This was accepted and the late Secretary of War was banished to St. Petersburg, for that was what his appointment as Minister to Russia virtually meant. It is worthy of note in this connection, that in

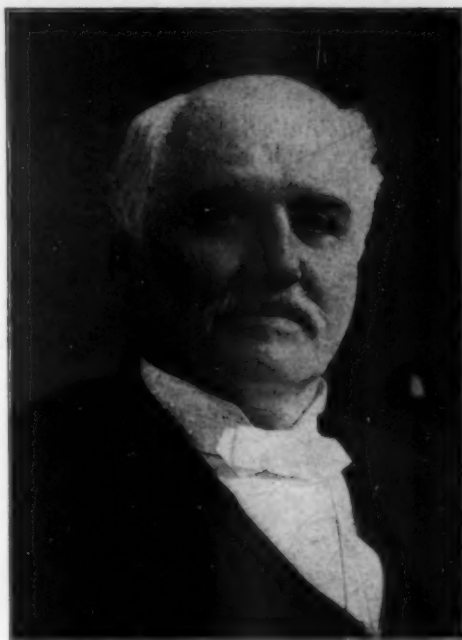


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

COL. A. K. MCCLURE.

the change from Cameron to Stanton, the country secured a sternly-honest, capable and efficient Secretary of War.

Cameron retired to St. Petersburg with as good grace as possible, and within less than a year had formulated his plans to again break into public place through an election to the Senate at the close of the term for which he had been elected by Democratic perfidy and the vacancy in which had been filled by the election of David Wilmot, of Wilmot-Proviso fame. Fortunately for the country, and defeating Cameron's aspirations at this time, the legislature was Democratic by one majority on joint ballot, and although Cameron succeeded in securing the Republican caucus nomination over Wilmot, on the assurance that he could repeat the Lebo, Manear and Wagonseller stratagem, and secure his election by a Democratic vote or two, the sequel proved, that it was a game that could n't be played a second time. On the day the ballot was

taken for Senator, the aisles and galleries of the State House were thronged with a band of determined Democrats under the leadership of the redoubtable Esquire William McMullen, now deceased, of Philadelphia, each with a revolver in his right coat-pocket and his hand on his revolver ready for business. In the face of such determined surveillance and ready argument no treacherous Democrat dared to vote for Cameron, and Charles R. Buckalew, the Democratic caucus candidate was elected by one majority. Cameron was thus compelled to defer his Senatorial aspirations for four years, when he was elected to the Senate over Andrew G. Curtin, after one of the bitterest contests ever witnessed in Pennsylvania.

It was during this Senatorial contest of 1867, that Cameron's successor as the Dictator of Pennsylvania politics, Matthew Stanley Quay, who was a member of the House from Beaver County, and a professed adherent of Curtin transferred his allegiance from Curtin's leadership to that of Cameron, thus falling heir to the succession. Cameron was reelected for a fourth term in 1873, and retired finally from public life in 1877, by the transfer of his Senatorial toga to the shoulders of his son, J. Donald Cameron. A review of his public career reveals the introduction into Pennsylvania politics, for the first time, of the corrupting power of money and the degrading principle that participation in public affairs is a mere scramble for power and pelf. Cameron's remark to McClure, already quoted, reveals his standard of statesmanship. The records of the Senate during the four terms in which he occupied a seat in that body, fail to show any measure of public importance associated with his name. His warfare to the point of extermination against other Republican leaders in Pennsylvania, shows that he realized, himself, that among statesmen he was a pigmy, and that his only hope of permanent success lay in driving every possible rival out of public life. When

he entered Lincoln's cabinet there were four Pennsylvanians who from the standpoint of real statesmanship were easily his superiors. These men were Andrew G. Curtin, the great War-Governor, Galusha A. Grow, then Speaker of the House of Representatives and the author of the "Homestead Law," David Wilmot, his own successor in the Senate, and Thaddeus Stevens, known as the "Great Commoner," and the undisputed leader of the House of Representatives. For Cameron to retain his supremacy it was necessary that these men should be driven out of office or their spheres limited to a single Congressional District. Grow, who had served five consecutive terms in the House, was easily robbed of his place by a legislative gerrymander of his district made at the dictation of Cameron, by which it became Democratic. Wilmot failed of reelection because the Legislature was Democratic at the time, and Cameron was given the caucus nomination which proved to be barren. Wilmot was appointed to the Federal Court of Claims, and died soon after. Curtin was beaten by Cameron for the Senatorship in 1867 by methods which would not bear the light of day, and resentment at his unmerited defeat undoubtedly had much to do with Curtin's later adhesion to Greeley in the disastrous campaign of 1872 and his final migration to the ranks of the Democratic party. Stevens was an unsuccessful competitor against Cameron in 1867, and died shortly after. At the expiration of his third term as Senator Cameron had succeeded in driving from public life every rival that might become dangerous, and had fully established the era of littleness and incompetency which has disgraced the public administration of the second greatest Commonwealth in the Union for a continuous period of forty years. Grow, in his declining years, after having been deprived of a Senatorship which he had fairly won in an open public canvass before the people, by characteristic Cameronian methods, was finally permitted to reënter the House

and round out his career in that body. All the other conspicuous Pennsylvania Republicans of the war-period with the exception of Colonel McClure have been dead for years.

A word here as to the introduction of the corrupt use of money in politics. The beginning of Cameron's rise to wealth in his dubious transaction with the Winnebago Indians has already been referred to. This occurred during the Van Buren administration, and from that time forward he continued to put money in his purse by canal and railway contracts, and later became the beneficiary of the war tariff through the ownership of furnaces, rolling-mills and other industrial enterprises. Until the war-period wealth had not been considered in Pennsylvania an essential condition of eminence in public life. From the foundation of the Government, Pennsylvanians had been filling the high offices of the state because of demonstrated ability in the management of public affairs. It is not probable that any Senator or Governor for a period of three-quarters of a century had been a pre-eminently wealthy man. Cameron's rise simultaneously to wealth and political leadership introduced a new era in political management. While the corrupt use of money to secure his own elevation was never publicly fastened on him by positive and unimpeachable testimony the Lebo, Manear and Wagonseller episode left no doubt in the public mind that he was the beneficiary of corruption. His own view of the subject may be fairly inferred from a remark he is reported to have made to the late Christopher Magee, who was one of his political protégés. Magee had been elected City Treasurer of Pittsburg when a very young man, and upon the expiration of his term, Cameron, who had taken a liking to him, advised him to retire from politics and get rich before engaging in public affairs again, clearly indicating that he regarded riches as the only certain stepping-stone to political preferment in Pennsylvania in the future. That he did all that he

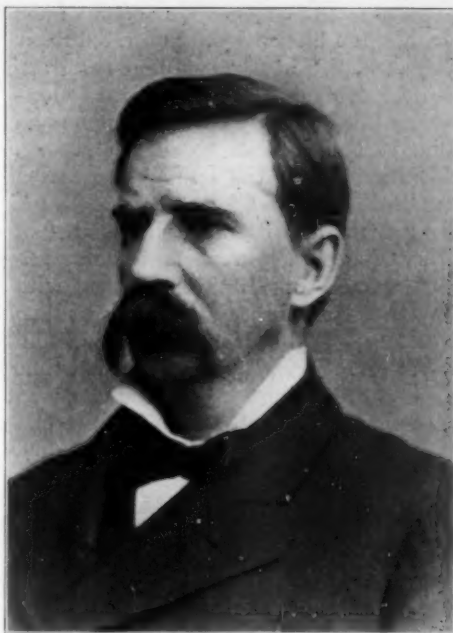


Photo. by Gutekunst, Phila.

J. DONALD CAMERON.

could to make this an essential condition of political success during the period in which he controlled the politics of Pennsylvania will hardly be disputed by any one at this time.

The absolute domination of the executive and legislative powers of the State by Cameron cannot be better illustrated than by a recital of the circumstances connected with his resignation and the transfer of the Senatorship to his son in 1877. Cameron had still two years to serve, and would in all probability have reelected himself at the expiration of his term, had he so decided. He had, however, failed to induce the incoming President Hayes to continue his son, Donald, in his cabinet as Secretary of War, an office the latter had filled during the closing period of Grant's second administration. Piqued at his failure to dominate the new administration, he determined to elevate Donald to the Senatorship while he still had the power, and thus entail the Cameron dynasty upon the Commonwealth while

he was still living. He came from Washington to Harrisburg on a Saturday afternoon. The legislature had adjourned over until Monday night following, and the majority of the members had gone to their homes to spend Sunday. No intimation of the coming resignation and deal had been allowed to get into the newspapers, and not a single member of either House was aware that it was impending. A consultation was held with Governor Hartranft, Quay, who was then Secretary of the Commonwealth, and Robert W. Mackey, who was at that time one of the most influential of the Cameron lieutenants, and a plan of procedure agreed upon. On the following day, Sunday, the Republican members of the House and Senate, who still remained in town, were looked up one at a time and marched down to the residence of J. Donald Cameron, on the river bank, where they were confronted with the new aspirant for Senatorial honors, who informed each in detail that his father had resigned, or would resign, and that he was a candidate for the succession. Each visitor was pressingly requested to pledge his support to this transfer of the Senatorship from father to son on the spot, without waiting to consult with his constituents or colleagues. Taken unawares, the pledge was given in most if not in every instance. On the following day every train was watched and every Republican legislator was taken by the arm as he stepped from the train and escorted to the Cameron mansion where the Sunday process was reenacted until pledges

enough had been secured by this combination of surprise and pressing personal request to constitute a majority of the Republican caucus. This having been secured, Governor Hartranft sent a message to the two Houses during the Monday evening session announcing the resignation of the elder Cameron and requesting a joint convention of the two houses to elect his successor. It was the profound conviction of the leading members of the legislature at the time that if these pledges had not been quietly secured in advance the resignation would not have been placed in the hands of the Governor. As it was, the people of Pennsylvania were neither apprised of the elder Cameron's resignation nor consulted in the least about his successor until the transfer had been consummated. The legislature of the second greatest state in the Union had been degraded from a body of supreme law-makers, representing four-and-a-half millions of sovereign people, to an assemblage of automatic puppets, representing nobody but a political dictator. Thirty years of Cameron had erected upon the ruins of a supposed representative government a wily and autocratic dictatorship which took no notice of intelligent public sentiment. That dictatorship was perpetuated and its power rendered absolute for another quarter of a century by Matthew Stanley Quay, whose career and characteristics form one of the most striking episodes in our political history.

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR.

By EDWIN MAXEY, M.Dip., LL.D.

Of the Law Department of the University of West Virginia.

IN 1826 John Adams died. He had lived through and been a prominent actor in one of the most interesting periods of our history. To him was given the privilege of seeing thirteen British Colonies transformed into an independent Republic. It is a noteworthy coincidence that in the same year that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts lost this honored son, there was born within her borders another who would have enriched any Commonwealth, and to whom it was given to see the Republic transformed into a nation. The development of the United States within the space of those two lives challenges the admiration of the world. A sense of immediate loss forces us to consider the latter of these lives.

George Frisbie Hoar was born in the historic town of Concord. His grandfathers on both sides had taken active parts in the Revolutionary war. His mother was the daughter of Roger Sherman of Connecticut. His father Samuel Hoar, was one of the ablest lawyers at the Massachusetts bar. Thus heredity and environment combined to produce a strong, vigorous New Englander.

At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard College, which was then a very small institution compared with what it is to-day. The course of study was the fixed classic course given in the ordinary denominational college; very little attention was then given to the sciences, and there were very few elective studies. He did not make a brilliant record in college. According to his own account, he wasted a great deal of his time. But the same was not true of his course in the law school. Here he applied himself conscientiously and under the guidance of Greenleaf, Parsons, Parker and Dexter laid the foundation of a legal education

upon which for more than half a century he has been rearing a superstructure.

His professional life was spent in the practice of law at Worcester, Mass. From the start he gave promise of exceptional success, so much so that in the second year of his practice he was invited by Judge Washburn to form a law partnership with him. Soon after entering the partnership Judge Washburn took a six months' trip to Europe, leaving Mr. Hoar to look after the practice of the firm. During his absence he was nominated for governor by the Whigs. His election left the remaining partner in possession of one of the largest practices in the state, an extraordinary thing for one not yet thirty years old and but four years a practitioner. In the securing of it there seemed to be something of luck; but it took more than luck to hold it successfully, which he did until his election to Congress in 1868.

Though kept very busy with his law practice he found time to take an active part in the development of his adopted city. He was the founder of its Free Public Library, also of its Polytechnic Institute. To him is due the distinction of having made before the Legislature of Massachusetts the first public address in behalf of technical education in this country. Such acts are no mean tribute to his foresight and no slight evidence of his usefulness as a citizen. In addition to this he found time to render two years of service in the Massachusetts Legislature, during which he drafted and secured the adoption of the Practice Act, which has formed the basis of civil practice in that state for more than half a century. He was also one of the first to champion the factory legislation in which Massachusetts has been the pioneer in this country.

From the time he reached his majority he took an active interest in politics. He was one of the founders of the Free-Soil party and later of its legitimate successor, the Republican party. He organized the latter for its first successful campaign in Massachusetts. He favored the nomination of Abraham Lincoln in 1860 and did effective service toward electing him. There is nothing in Mr. Hoar's whole political career in which he felt so much pride as in the part which he took in the formation of the Republican party. He was an ardent anti-slavery man and felt that this was the most effective way of promoting the anti-slavery cause.

In 1868 he was elected to Congress, of which body he has been a member continuously for thirty-six years, since 1877 in the Senate. So long a term of public service is certainly remarkable. But what is more remarkable, he never sought an election or a reelection. Neither did he, like all too many of our Congressmen and Senators, ever convert himself into an office-peddling agency. He gave his time conscientiously to the business of legislation. His conception of the duties of a legislator forms a refreshing contrast with that of "Tom" Platt and Matt. Quay.

Though an ardent partisan he was frequently at variance with the views of his party, yet he never bolted. He believed in reforming the party from within rather than by going over to the enemy. As a result of this policy he always retained his influence in his party, an influence which though not always sufficient to control its actions has nevertheless always been respected by the thinking men of his party. The bolter, upon the other hand, loses whatever influence he had in his own party and rarely acquires more than a temporary influence in the councils of the enemy. Partisanship is not *per se* an evil and becomes such only when used to attain unrighteous ends.

As an orator he was handicapped by a thin, piping voice, yet some of his speeches have been masterpieces when judged from the standpoint of incisive argument. But in spite of a poor voice he was always listened to with attention, for it was known that he would always say something worth remembering and that he meant what he said. Intellect and sincerity seldom fail to gain a respectful hearing. It has been my pleasure to listen to him a number of times, and, in common with all others who have heard him, I can never forget the impression made upon my mind when I heard him for the first time. He could not electrify his audience as many men can. While he was by no means lacking in wit, the style of his discourse was in general that used in addressing the judges of a supreme court. Never did he resort to cheap clap-trap methods for gaining applause. If the logic of his utterances did not commend them, he was content to fail.

Neither before nor after entering the Senate did he become rich. His tastes were not along the lines of high finance. He chose rather to use his money for the advancement of institutions of an educative and benevolent character, for the purpose of gratifying his taste for the best literature, and in travel. For some years he had the distinction of being one of the few Senators who could get their checks cashed for small amounts only. During the thirty-six years he had been in Congress there had not been the shadow of a suspicion that he had ever been mixed up in any scheme for the reducing of graft "to a really beautiful handicraft." His private as well as his public life was never tainted with scandal. A product of American institutions, his character represents much that is best in American life.

EDWIN MAXEY.

Morgantown, W. Va.

THE STRUGGLE OF AUTOCRACY WITH DEMOCRACY IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC.

By E. P. POWELL,

Author of Nullification and Secession in the United States, Our Heredity from God, etc.

THE STRUGGLE for autocracy began as soon as the government was organized. The birth of two parties took place in Washington's cabinet; Alexander Hamilton was the nucleus of centralization; Thomas Jefferson of home-rule. Hamilton had proposed in the Constitutional Convention a President for life; a Senate for life; Representatives selected by the Senate. In Washington's cabinet his course was constantly along this line. He expressed a hope that the National government would ultimately triumph altogether over the State governments and reduce them to entire subordination—"dividing the larger states into simpler districts." Madison parted from Hamilton, because "he wished to administer the government into what he thought it ought to be; while I endeavored to make it conform to the Constitution." Hamilton wrote that he considered the Constitution and the Union "a frail and worthless fabric." Jefferson avowed his belief that Hamilton intended to "subvert step by step, the principles of the Constitution—leading to the overthrow of the republic, and the establishment of a monarchy." He wrote at a later day: "Hamilton and I were pitted against each other, every day, in the cabinet; like two fighting-cocks."

We see here the origin of a struggle that has never ceased—perhaps never will. Each party was sincere; one was unscrupulous. In 1798 John Adams was President, and represented the autocratic element; but, as it always happens in a centralized government, there was a conflict for headship. Hamilton assumed to be leader by endowment of genius; and he dictated measures to Congress as if himself the President. It was all-important that the Federals who then held the

power should retain it. In their own judgment, at least, it would be criminal neglect to let the government pass into the hands of the democratic people—home-rulers, Jacobins, atheists. The autocrats named their administration of affairs "The Government of The Best." Cabot said: "I hold democracy to be the government of the worst." The chief organ of the party said: "A democracy is always intolerable." Adams himself was at this time with the Centralizers. In 1798 he said: "As to trusting to a popular assembly for the preservation of our liberties, is the merest chimera." Hamilton, at a banquet in New York, responding to the toast, "The people," struck the table with his fist, and exclaimed: "The people! it is a great Beast!" With such views, it is no wonder that he urged on Congress to pass an Alien Bill, permitting the President to send out of the country any foreigner without trial, who came under suspicion. Following this came a still more autocratic measure; permitting the arrest and imprisonment and fine of anyone who printed, uttered, or published any scandal against either House of Congress or the President. This was Hamilton's idea of a republic. These laws were enacted by Congress, without the endorsement of President Adams. One Congressman, in Vermont, was arrested while stumping for reelection, and was fined \$1,000, beside being imprisoned four months in a cold, damp jail, in inclement weather. His offence was saying that "President Adams had an unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp and foolish adulation." Ten printers and editors were prosecuted, and either fined or imprisoned. Judge Peck of Otsego county, New York, was arrested for circulating a petition for the repeal of the outrageous

statutes. The people began to organize for resistance; and throughout the whole country they looked to Jefferson as their leader. The democracy was taking shape against autocracy; home-rule against centralization. Several of the States protested through their legislatures. Such laws were held to be invasions of, not only popular liberty, but of State rights. Virginia and Kentucky refused to allow the obnoxious statutes to be enforced within their limits. Madison strongly sided with Jefferson. Adams, already highly indignant at Hamilton, began to nourish sentiments more closely allied to the democracy.

In 1800 Jefferson was elected President although the clergy and politicians had united in pronouncing him to be a most dangerous character. He began his administration by causing the abrogation of the Alien and Sedition Laws; impeaching those judges who had packed juries and made stump-speeches from the bench. He established the government on the principles of the rights of the States and the rights of the people. His followers were not the aristocratic, nor even the best educated or highest born. This class of citizens had been Tories during the Revolution; they were now opponents of democracy—they were “The Best.” Jefferson avowed the principle as fundamental, that we could “trust the common people, with honest hearts, better than the select few with educated brains and selfish disposition.” He was right. He established the republic on the basis where Samuel Adams, Franklin, and Washington intended it should be placed. In the Declaration of Independence he has wedded the Golden Rule to politics; he now identified the common people with good government. The autocrats, being turned out of office and power, began a desperate plot to split the Republic and create a Northern Confederacy—consisting of New England, New York and possibly New Jersey. Timothy Pickering, who had been in Washington’s cabinet, wrote that he held “such a

measure would be welcomed in Connecticut and New Hampshire; but that New York must in some way be made its center.” Governor Griswold of Connecticut wrote: “The project which we formed was to induce, if possible, the legislatures of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire to commence measures which should call for a reunion of the Northern States.” John Adams bristled with indignation when he discovered the plot, and went over with all his soul, and his friends, to aid Jefferson to sustain the Union, and to secure popular rights,—no Adams was ever disloyal. This move of the dethroned Federals involved the election of Aaron Burr as Governor of New York, with the agreement that he should be made the President of the proposed Confederacy—if it could be brought into existence. Hamilton, who hated Burr, with whom he had constant conflict, refused to help him, and therefore opposed the conspiracy. What Hamilton sought was not a lot of petty republics or confederacies, but a mighty Western Empire, with himself as the imperial head. Burr was Vice-President, but he accepted the offer of the plotters, and was nominated Governor of New York. The New England Federals not only labored with pen to elect him, but aided in stumping the State. Governor Griswold wrote that Burr was the only man who could “break the democratic phalanx.” If a separation could be secured, he believed that “the New England States, New York and New Jersey could be united.” Burr carried New York City; and failed in the whole State by only 6,000 votes. The quarrel with Hamilton, which had long been exasperating, was now unendurable. One or the other must be disposed of. It fell to the lot of Hamilton to fall before the pistol of his antagonist. The party of “The Best” was not only broken; it was now shattered beyond possible recovery. On the autocratic side there were left ten thousand jealous, selfish leaders—the ablest lying in a duelist’s grave; the ablest

statesman gone over to the Republicans; while Burr, in most ways their peer, was in exile. The full programme of Hamilton had been: (1) Alliance with England; (2) War on Mexico, Cuba, and all other Spanish possessions; (3) A standing army of 50,000; (4) A military régime for the nation; (5) Alien and Sedition Laws to suppress opposition; (6) The subordination of the States, and the absorption of their power in the Central Government. His programme had woefully failed; and the first struggle of autocracy and centralization to destroy State rights and local self-government ended fortunately for the people and mankind.

That a strongly-centralized government was necessary to secure administrative strength and vigor was soon disproved. Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence which the Federals denounced as mere theory; yet under his administration the taxes steadily decreased; and the national debt, which had been going up under Federal rule, now as steadily went down. Inaugurated with simplicity, he began an administration of economy. In 1803, while negotiating with France for enough of Louisiana to enable us to use the Mississippi river, the news came to him that Napoleon would sell the whole territory. Jefferson closed the bargain as speedily as possible, and appealed to Congress to confirm the purchase. The United States thus became possessed of more new territory than enough to cover all the original thirteen states,—but how much more neither buyer nor seller could determine. Expansion thus went on without consolidation of government and without an increase in the army. Jefferson carried into office the conviction that he belonged, not to a party, but to the whole people. In him the people saw an almost flawless leader; and nearly *en masse* became his followers. The Federals had increased the national debt eight millions in five years; Jefferson decreased it five millions in two years. An era of prosperity dawned—the first that the country had

ever experienced. The world saw a wonderful sight. On the other side of the Atlantic there was one man who preëminently believed in autocracy; on this side there was one man who preëminently believed in the power of the people to govern themselves. Napoleon built an empire brittle as glass; Jefferson built a republic strong and elastic as steel. As President of the Republic, without a political convention behind him, he wrote his own platform. It will be found in a letter to Elbridge Gerry. It so thoroughly embodies the principle of democracy and home-rule that I give it almost entire:

“I do then, with sincere zeal, wish an inviolable preservation of our present federal Constitution, according to the true sense in which it was adopted by the States; that in which it was advocated by its friends,—and not that which its enemies apprehended, who therefore, became its enemies: and I am opposed to the monarchising its features by the forms of its administration, with the view to conciliate first a transition to a President and a Senate for life, and from that to a hereditary tenure of these offices; and thus to worm out the elective principle. I am for preserving to the States the powers not yielded by them to the Union; and to the legislature of the Union its constitutional share in the division of powers; and I am not for transferring all the power of the States to the General Government; and all those of that Government to the executive branch. I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt; and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries, merely to make partisans; and for increasing, by every device, the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing. I am for relying, for internal defence, on our militia solely, till actual invasion; and for such a naval force only as may protect our coasts and harbors from such depredations as we have experienced; and not for a standing army

in time of peace, which may overawe the public sentiment; nor for a navy, which by its own expenses and the eternal wars in which it will implicate us, will grind us with public burthens, and sink us under them. I am for free commerce with all nations; political connection with none; and little or no diplomatic establishment. And I am not for linking ourselves, by new treaties, with the quarrels of Europe; entering that field of slaughter to preserve their balance, or joining in the confederacy of kings to war against the prin-

ples of liberty. I am for freedom of religion, and against all *manœuvres* to bring about a legal ascendance of one sect over another; for freedom of the press; and against all violations of the Constitution, to silence by force and not by reason, the complaints or criticisms, just or unjust, of our citizens against the conduct of their agents. And I am for encouraging the progress of science in all its branches.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

E. P. POWELL.

Clinton, N. Y.

LIGHT VERSUS LEGISLATION.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

(MRS. SPENCER TRASK.)

IS DIVORCE justifiable or unjustifiable?

Is it righteous or unrighteous?

That is the question men and women are asking themselves to-day.

In the meantime, like "jesting Pilate," they "stay not for the answer," but rush into the divorce-courts.

The home, the family, society, are threatened by a growing evil. Society and many sociologists—debating the complex problem—plead for uniform divorce-laws, as a remedy for the evil.

The Christian Church, of all denominations, also turns to legislation—both ecclesiastical legislation within the Church and combined effort to secure State legislation—as the best way to bring about reform.

Is this the wisest way? Divorce is a symptom, merely; the disease lies back of it. No physician, be he physician of of the human body or of the body-politic, finds conditions really helped by treating the symptom. Stop divorce with laws, and perhaps a worse evil will spring from the same source which will not have been touched by the laws—except to be aggravated. It would be better to let the

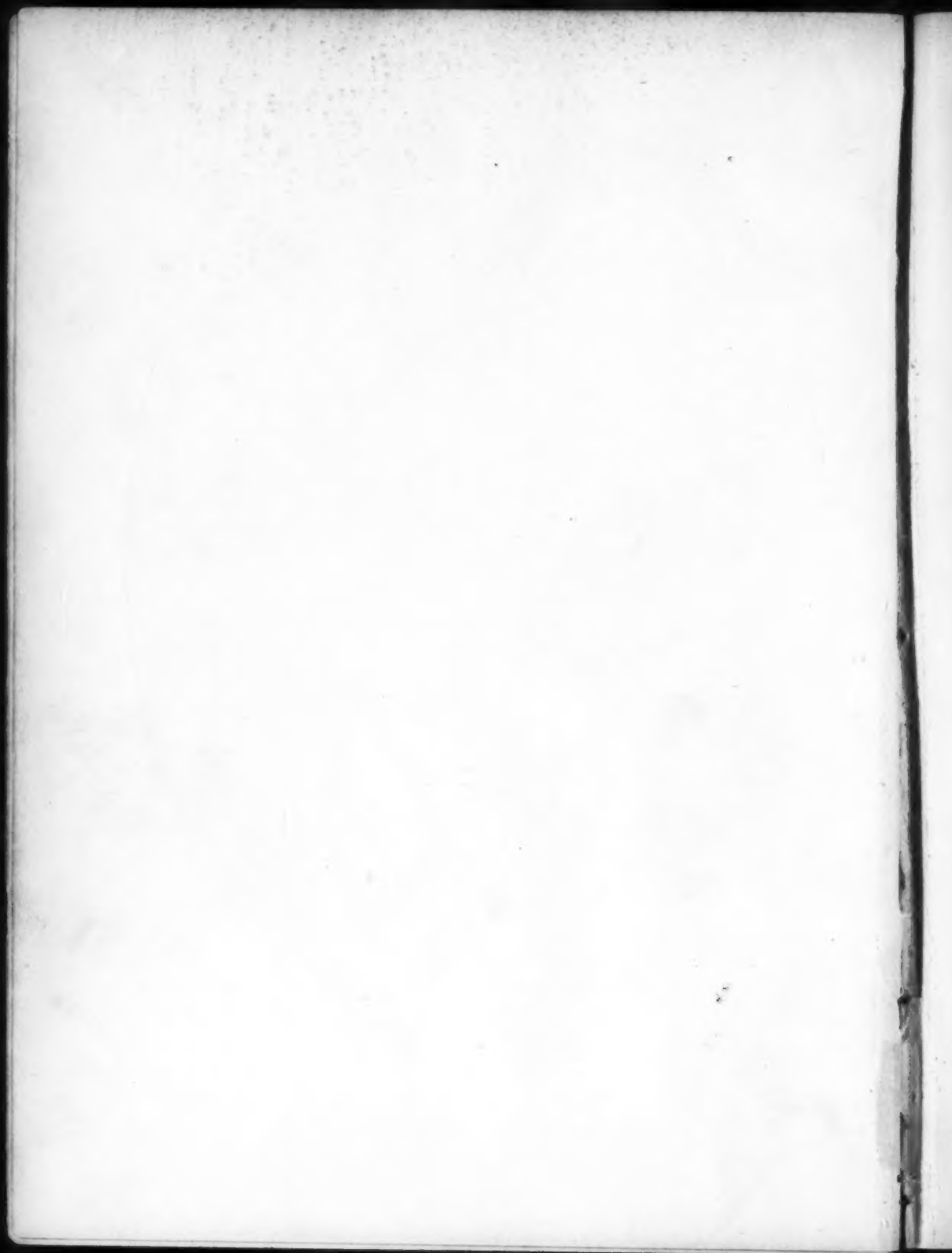
evil of divorce rage somewhat longer, than to check the symptoms and have, from the organic trouble, some greater evil develop—for the last state of society might be worse than the first.

This is by no means a protest against law; certainly not against State law. It is rather an appeal for light instead of law. It is an appeal to the virtuous and vigilant criers upon the house-tops to turn the power of the zeal that is eating them up to the propagation of light rather than into the effort to secure legislation. Let the *motif* of the cry of the crusade be changed from laws to light. Light drives out darkness. Let the light really shine, and reform on this matter will come as an evolution, not as a coercion. Let the reformer preach and teach the honor of self-respect, the dignity of pride in meeting and conquering a condition, the fine heroism of staying at the post of disadvantage, the ethics of mistake, and, above all, the supreme obligation of this generation to that which is to follow—the obligation to teach and train the children of this generation that the mistakes which are bringing the evil now upon us may be avoided in the years to



KATRINA TRASK

Photo, by Lorey, Albany, N. Y.
THE ARENA



come. Let the energy that is now being fused to shut down the lid, go into the knocking away of the walls of the pit. Let us find the best way to train the children; the best way to give them a new vision of the significance and potentiality of love and marriage; a new standard of values, to teach that purity is not a negative quality, but a positive virtue; that innocence is not ignorance, and that ignorance is a crime when one enters upon a contract sealed with vows; that a complete knowledge of, and preparation for, so supreme a mission as marriage, with the Divine ordering of procreation, is a moral obligation. And should not the Church, the palladium of Christian civilization, be the first to do this—to proclaim a more convincing gospel of light? Surely it would bring a more fundamental reform than any that could be brought by the restriction of law.

The Church, in its various denominations, claims to be the Church of Christ, and to bear witness of Him, to show forth His purpose, to teach His word.

Woe be unto the Church, if the spirit of the Christ be hidden by the letter of the Church; if the mission of the Church overreaches the mission of the Master; if the teaching of the priests be other than the teaching of their Lord.

Light not legislation was the mission of the Christ. He taught not with negatives; He taught a transcendent positive. The Ten Commandments with their reiterated negatives were transformed into two commandments with their blest affirmatives. Instead of canons, Christ gave men the beatitudes. His supreme gospel was not a gospel of interdict, but a gospel of opportunity.

The priest of the old dispensation put on his garments woven of many threads and brodered phylacteries; his splendid ephod upon his breast, his perfumes and his oils of anointing;—he went in and out between the purple curtains looped with gold; and passed judgment on those who had broken the law, putting them apart

from human intercourse, and pronouncing them unclean.

The Lord Jesus Christ walked on His weary way without ephod or priestly robe; and when, at the well, He met the woman of Samaria, who had had five husbands and was living then in sin, He drew not His garments away from her, but asked of her a simple friendly favor; and then to her He offered the everlasting gift of Living Water.

Christ troubled not with local conditions, with social institutions, or even with social evils. He concerned himself with preaching and teaching a luminous positive which—reaching the hearts of men, and transforming them—would work outward for the betterment of those conditions. He wasted not the hours of His mission in dealing with issues; He taught, instead, the righteousness which would avoid issues. He legislated not for men's acts; instead, He poured forth the virtue within Him to project light into the source from which the acts would spring.

When one of the multitude said unto Him: "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me," there can be no doubt that some question of justice and equity must have come into the matter. But Christ concerned Himself not with that; instead, He answered: "Man, who made me a judge or divider over you?" And then, to each—to the brother who claimed and to the brother who withheld—He preached *the same* sublime truth: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." The persuasion of those words must have made the brother who claimed ashamed of his claiming, and the brother who withheld ashamed of his withholding; and yet Christ had judged neither. Harken unto His words: "For I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

The Christian Church would gain a tremendous dynamic force, if it would follow the procedure of the Master; if it would concern itself less with legislation

and more with light; if it would have less discussion of dogma and more determination to seek and find the surest way to change men's hearts, the most effective methods of educating and inspiring men; if it would contemplate the fact that no accomplishment, coming from an outward reform through legislation, can be of much spiritual gain, or hold a regenerative power; and that it is only the reform which comes from within, through the quickened hearts of men, that is a real reform.

The making of laws does not stimulate the spiritual life of the Church. Those who agree with the righteousness of the laws will not need them; those who do not, will go elsewhere to fulfil their desires. And thus the Church has lost its opportunity.

When the representatives of the various Churches meet in their separate conventions, the combined intellectual, spiritual, and practical forces of those various bodies should be concentrated, with searching energy, upon one problem; *i. e.*, how best to reach the hearts of men and women. There should be deliberation and discussion of the most advanced educational methods—psychological, metaphysical, and spiritual,—to use in giving man a new conception of his spiritual heritage. It is this, the Church should do to fulfil the warrant of its existence.

The picture lately shown in Boston of the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church strikes chill upon the mind and heart. There were gathered the picked men of the Protestant Episcopal Church; they had not met as a body for three years; they will not meet again until three more years have passed; and most of the precious time and energy there, were spent in debating a canon of exclusion!

Of course, the triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church is a legislative body, and, it might be urged, its purpose is to legislate for the Church—and that only; but it is the only representative, authoritative body of the

Church, and where—if not there—should the note be struck, which will express the mind of the Church, that those who are looking on from outside will understand its aim and its ideal? Where, if not in this Convention assembled, are we to look for the attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church, towards questions of life and morals? (The Church Congress is only a voluntary body for the ventilation of individual opinion and debate; there is no conclusion reached, no formula set forth authoritatively of a working principle.) A pastoral letter always comes from the House of Bishops from the General Convention, and one of its prominent divines has well said: "Although a part of the deliberation of the Convention consists in making laws, yet it does not exist for that purpose; its chief object being to quicken the life of the Church." Therefore, it would not be outside of the function of the General Convention to strike a new note—and the fact that it does not would seem to prove that the Church has accepted the fact that the best way to deal with the evil of divorce is through the stricter binding of ecclesiastical laws, rather than by the lighting of the candle and the putting it into a candlestick that the light may be seen of men.

There was much eloquence, much strenuous zeal, fine rhetoric and persuasive oratory expended in the Convention touching the canon on divorce and remarriage. What a stimulating and tonical effect it would have had upon the Church, and upon those who are looking at the Church with critical and analytical eyes, if the zeal and eloquence and oratory had all gone into the reform of marriage; the resolutions to enlighten and instruct every marriageable man and woman; to enforce grave deliberation, examination, and investigation, on the part of the priests as to the fitness of the children of the Church to enter into the estate; and, into an earnest asking and seeking to find an effective way to disseminate Christ's luminous positive

among its members, to arouse them through their own conviction to the value of the renunciation of freedom, and the glory of victory that overcomes conditions instead of running away from them.

But if the wisest men in the Convention agreed that legislation on the subject was necessary for the Church, why did they not base their canon on convincing arguments, and let the discussion be on broad and conclusive lines?

For days, two factions of this body discussed at great length, and with much vigor, what Christ meant by his words on marriage and divorce (in Matthew, 5: 32; Matthew, 19: 9; Mark, 10: 11-12; and Luke, 16: 18.)

The echoes which reached the outside world from the Convention of this same body, three years ago, were of this same discussion, then prolonged and finally left undetermined.

When men like the members of that Convention are assembled—men of such strength and fineness of character, who are conspicuous for their ability, consecration to duty and the work of regeneration for the world—does it not seem a sacrifice of opportunity for them to throw their energy into the debate of single utterances of Christ?—especially when those utterances were in most cases answers to questions the Pharisees asked Him, tempting Him (in which case Christ always gave a subtle and oracular answer), and, in every case, were said from—and said to meet—the conditions of the day in which He spoke.

Has not the time come for the Church to realize practically the immense value of a *vital* not a *verbal* interpretation of Christ's supreme gospel—an all-round grasp of its philosophic meaning, a well-balanced conclusion from the many-sidedness of that word—which is the most convincing presentation of truth in all literature, where it is not concealed by the swaddling bands of man's interpretation, nor set forth in single sentences which contradict the manifest spirit of the whole?

Christ's Word—like truth—is broader than a single sentence. The ultimate is more than the incident; and when they seem to contradict, we may assume that we have misunderstood the incident.

This does not touch upon the well-worn discussion of the inspiration of the Bible. Whether the Bible is inspired or not, whether one takes Christ's words as philosophy or as creed, it does not alter the advantage of treating them in our interpretation with the largeness and well-balanced common-sense with which we treat other words. Granted that the word is inspired by God; it is surely the more necessary that we bring to bear upon it the intellect made by God.

Progress—scientific and intellectual—must be either of good or evil. If of evil, let us have none of it, in any department in life. If of good, why deny its evolved benefits to the interpretation of the word of life?

We are constantly striving for a clearer, wider, more comprehensive reading of the classics. Not only do we make new translations to keep pace with our vocabulary and new historic data; but we bring to bear upon all literature and practical subjects of life the before-unseen forces discovered about us and within us. "We are at the dawn of a new and better conception" of those forces. "The latest discoveries in astronomy make us," as Brierly has so well said, "the denizens of a roomier universe"—and we interpret all nature with a new understanding. The revealed psychic phenomena which is causing a new consciousness to emerge within us, is being applied in many directions.

Shall the Church stand still in the utilization of these evolved forces? Shall it not read the Gospel anew in the light of a larger interpretation?

Translations and revisions should be made, of course, constantly, to keep pace with the evolution of language and knowledge. But that is not sufficient; our intellect with its finer perceptions, its newly developed forces, should read it

with the larger vision that has come to us through those forces. We should strive for a wider, fuller, more comprehensive, more subtle interpretation of the fine shades of meaning which are not translatable.

To do this is a proof—rather than otherwise—of a vigorous and dauntless belief in the reality of the Gospel. And it would seem to be in the highest sense following the command of the Master to strive to get that second sight which He yearned to find in His disciples.

Sad, indeed, was it for Him when He was upon earth. He walked lonely. He spoke, and those beside Him had no second sight—they had eyes and saw not. They translated His words of life into literalism that must have been a heavier cross to Him to bear daily than that final cross of Calvary.

There is no more pathetic note in history, appealing to the heart, than that uncomplaining refrain of Christ to his disciples: "How is it that ye do not understand that I spake not unto you concerning bread?"

"How is it that ye do not understand?"

"Do ye not then understand, or remember?"

"Doth this offend ye? Will ye go away also?" This cry is deeper in its pathos because it is uncomplaining and uncondemning. It shows the loneliness of the great heart bearing the veil of humanity, which hid the Father's face.

How could they so misunderstand Him? The manner of His daily teaching must have been after the manner of His mind. He spake as a philosopher, as a sage, as an intelligent man cultured in a generation when Hebrew poetry and Greek philosophy were in the air, and in the language that He used as a medium. He came on His human side of a people whose songs were tinted with metaphor and opulent color; whose literature held the transcendent poem of Job, and that vivid cycle of allegories. He spoke the language which taught the utterances of the oracles. To Him it would have

seemed but natural to speak with an implied taking for granted the intelligence and penetration of His hearers. And yet, His words were met with a narrow literalism and materialization by those who stood with Him face to face.

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of," He said; "Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?" they asked.

"Lazarus sleepeth," He said; "If he sleepeth, he doeth well," they answered.

"Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up"; "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days?" they asked.

Through all His life He was misunderstood. He spoke in the large comprehensive sense, and men met Him with petty verbal interpretation. And shall we continue to do this in an age of boasted enlightenment?

For those first disciples—men taken out of darkness into the sudden light of revelation—there is some excuse; but, for these later disciples who constitute themselves the Church, who claim to be the teachers of His Word, the preachers of His Gospel, there is less excuse. They have had a wider revelation; they have Christ's whole life laid before them at once from which to compare and to conclude. They have the instances of later explanations, by the Master, of the words the disciples misunderstood. And yet the Church still falls into this error of wrangling over an utterance, of pouring its energy and its authority into the discussion of the meaning of a single sentence. The very habit of its teachers and pulpiteres serves to foster this tendency; *i. e.*, the choosing of an isolated text and teaching a doctrine and preaching a sermon from its implication.

What of those debatable words that the Church is urging as Christ's veto on divorce?

To whom were they spoken? By what conditions were they called forth?

It is inconsistent with the logic of Christ to go back to a condition out of

which we have entirely evolved, to find warrant to legislate for conditions as different from the needs of to-day as the streets of Jerusalem were different from the streets of London or of New York; or as the handmaiden of the East was different from a woman of to-day.

A profound, reverent, intellectual concept of Christ forbids us to do so.

Shall we deny Christ's human intellect because He had divinity? Shall we feel it irreverent to associate knowledge of the world with Christ because He was of the Kingdom of Heaven?

No, even those who deny the divinity of Christ admit His supremacy over all the teachers who have founded a religion, in that He was the most all-rounded, the most balanced, the most spherical of all teachers.

Because He spoke as a God in things spiritual, He certainly did not speak with lack of common-sense in things temporal.

When Christ spoke of divorce and marriage, He was speaking in a primitive age, to a primitive people who had long practised polygamy and concubinage; whose laws had been made with appalling concession to men's sensuality.

Women were bought, sold, captured, traded; in war, they were man's lawful prey. Marriage meant nothing more or less than slavery. The husband was the lord; the wife, the handmaiden of her lord. It is intellectually impossible to believe that Christ, if He were here, would speak to-day—for these present conditions,—as He spoke in the year Thirty, for conditions then existing. No mere statesmen would have done so. What He said then cannot be a basis for legislation in the Church to-day. As well might we urge an argument in favor of despotism, because Christ not only told His disciples to pay the tribute-money to Caesar, but performed the miracle of putting it into the fish's mouth for the purpose. It would be just as rational to defend the grinding exactions of the Cæsars because of Christ's attitude toward the custom, as to draw any lesson for the present time

from what He said on divorce twenty centuries ago.

He was speaking *from* those primitive conditions and *of* those primitive conditions.

The Eastern woman was a part of the goods and chattels of the master,—his personal possession. The commandments are the crystallized laws of the Jews, and, in the tenth commandment, woman is spoken of as the possession of man; one with "his ox, his ass, and anything that is his."

We know by every law of inference that Christ did not approve of this. He said it every day of His beautiful life, in His attitude toward all women, even though He did not condemn it in words—save in those which have been agitating the House of Bishops and the House of Deputies in Boston.

What must the condition of woman have appeared to Christ at that time even to His human side,—His chivalry and compassion!

How infinite His compassion ever toward her! He was the first to recognize her need.

Too much has been said of late years about the "Rights of woman"—as apart from man; too little of the needs of woman—through the care, the thought of man.

Christ recognized this need of thought and care with divine tenderness. In those dark hours upon the cross, He made but eight utterances; and of those eight, two were said for a woman;—one was to His mother to set her heart at ease,—the other to John to ensure his care of her.

Christ saw the picture of woman in her bondage, in her slavery to the lusts of man. He remembered the words of Moses (Deuteronomy, 24 : 1): "When a man taketh a wife, and marrieth her, then it shall be, if she find no favor in his eyes, because he hath found some unseemly thing in her, that he shall write her a bill of divorcement, and give it into her hand, and send her out of his house. And when she has departed out of his

house, she may go and be another man's wife." And when this man took her, if he also hated her, he, too, was to give her a bill of divorcement. Scant justice this, to woman—a veiled and semi-slave, with no possibility of any individual life apart from man's desire.

The man, according to the law, could have his wives—his old wives and his new wives—in interesting variety; his many concubines; and, if he saw among the captives "that the Lord God had delivered into his hand" a beautiful woman, and desired her, he had permission to take her also.

And to balance all this, forsooth, woman could have for compensation a bill of divorcement, if she failed to please; that, when the next man took her, and also hated her and cast her off, she might have it as her defence to show unto "the elders of the city in the gate" instead of the demanded tokens of her virginity.

Can we imagine Christ contemplating so grave an injustice without compassion?

Can we imagine His speaking of it, in answer to their questions, without a protest, an implied command for betterment in a condition of such flagrant injustice? No,—for nothing, He said, should man put her away unless she herself had committed sin.

Have conditions such as those of which He spoke any bearing upon present conditions? Could any command He gave to meet that primitive barbarism be quoted as a precedent for to-day?

It is much more probable from the context of the utterances, that there lay in His answer to the questions a more profound suggestion, a more subtle significance, than His hearers could conceive, or than we have yet apprehended.

Christ asserted that all men could not receive His saying on this subject; "Only those to whom it was given." Is it yet given to us? Have we striven to find it?

May it not be that He touched here upon an ideal marriage that transcended what was or had been? May He not have winged His speech, as was His cus-

tom, from the local to the transcendent—from the temporary to the eternal—from the sign to the significance?

May not His words have reached far beyond the human institution of marriage back to some archetypal ideal of triune marriage?

The argument of the Protestant Episcopal Church for its canon on the subject is that marriage is a divine institution. Then, the Church at once proceeds to make the existing temporal union a basis for that claim, notwithstanding the fact that the marriage-service says: "Until death us do part." If it is a divine union, how can death touch it? If it is a temporal union, what is the argument against the temporal expediency of divorce?

The supreme sacramental significance of marriage must be by the transfiguration of the physical union through the spiritual ideal; to insist upon the indissolubility of marriage, because of the temporal marriage itself, is reversing the order; i. e., claiming the sacramental significance on the basis of the temporal union.

Must not then the marriage which has the sacramental significance go back of the physical union—endorsed and blessed by the Church and denominated by the Church as existing only "until death"—for its warrant?

For if marriage is sacramental by virtue of its inherent spiritual qualities, death could not touch it. In that case—if the church *must* legislate in these matters—the first thing to do would be to reform the marriage-service, omitting the limiting clause "until death us do part," and to prevent the re-marriage of widows and widowers.

What did Christ mean—"In the beginning it was not so?"

Certainly He did not mean in the beginning of the world's history, for all records show it was so; show the existence of polygamy—concubinage—sexual slavery—gross materialism. Certainly Christ did not mean when Abram, who

was the father of the people from whom He came, gave his wife Hagar into the hands of his wife Sarah, and she drove her forth into the desert with Ishmael, who was the son of Abram and Hagar. There could be no sacramental idea of marriage, either for the man or for the woman, in this beginning of history.

What, then, did Christ mean by "In the beginning?" Did He mean in the story of Adam and Eve? Who married them? God?

Then—be it allegory or be it literal truth—Christ would surely have had the completeness of the truth or of the allegory in His mind, and, therefore, we may claim, as well, the completeness of the application.

God united the woman to the man from whom He had *first taken the woman!* Would this not imply a necessary pre-union, or fitness, that means something more than the chance selection of modern marriage, which the Church blesses without any investigation to see if it be the right marriage?

Would it not suggest that only those unions were of God which brought the man *unto his own* again, and the woman *unto her own* place?

If the story of Adam and Eve be urged as a precedent in the argument, at all, it should be urged in its entirety. Therefore might it not be argued from that very example that, as Eve was taken from Adam's side, made from his rib, so there should be some more subtle union antedating the joining together to warrant the marriage?

"In the beginning," Christ said; may not this go back of time into eternity, or rather out of the present to the eternal, making the will and action of God in joining men and women something too spiritual and significant to be the precedent for any priestly office, which joins a man and woman in a temporal union?

May it not mean that unless God has given that pre-union symbolized by the taking of Adam's rib, there can be no true marriage? And that any man,

even though he be a priest, is putting asunder what was joined in the purpose of God if he solemnizes a temporal marriage *between the wrong persons*; and, therefore, such a marriage, in the sacramental sense, according to the purposes of God, was void from the beginning.

If this were so, divorce between such parties,—joined in haste by the uncon- sidering priest without God's warrant,— is, in its final analysis, merely the severing of a physical and temporary tie which has not the eternal endorsement of God.

It may be that those words of Christ were a command against divorce, even if the marriage were but a temporal union; it may be that they suggested that there was a more comprehensive view which would justify divorce; but, in any case, it is the way of error to build any theory upon the single word or incident.

The hope of humanity and of the Church is the taking hold of Christ's life and words in their completeness. In that there can be no differing exegesis. And in that completeness we find Christ's veto on divorce, though we do not find it in the single utterances, where there is room for wide difference and debate.

We find the spiritual rather than the literal protest; the revelation to the soul of man rather than the restriction of the acts of man.

Whatever Christ's suggestion as to the ultimate ideal of marriage, whatever bearing his reference to local conditions may or may not have upon to-day, the totality of His teaching is distinctly against divorce—conditions being as they now are—and, consequently, against re-marriage. This is true not canonically, but philosophically; not on prohibitory but on inherent grounds; not because of any special command of His against it, but because of His continued command for that which is a better solution of the problem.

We find but few utterances on which to build a dogma, but we find a multitude of utterances and also His own example, to be used as a working principle,—the out-

come of which principle would lead straight away from divorce—for any cause on any ground.

We find, "Forgive your enemies"; no exception is made of husbands and wives. We find, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you"; "Do good to them which despitefully use you"; no exception of this obligation is made to those bound together in temporal unions, even though those unions were mistaken ones.

"Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good"—this is not merely an utterance; it was the power of Christ's life exemplified. That may not be a command against divorce,—but it is a command to bring good out of evil to better conditions. We find continual appeal to us to bring forth the fruits of the spirit: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Would not this fruitage in heart and home be a certain way to prevent divorce?

Christ's teaching—from the Sermon on the Mount, when He said: "Blessed are the peacemakers," to the final death upon the cross, when He said: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do,"—is, in effect, a distinct protest against divorce.

It is not the law of Christ that forbids divorce; it is the light of Christ.

To say that He verbally forbids it is an assumption based on an utterance. To say that the spirit of His teaching contradicts it is a conclusion based on His Gospel. Divorce would not be sought by one who apprehended Christ's ideal. Granted, that a marriage is a mistake, that it has not that inner warrant of the heart which is needed for completeness, Christ has summed up the moral law in two commandments convincing to the soul eager to lead a spiritual life and rise above the materialism of the world: the second Commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The moment that the husband or wife forfeits the right, through any act, to the

more exquisite, subtle differentiation of personal love, then there comes the other relationship to be considered—that of neighbor; and of a neighbor to whom there is especial obligation, because of special circumstances, because of contract and promise, even granting the contract and promise were originally a grave mistake and have brought no joy. The neighbor is there, and to that neighbor love must be shown—love, as it is vigorously painted in that incomparable essay on love by St. Paul: love that vaunts not itself, that endures all things, bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things.

To make crooked places straight, to make dark places light, to bind up, to heal, to forgive, to teach those nearest to us,—this is the Gospel; and it would seem to be the conclusion to any Christian against divorce.

If the Protestant Episcopal Convention had spent its time in forming a statement of persuasion instead of forging a chain of restriction for its members, it might have brought, perhaps, at first, less outward show of result than the new canon may accomplish, but it would have been more spiritual gain; for every persuaded man and woman would have been one more bit of leaven of righteousness and peace at work in the world.

And it is not alone Christ's Gospel that should make the thinking man and woman hesitate to seek divorce as a remedy for an uncongenial marriage. We should not be tricked by persuasive arguments that urge divorce, for they are only half truths; they are comparative, not superlative, in their moral value.

Ibsen, in his masterful way, has urged the obligation of a soul, when it awakens, to leave all and go on to its own development. Society, and the so-called advanced thinkers of the day, are preaching this obligation of self-development as the righteous warrant for divorce.

Surely, this is but a half-truth,—a confusion of the end with the means.

Can any man or woman, with strong, awakened soul, who is eager for evolution and development—who holds the spiritual ideal by which even the pagans claimed man could mount to the eternal—dare put a finality upon a situation—dare sever a relationship with one's nearest neighbor, and run away from the responsibility of helping that neighbor, and of triumphantly changing that situation? Above all, dare they do this when the situation, however bad it be, has been brought about by the mistake of that man and woman, acting either in haste, passion, ignorance or desire for benefits which have been proved too scanty for the price?

Is it not too tremendous a responsibility to take, that of seeking a divorce, when one thereby also divorces the soul from its supreme opportunity—the opportunity to bring light out of darkness?

No one can deny that self-development is man's highest obligation.

It is the law of God for man; but how is self-development best obtained? Is it not best obtained through discipline and endeavor? In the name of all philosophy, practical and spiritual, what self-development is comparable to that gained in the work of changing conditions, making order out of chaos, harmony out of discord, light out of darkness?

The gaining of so great a victory must bring the highest development to the soul; and if visible victory is denied in this mortal life, at least the fiber and temper of the soul is strengthened to meet the next stage of existence,—be it translation or reincarnation.

Surely, such discipline and endeavor of the soul must bring a more vital development than ease, delight, and satisfaction. Delight may ultimately be as large a factor as tonic in development—but not delight at the expense of discipline; not satisfaction in the hour which demands endeavor.

And, side by side with the modern gospel of self-development is the gospel of altruism and philanthropy. The whole

world is buzzing with the call and cry to brotherhood. This is the note of the aroused heart of man; our poets sing it, essayists teach it. We are told—with truth—that the measure of manhood lies in the help that we bring to our fellowman who has fallen by the way. Our vigorous Walt Whitman, and our vital prophets urge us to seek the lost, to embrace the sinner as our brother and our sister. This is well for all mankind to do.

But shall the line be drawn at the erring husband and the erring wife? Shall the order halt and fail at the one most vital point,—that which bears the heaviest consequences to others and to posterity?

Finally, then, it would appear that the strong soul will make its own higher law against divorce. And the man and woman, who have to meet the difficult problem brought by a marriage which proves to have no inner warrant of the heart, will find a better way to meet it.

The pain and loneliness, that have come as the Nemesis of a great mistake, will rouse their quickened impulses into some reform of marriage that will tell upon future generations, but the invincible ones will not seek divorce for themselves; the grounds on which they would seek it will fall away with the clearer vision.

Incompatibility of temper?

What is that to Christians? Let them, instead of seeking the divorce, bring forth the "fruits of the spirit" and incompatibility of temper will quickly disappear.

What is incompatibility of temper to philosophers?

Have they not for all time urged that the heroic soul turns from nothing, and that the cardinal virtues of the philosophic mind—justice, wisdom, fortitude, and magnanimity—are potent to change all conditions, all evil, into good?

And what is incompatibility of temper to the altruist—whose high resolve is the elimination of self?

If there be real elimination of self, there can be no incompatibility of temper.

And what—even—if the plea for di-

voice be sin? Surely, that can be no ground to Christians. The Master sent His disciples to those who sit in darkness. Then, there—where the gravest sin exists—is the place for the Christian to stay.

And how can sin be ground for the philosopher?

The very ethics of the ancients take that ground from under the feet of those who would follow the philosophic life. "Teach your fellow-man," says Marcus Aurelius, "and if the power is not in your soul to do this, then bear with him." Surely, there can be no logic to the philosopher in the argument that sin justifies divorce. It is only the so-called innocent party who can obtain it, in any case, from the so-called guilty party. Shall virtue turn away from guilt? Where, then, is virtue? Is not the vital heart of virtue charity? Surely, it is the obligation of the superior to stay and fulfil the mission of superiority. Does not Marcus

Aurelius also say: "But I who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him who does wrong . . . that it participates in the same intelligence and the same portion of the divinity, I can neither be injured by any of them, for no one can fix on me what is ugly, nor can I be angry with my kinsman, nor hate him. To act against one another, then, is contrary to nature; and it is acting against one another to be vexed and to turn away."

And as for the altruists!—Their life-cry is "Service." Their mission is to help—to uplift—to stretch out the hand to the sinner.

Let them fulfil their mission. Let them help and uplift their nearest neighbor. Let them stretch out the hand in brotherhood to those who sit at the same fireside!

KATRINA TRASK.

Yaddo, Saratoga, N. Y.

HENRIK IBSEN AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, Ph.D.

IT WAS the brilliant Bernard Shaw who said that drama could never be just the same again, since Henrik Ibsen has written. The whole spirit of modern times, the most fruitful germs of modern culture are embodied in the dramas of Ibsen and his disciples. The ideal of the present age is indubitably Shakespeare's idea, "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The purpose of the drama is to crystallize, concretize and body forth the ideals of the age. Its purpose is even more than reflection, it is penetration as well. The drama is not only a mirror to reflect the surface of things, but also a Roentgen ray, to penetrate the surface and reveal, beneath the outer integument, the very bone

and fundamental structure of modern life. The great dramatists of to-day are the abstract and brief chronometers of the time. Arthur Wing Pinero once said: "It is surely the great use of modern drama that while in its day it provides a rational entertainment, in the future it may serve as a history of the hour that gives it birth."

Such a dramatist as Ibsen is the child of the past, the companion of the present, the progenitor of the future. That he is the heir of the ages but increases his obligation to image forth with convincing truth the age in which he lives, Goethe has said somewhere that to know the man, you must know the age. Of no time in the world's history is this saying truer than of the present. The theory of cosmic unity, of world solidarity, so to speak, has so penetrated the thought of

to-day that none will question the statement that the age creates the man and the man helps to create the age. Every epoch-making mind, as has been well said, is at the same time child and father, disciple and master of his age, and the more fully he surrenders himself to it, the more fully will he control it. No one has expressed this thought more ably than John Addington Symonds has done in these words: "Our pride and sense of human independence rebel against the belief that men of genius obey a movement quite as much as they control it, and even more than they create it. We gain a new sense of the vitality and spiritual solidarity of human thought. At first sight the individual lessens; but the race, the mass from which the individual emerges and of which he becomes the spokesman and interpreter, gains in dignity and greatness. Shakespeare is not less than he is, because we know him as necessary to a series. His eminence remains his own."

In this light, the masterpieces of modern drama appear, not as detached monuments of literary art, but as symbols of a growing world-spirit. We see in the evolution of the individual the evolution of human progress. The study of the interpreter of life to-day resolves itself into a study of the vital phases of the struggle that is going on in humanity of to-day. Let us glance then for a moment at the materials with which Henrik Ibsen, the great surgeon of the social body of our time, has dealt.

THE DRAMATIC PROBLEM.

We are living to-day in an age of transition—the transition between criticism and faith. The nineteenth century has been called the age of perhaps the greatest doubt and the greatest faith the world has ever known. Science, with its transforming theories, its destructive and far-reaching criticism, swept the world with the force of an avalanche. The world has had to be re-constituted and this new world is just now beginning to emerge, like the phoenix, from the ashes of the old. The laboratory method, the dissecting fever, the an-

alytic spirit have permeated and given a new form to every department of human life. Nothing was accepted as fact until placed under the microscope, subjected to the bombardment of X-rays, analyzed in a retort. So to-day we have a new psychology, a new theory of medicine, a new sociology, a new religion. Everywhere is seen modification and re-adjustment. The world demands the truth to-day, for it is the truth which maketh free.

Under the influence of the conception of cosmic unity, owing its origin to Auguste Comte and permeating all modern thought, society has grown to symbolize a vast wave which carries along the individual with it. Its laws are fixed; if the individual resists, he is submerged. He is but a tiny atom tossed upon the surface of this turbulent wave. The people, public opinion, the majority, however, are often wrong. Government in many cases appears to be the stifling of the wise and enlightened by the will of the ignorant majority.

The social compact often robs the individual of freedom.

From the standpoint of evolution, the individual is at war with his fellows. The long line of scientists from Lamarck to Spencer, from Huxley to Haeckel, from Darwin to DeVries have held their solemn clinics and declared that the theories of unlimited competition and the survival of the fittest (or is it perhaps the survival of the most unscrupulous?) are not dreams, the baseless fabric of a vision, but laws as sure, inevitable and relentless as the facts of life and death. The struggle for existence is the stern reality the individual is ever called upon to face. Competition becomes so fierce as to amount, in many cases, to oppression, elimination, destruction.

Life is becoming a brutal fight.

From the side of modern biology and modern medicine, a more sinister specter robs the world of peaceful sleep. The scientist, the biologist, the physician play the leading roles in the drama of our life. The ghost of Hamlet's father is a less frightful apparition than the specters of

our own brain. All men are not born free and equal. Heredity lays its skeleton hand upon us and we enter the struggle for existence with the ineradicable taint of inherited vice or degeneracy gnawing like a vulture at our very vitals.

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.

The modern theories of spiritualism, thought-transference and hypnotic suggestion fill our souls with disquiet and tend to lower our sense of human vitality. There is little reason to doubt the control of mind over mind, spirit over spirit. The dominant will comes into our sphere of life, exercises its occult influence upon us, and our weaker will succumbs.

Hypnotism is the thief of individuality.

Another great movement of the nineteenth century, which has given it a unique distinction in the history of modern civilization, is the Feministic Movement. Ever since John Stuart Mill rang in the new era of woman's freedom, ever since Henrik Ibsen declared in burning words that in the workers and the women he placed all his hopes and expectations, and for them he would work with all his strength, this age has won the right to the title "The Age of Woman's Emancipation." Woman, the radius of whose sphere has so long been abbreviated, is at last beginning to gain the freedom, economic, moral and intellectual, that has so long been denied her. The true relation between man and woman as coördinate factors in human progress is at last coming to light.

The emancipation of woman, in its most genuine sense, is on the way.

Remembering above all that science is the active and dominant spirit of the age, and that all questions now-a-days are reduced to a scientific basis, we begin to obtain some true perspective of the complex elements of modern life with which the student of conditions has to deal. The insistent problems of the social complex, the evolution of the individual by the principle of the survival of the fittest, the sociological doctrine of environment,

the biological theory of heredity, the psychic phenomenon of hypnotism, the the great gulf fixed between social influence and social impotence, the growing corruption of politics, the increasing unrest and discontent of the laboring classes, the laxity of marriage relations, the growing artificiality in our daily life, the emancipation of woman and, permeating all, the spirit of science—these and other pressing problems demand treatment and solution at the hands of the thinker and dramatist of to-day. It is through his masterly treatment of these great problems that Henrik Ibsen is hailed to-day as a judge, a poet, prophet and a seer. He has established the foundations of a new school of art by enlisting the art of naturalism in the service of great social reforms. His stern and uncompromising idealism led him to this step, a statement justified by a consideration of

THE MORAL PROBLEM.

Matthew Arnold once said that Goethe diagnosed the political and social systems of Europe, struck his finger upon the weak places and said: "Thou ailest here—and here." This is what Ibsen has done in the sphere of ideals, the domain of morals. Like Goethe, Ibsen is one of those rarest types to be found in literature—a union of the scientific and literary temperaments. Ibsen once called himself a clinical observer, holding the feverish hand of society and counting its pulse in the interest of art and science. A remarkable diagnostician, he lays his finger upon the social cankers of the age and, by his unflinchingly-truthful analysis, points a moral for all time.

His life might be called the enunciation of the belief, it might almost be said of the discovery, that a man may be an optimist and a pessimist at the same time. The pessimist for humanity of to-day is the optimist for humanity of to-morrow. The indignation of to-day is the spur to the effort of to-morrow. The perishability of earthly things—in that Ibsen places his hope for the future. Browning, as Chesterton has recently told us, rested

his hope in the imperfection of man; to the world he showed a very insanity of optimism. Ibsen rests his hope in the evolution of human ideals; to the world he has shown the sanity of pessimism.

"The ideal is dead, long live the ideal!" is the epitome of all human progress. It is in the evolutionary trend of human progress that Ibsen puts his profoundest trust. He resented the charge of nihilism more bitterly than any charge that was ever brought against him. At Upsala, in 1877, when Scandinavia's great university conferred upon him the doctor's degree, he said: "It has been asserted on various occasions that I am a pessimist. So I am to this extent—that I do not believe human ideals to be eternal. But I am also an optimist, for I believe firmly in the power of those ideals to propagate and develop." Ibsen believes, with one of his own characters, that "the old beauty is no longer beautiful, the new truth no longer true." Ibsen would no doubt say, as Lessing did, that if God held out truth to him in his right hand, and the pursuit of truth in his left, he would chose the left. Ibsen never made a more characteristic remark than this: "Neither our moral conceptions nor our artistic forms have an eternity before them. How much in duty are we really bound to hold on to? Who can afford me a guarantee that up yonder on Jupiter, two and two do not make five?"

This profoundly skeptical attitude, extending even to the axioms of mathematics, is the clearest mark of Ibsen's mind. "Nothing is accepted which has not gone through the powerful alembic of his searching intelligence." It is the future in which he puts his faith, and historical optimism describes his personal angle of vision. Like Nietzsche's fierce prophet Barathusha, Ibsen might well say of himself: "I am of to-day and of the past; but something is within me that is of to-morrow, and the day after to-morrow and the far future."

Ibsen's whole ideal of life may best be summed up in the words of Polonius in "Hamlet":

"To thine own self be true
And it doth follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Self-development, moral expansion is the great lesson Ibsen has sought to teach the world of to-day. In this, he is in agreement with the doctrine of evolution, which teaches that self-development should be the aim of every human being. "The expression of our own individuality is our first duty," Ibsen once said, and this doctrine he has exemplified in all his social dramas. If only every man be true to himself, if only every individual will seek his own highest development, the future is not to be feared. It is in that future that God's Kingdom shall come. Henrik Ibsen once rose at a banquet and, in a toast as holy as a benediction, as solemn as a sacrifice, drank deep to *Das Werdende, Das Kommende*.

Ibsen has created a new art, has enlisted it in the service of humanity as an instrument for social reform. What does he hope to accomplish by this socialization, this moralization of literature? The ultimate question then is in regard to the ethical significance of

THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

To understand the philosophic and ethical import of the Ibsenian drama is to understand the meaning of Ibsen's life. And to understand the meaning of Ibsen's life is to gain a vision of the inspiration, manifestation and tendency of modern humanitarianism. Behind the dry light of Ibsen's sardonic smile, the lash of his mordant satire, the cold fascination of his magician's eye may be discerned the most sincere, earnest, even passionate desire to improve the prevailing social order. The man who wrote the tremendously significant words "What is wanted is a revolution of the spirit of man," is nothing if not philanthropic, nothing if not humanitarian.

His great guiding inspiration is social pity, a deep sympathy for mankind. With this as the impulsive force of his dramatic genius, he has sought to inspire

in every man's heart the desire for ennobling humanity, the will to elevate the plane of human existence. And how is Ibsen, a dramatist, to do this? He has sought to do it by recognizing the moral quality of all human experience. Morality as Max Nordau has said, is essentially optimistic, presupposing conscious and rational efforts towards the realization of the maximum of human happiness.

Recognizing the moral quality of all human experience, Ibsen has taught us in the school of our own life. He has held up the mirror before us and therein we have recognized, with amazement and often with cursings and revilings, our own features, our own lineaments. None but ourselves have we met on the highway of fate. As Goethe said of Molière, Ibsen has chastised us by painting us just as we are. And he has done it by appealing, not to Plutarch, Holinshed and the Chronicles, but to the unquiet, disturbing life of our own day. / In his social dramas, Ibsen has given us nothing, as he himself says, that he has not either seen or lived through. If he does not see us free, it is not his fault. For he has told us the truth. He has given his answer to the question which, as Tolstoi said, Shakespeare never consciously proposed to himself—"What are we alive for?"

It is erroneous to suppose, because Ibsen dramatizes single, sometimes unusual phases of existence, that therefore his plays are not universal. Nothing could be further from the truth. His plays are universal because they are laid in the inner life, the region of moral consciousness. It might be said that his whole drama is a microscopic analysis of the moral self-consciousness of modern society. From the standpoint of art also, his dramas are universal, because they are inclusive of three distinct types. The late Frank Norris said not long before his death: "Every novel must do one of three things—it must, first, tell something; or, second, show something; or, third, prove something." If it be granted that this classification is legitimate for the

drama as well as the novel, it will be found completely exemplified in the dramas of Ibsen. They do all three of these things: first, they narrate incidents; second, they penetrate deep into the character and motives of type-men; and, third, prove something, either by their conclusions or by the influences you are forced to draw from them.

Social pity has been the inspiration of Henrik Ibsen, truth his criterion, his subject—life. What immediate effect have plays, thus grounded, upon his auditory? Their immediate effect is to awaken thought, to induce reflection, to compel people to analyze and ponder grave questions of individual and social morality. It is true that Ibsen does not summon to immediate action—we can do nothing for little Nora, or Helen Alving, for Hedda Gabler, or Rebecca West. Yet we brood over the questions set before us. As the French put it, *ils donnent à penser*—they start within you a train of reflections and meditations which may alter your own life, which may influence the whole world. For, as Emerson says, "To think is to act."

Ibsen is at once a great realist and a great idealist, a great optimist and a great pessimist. He once said publicly: "It should be the endeavor of every dramatist to improve the prevailing order of the world." His own high aim in his social dramas is to aid in the progress of civilization, to assist in the perfecting of civil life.

It seems, as Brunetière says, that we of to-day are marching towards the socialization, the moralization of literature. What higher aim, what nobler function can literature have than this? Some day it will be universally admitted that Ibsen and Tolstoi, Björnson, Hauptmann and Sudermann have not lived in vain. In that day, the world will pay homage to Henrik Ibsen because, since he has lived, literature has thrilled with a new joy—the passion for a more just and beautiful social order.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.
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THE POSTAL SAVINGS-BANKS OF GREAT BRITAIN; OR, HOW THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND FOSTERS SAVING AMONG THE POOR.

By J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P.

ONE THOUSAND million pounds or \$5,000,000,000 is the estimated amount of money to the credit of the thrifty poor and the working-classes in Europe, which invested fund is backed up by the security of the government of each country. Of this sum no less than two hundred million pounds sterling, or \$1,000,000,000 represent the amount invested in the Post-Office Savings-Bank of Great Britain and Ireland, and Savings-Banks with almost equally good security.

The history of the Savings-Banks of England is one of the most beautiful chapters of English progress, and like the story of the Penny-Post is a triumph for the English people, in setting an example to the rest of the civilized world which has been eagerly followed.

THE ORIGIN OF THRIFT BANKS.

It is very singular that the best description and the most marvelously graphic reasons for the establishment of Post-Office and other Savings-Banks are obtainable from the reports of a few eminent Postmasters-General of the United States of America, beginning with Mr. Creswell, and ending with the Hon. John Wanamaker.

In picturesque language we have placed before us the state of Europe one hundred years ago. A few good men were battling with the problem of teaching habits of thrift and frugality, of self-reliance and good citizenship among the very poor.

There were no opportunities for these poor people to save.

The chimney-corner, the trunk, the hearth-stone, the closet, and the old stocking were the receptacles for their small savings. "To offer needed security to these millions striving to be provident,

to encourage other millions now thoughtlessly improvident, and bind closer to the nation all those who are benefited by their savings being taken care of, is worthy of the loftiest statesmanship."

This exactly represented the want of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, but even in a finer set of phrases than used by Gladstone in introducing the measure in the House of Commons, the Hon. John Wanamaker said: "I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom of allowing to the frugal and thrifty working-man, and especially to working-women and youths, the privilege of using the Post-Offices as places of deposit for small sums. Whoever counts himself a friend of the working-people must favor some such measure. . . . The gold and notes hid away by nervous, mistrustful people, exceed in amount all the gold exported last year. Almost all the secret and undeposited savings of the people it is believed would be turned over to the government if postmasters were authorized to receive them."

THE FOUNDERS OF SAVINGS-BANKS.

There are about a half-dozen names associated in English History with the foundation of Savings-Banks. Daniel Defoe is said to have proposed them in 1699, and exactly one hundred years afterwards, on May 7, 1799, a clergyman in Wendhover, Buckinghamshire, started the first savings-bank in England. He (the Rev. Joseph Smith) commenced the work by receiving deposits from his parishioners, and he undertook to repay the money with interest.

He announced the foundation of the bank under this expressive name. "Society for Encouraging Prudence and

Industry." There is no doubt the idea originated in Mr. Smith's mind through his being a member of a "Society for bettering the conditions and increasing the comforts of the poor," which was founded in December, 1796, at the house of William Wilberforce in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, London. Two-pence was the minimum amount Mr. Smith received at his savings-bank.

In the same year Mrs. Wakefield started a similar scheme for the benefit of women and children in the village of Tottenham. This was afterwards reorganized under the name of "The Charitable Bank," and Mr. Eardly Wilmot, Member of Parliament, and Mr. Spurling were appointed trustees. In 1808 Lady Isabella Douglas originated the idea of a savings-bank for domestic servants.

After the battle of Waterloo and the proclamation of peace, great attention was devoted to the question of savings-banks throughout the United Kingdom.

From the authorities I have already quoted it appears that an energetic member of Parliament, the Right Honorable George Rose, established the "Southampton Savings-Bank" in 1815, and a Devonshire squire of great influence, Sir John Acland, started another savings-bank at Exeter. A few years before a parson started an institution called a "Sunday Bank," at Hertford, at which he received the savings of the poor from 6d. to 2s., after morning service on Sundays. This afterwards developed into a properly organized savings-bank until it was swallowed up by the post-office savings-bank.

"The father of savings-banks" was the title enjoyed by the Rev. Henry Duncan, a Dumfries clergyman. He "eloquently ventilated his views on the subject nearest to his heart, namely the providing of a safe and profitable means of investing the savings of the poorer classes. The outcome of his proposals was the establishment of the Ruthwell Savings-Bank in 1810." Then followed the Edinburgh Savings-Bank, and one in Ireland at Stilloragu in 1815.

In 1815 the Right Hon. George Rose, of whom mention has been made above, introduced a bill in Parliament to afford protection to banks for savings, but he did not carry it until 1817. Immediately after the passing of the measure, upwards of five hundred savings-banks were established in the United Kingdom, and the influence of the movement extended all over the continent, France, Germany, Denmark and Italy successively taking up the idea.

THE POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANK.

We now come to the establishment of the post-office savings-banks in England. In the official record from which I have already quoted it is said the ordinary savings-banks which took their rise in 1815, performed an immense service in fostering and encouraging habits of thrift among the poorer classes. But they were so good that they were largely used by the wealthy, and the children of the wealthy, and they were wanting in that perfect security which only a government guarantee can afford. A few had come to grief by the acts of fraudulent trustees and managers. These failures caused consternation among the working-classes.

Charles William Sikes, a cashier in the Huddersfield Banking Company, was said to be the originator of the idea of a system of savings-banks under the control of the government. He gave evidence before a select committee in 1858, and urged "*the establishment of a savings-bank within less than an hours' walk of the fireside of every working-man in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*"; and the organization of the post-office suddenly occurred to him as a means to this end.

Fortunately for Mr. Sikes, the scheme found a champion in Mr. George Chetwynd, one of the ablest officials in the money-order office of the general post-office, London, and this gentleman's plan for carrying it out was backed up by the Postmaster-General, Lord Stanley of

Alderly and by Mr. Scudamore, one of the most brilliant official heads at St. Martins-le-Grand.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone introduced the Post-Office Savings-Banks Bill in the House of Commons on February 9, 1861, by the somewhat startling resolution "That it is expedient to charge upon the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland the deficiency, if any such should arise, in the sums which may be held on account of Post-Office Savings-Banks, to meet the lawful demands of depositors in such banks in the event of their being established by law."

The Post-Office Savings-Bank Bill passed the House of Commons in March, and the House of Lords on the seventeenth of May following.

Mr. Charles William Sikes afterwards received the honor of knighthood from the Queen, for his efforts in the promotion of the great and benevolent scheme.

OPENING OF THE FIRST POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANK.

On September 16, 1861, four months exactly after her Majesty gave her assent to the measure, "The Post-Office Savings-Bank Act" came into operation in Great Britain.

Three hundred post-office savings-banks were opened at as many post-office money-order offices, and the sum of nearly £1,000 was lodged by 435 poor people on the first day.

The public announcement of the opening was very simple, but eloquent to the last degree. It stated that in such and such a town there would be brought into operation the Post-Office Savings-Bank Act, to grant to the people "facilities for depositing small savings at interest, with the security of the government for the due payment thereof."

SUCCESS FROM YEAR TO YEAR.

Forty and three years have passed since the British post-office savings-banks

were first opened, and while I write I have before me the diaries or reports of the Postmasters-General of this country, for every year, on the progress of these institutions for "depositing small savings at interest with the security of the government."

Everyone interested in the question of improving the conditions of the poor should read these reports, all bearing eloquent testimony to the great and beneficent work. At the end of the first year Lord Stanley of Alderly (the Postmaster-General) wrote in 1862:

"The operations of the Post-office savings-banks commenced on September 16, 1861, and the progress of the banks from that time and especially during the past year, has been highly satisfactory. The great success attributed to the post-office banks is due to their having been extended freely to small villages and comparatively poor districts. Much use has been made of our savings-banks by friendly societies (1,010 accounts opened), by provident and charitable societies (6,422 accounts opened), and by managers of penny-banks (82 accounts opened).

"One important advantage of post-office savings-banks is that they give any person the power of making a deposit or taking out money in any part of the country in which he may happen at the time to be, without reference to the place where his account was originally opened. This power is largely used. Last year there were not fewer than 20,872 such deposits, and 15,842 withdrawals.

"The trustees of several of the old savings-banks have already shown a disposition to relinquish the labor and responsibility which they have so long taken upon themselves (without fee or reward) from motives of benevolence, and which are now no longer required of them." (Then follows a list of the closing of thirty savings-banks in the country, and the transferring of their deposits to the post-office.)

On the third of February, 1862, the first post-office savings-bank was opened in Ireland, and on the seventeenth of February, 1862, the first post-office savings-bank was opened in Scotland.

GRATIFYING PROGRESS.

The statements of the Postmasters-General, and of the controllers of the British savings-banks for the following years are of great human interest. Let us look on them as diaries:

Lord Stanley, of Alderly, Postmaster-General in 1865:

"The tables printed this year show that the post-office savings-banks have been successful in every part of the country, and the additional facilities which they have afforded have stimulated the growth of prudent and frugal habits throughout the whole population of England, Ireland and Scotland.

"It is at once a matter of surprise and gratification to find that in a period of only two and one-half years from the date of their establishment they should have attracted and retained 372,000 depositors, and that the accumulated fund belonging to these thrifty people should have reached the sum of four millions.

"These figures show a real and considerable increase in the total number of saving persons throughout the Kingdom.

"The great success of the post-office savings-bank of Great Britain and Ireland induced the government to still further allure the poor and the working-classes to make provision for their old age and for the support of their families. In 1864 the government passed an act to afford facilities for the purchase of small government annuities, and for assuring payments of money on death. It received the royal assent on the fourteenth of July, 1864. Great difficulty was experienced in making known the nature and benefits of this government life-insurance branch of the savings-bank.

"It has been moderately successful."

Mr. Monsell, Postmaster-General in 1871:

"The rapid progress of the post-office savings-bank has been fully maintained. Four thousand offices are now open. There is a difficulty reported in the fact that persons are precluded from depositing more than £30 in one year; or of investing more than £200 in the post-office savings-bank. In some cases applicants sought to deposit small legacies, or hoarded money which had become a source of increasing anxiety, as in one case of a person who had secreted his money (nearly £100) in the thatch of his house.

"I have to record the establishment of the Naval Savings-Bank Act. It is for the benefit of sailors on board her Majesty's ships, and it is worked in connection with the post-office savings-banks of the United Kingdom. Information concerning our savings-bank was this year by request furnished to the government of the United States."

Mr. Monsell, Postmaster-General in 1872:

"The post-office savings-banks continue to show a steady and rapid advance in their business, with a remarkable increase in the number of friendly, provident, and other societies and institutions placing money in them. By the closing of more of the old savings-banks the number of such banks was reduced to 480.

"The depositors of the post-office savings-banks numbered 1,440,000 and the deposits amounted to £19,000,000, or an average of £13 for each person. One in every nine persons in England and Wales was a depositor in the post-office and the old savings-banks at the end of this financial year."

Lord John Manners, the present Duke of Rutland, Postmaster-General in 1873:

"The post-office savings-banks have again made considerable progress. In London there are 560, so that from almost

any point in the thickly populated portions of the metropolis one may be found within a few hundred yards. The cost to the post-office of each transaction in savings-bank business, *i. e.*, of each separate depositor's deposit and withdrawal, is about 6d. as compared with 1s. in the old savings-banks. During the twelve years the total amount of loss by frauds only amounted to £3,000. This was borne by the government, although it was due to the carelessness of the depositors, who would not observe the printed regulations. Foreign governments as well as financiers and statisticians in various countries continue to look to our system of post-office savings-banks as a model for practical imitation, and a measure in developing schemes for encouraging saving habits among the population. . . .

"The government of France, as might be expected, took early steps to study the system in the postal savings-banks of England. The able French Commissioner, M. Auguste de la Marce, expressed a very high opinion of the system and his report excited the greatest interest among the leaders of opinion in France. The Austrian and Hungarian governments also in 1870-73, sent their representatives and were furnished with information to aid them in introducing post-office savings-banks into these countries. The colonies of the British Empire were early in following the example of England. Victoria, Australia, in 1865, by act of legislature, established post-office savings-banks in that colony."

Lord John Manners, in 1874:

"The Department continues to afford facilities to penny-banks, and there are now 300 accounts opened with penny banks for the investment of the deposits of the latter. The experiment of establishing school-banks, which has proved so successful in Belgium, has been made by the London School-Board, and several accounts have been opened by these school-banks with the post-office.

"In a Highland village-school, with an attendance of little more than 100 scholars, 100 accounts were opened in eighteen weeks, and £87 deposited.

"The penny-banks limit the investments of individual depositors to £5. The minimum deposits in these banks is usually one penny, although in one or two cases it is as low as a farthing. It is said that on the Continent, at Ghent school-banks, the deposits received are as low as a centime, or a tenth of a penny."

Lord John Manners, in 1875:

"The number of old savings-banks in the United Kingdom has diminished from 638 in 1861 to 473 in 1875. Foreign and colonial governments continue to watch with interest the progress of post-office savings-banks in this country. Italy, Spain, Brazil, Sweden and Holland have sent their commissioners to consider the expediency of introducing post-office savings-banks into those countries, while by that remarkable people, the Japanese, the system, evidently with a very perfect organization, was adopted in May last, and no less than eighteen post-office savings-banks have been opened in the city of Yeddo alone.

"It is also remarked that in this year our daughter, the Colonial Government Savings-Bank of Queensland, has taken a step in advance in allowing withdrawals by electric telegraph" (a step followed by the Mother England, a quarter of a century afterwards).

Lord John Manners, in 1876:

"The fact of the children being depositors is found in this country to have an excellent moral effect on their adult relatives, inducing them to open accounts of their own in the regular savings-banks.

"In Holland an act similar to that of France came into force on May 1, 1876, when 1,255 post-offices were placed at the disposal of the forty-nine savings-banks of that country. In Italy rapid progress has been made with a complete system of post-office savings-banks under

an act of Parliament passed in 1875. There were in February, 1876, no less than 2,144 postal savings-banks there.

"Signor Scella, Ex-Minister of Finance, established an association or league in Italy called '*La Lega del Risparmio*,' for the encouragement of thrift among the working-classes, chiefly by inducing the principal employers of labors to bestow on every person in his or their service a deposit-book in which a sum of one lira (9d.) is entered to start with. Complaints are made from Spain that 'there are 100 bull-rings and only twelve savings-banks.'"

Lord John Manners, in 1877:

"Fresh fields of operation have been opened by the establishment of penny-banks in remote villages where there is no post-office savings-bank, and letters are frequently received by clergymen and others testifying to the usefulness of the movement in this direction.

"These village banks were enabled to open accounts with the post-office savings-banks, and thus they became the feeders either by them as a coporate body or by individual depositors having their accounts transferred from the village bank to an independent account. A society called the National Thrift Society is now in course of formation at Oxford, having for its chief object the encouragement of thrift among school-children, the working-classes, servants and artisans."

Lord John Manners in 1878 records with pride that continual references have been made to England's system of savings-banks by the United States of America, and he quotes a statement by the New York *Herald*: "The recent wide-spread failures make the establishment of post-office savings-banks not merely a necessity but a burning question."

Reports which Lord John supplied to the American Postmaster-General brought forth the following eloquent statement from the American Postmaster-

General of the day: "Government post-office savings-banks are demanded in the name of the honest poor, the careful retailer, the newly-arrived emigrant, and for the security of the self-denying saving classes. In this year New Zealand was so pleased with the success of the post-office savings-banks that the people were asking for a penny savings-bank in every public-school. Facilities were given to soldiers at home and abroad (particularly at Malta, Gibraltar, Cyprus) to deposit money or open or continue accounts with the post-office savings-banks of the Mother country."

Professor Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General in 1879:

"The Netherlands Government this year introduced post-office savings-banks with a minimum deposit of 5d. from each person. The United States have within the last few years made no less than six attempts to pass post-office savings-banks bills through Congress. All failed through the hostility of the banking interests.

"The growth of savings-banks in France is remarkable. In May, 1878, after the war there were three million depositors whose savings amounted to \$930,000,000, or £37,200,000."

Professor Henry Fawcett, 1880, 1881, 1882:

"I beg call attention to the extraordinary increase in deposits in the post-office savings-banks of Ireland. These have been doubled in the ten years from 1871 to 1880. A further number of trustees' savings-banks have been closed and the accounts transferred to the post-office savings-banks. Facilities have been given to navvies on the peat railway-works in progress to invest their savings in the post-office savings-banks. Italian post-office savings-banks, which were established in 1876, have met with great success. In 1879 money flowed into them as a haven of refuge for the savings of the poor. Post-office savings-banks in continen-

tal countries are increasing, and they are fast becoming universal. The Postmaster-General of America, Mr. Maynard, and Mr. J. L. James speak enthusiastically of the British post-office savings-banks. On the first of April, 1882, post-office savings-banks were established in India, with four thousand offices.

A REMARKABLE SURVEY.

In a previous page I told of the opening of the first post-office savings-banks in Great Britain in September, 1861, in 300 offices in which 435 deposits amounting to almost £1,000 were made. Let us now look at those interesting figures showing the remarkable progress made:

	Number of Post-Office Savings-Banks open in the United Kingdom.	Number of Depositors.	Amount to Credit of Depositors.
1871	4,335	1,303,492	£17,470,000
1881	6,513	2,007,612	36,509,723
1891	10,063	5,118,395	72,860,027
1901	13,673	8,787,675	139,506,000
*1903	14,362	9,403,852	146,135,147

* This is in addition to £44,015,000 in the old Savings-Banks.

Taking the population of Great Britain and Ireland at slightly over 40,000,000, we find that one person in every four and one-half has deposits in the post-office savings-bank, and that the average amount deposited by each poor person is exactly £15. 10s. 10d. Statistics are generally dull, but these must be most interesting and gratifying to all who have the welfare of mankind at heart.

WHO ARE THE DEPOSITORS?

The last evidence of the value of the post-office savings-banks of Great Britain and Ireland is afforded by a description of the occupations or designations of the people who put their money in the "government security." Of the half-a-million of depositors in 1865 it was found

that 285,000 were females, children under age, or trustees of small amounts, that 140,000 were mechanics, artisans, porters, domestic and farm-servants, policemen, laborers, boatmen, fishermen and seamen; and that 53,000 were tradesmen, then assistants, farmers and clerks. Ten or twelve years after the return was made a remarkable pamphlet was republished from *Cassell's Magazine*, entitled "Pennies of the People," and its circulation did much to encourage thrift and investment in the post-office savings-banks.

In 1875 the Postmaster-General gave the following as the grade or order of investors in the post-office savings-banks of Great Britain and Ireland: (1) Minors; (2) laborers; (3) no occupation; (4) artisans; (5) unmarried women; (6) married women.

The people of this country are well satisfied with these institutions. It appears almost incredible that there are no post-office savings-banks in the United States. The Honorable John Wanamaker in a statesmanlike appeal to the patriotism of his countrymen to establish these banks fourteen years ago, says that "the making of money is a part of the genius of an American, but the saving of it is not so conspicuous." We have certainly "Consols" representing the Great National Debt in which the savings can be invested, and are invested, and America can surely arrange for this. Mr. Wanamaker during his term of office as Postmaster-General got perhaps the best summing up of the advantages of post-office savings-banks from the Postmaster-General of Canada, and, with this I will conclude the story:

First, to the people personally: (1) Absolute security from loss; (2) convenience of making deposits; (3) repayment not affected by change of residence; (4) safety against personation and fraud; (5) prevention of poverty, for temporary want, by developing habits of thrift and saving; (6) gives, where no other banks exist, a means of ready and safe deposit;

(7) discourages reckless and speculative expenditures; (8) educates the young and untrained to the knowledge of the use and management of money.

To the country: (1) The people receive the profits (interests) of their savings when used as a public investment; (2) the country's wealth is kept growing within itself; (3) by the wide distribution of these savings money thus invested can promptly reach points needing it suddenly from local causes; (4) in remote places, stringency from too limited bank-

ing facilities is prevented or lessened; (5) the laboring people feel a direct personal interest in the stability of the country; (6) sectionalism among the less intelligent classes is lessened by continual and close touch with a common financial institution; (7) by special investment the people's savings may be made the foundation of securities for financial institutions, or loans for municipal improvements, or special national undertakings.

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

London, England.

THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF EMERSON.

BY REV. OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

EMERSON is popularly classed as an extreme individualist, and it is true that he takes as the basis of much of his philosophy these words from Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

His regard for the divinity in human life is so commanding that he refuses to surrender to any power outside the life.

Nevertheless "Individualism" in the sense in which that term is understood to-day stands, as I shall seek to show from his own words, a complete contradiction of every principle for which he stood.

His interest in the individual was not an interest in this or that particular individual, but in *Man*. Humanity was to him not a mass of living animals to be fed and clothed, but a race of persons of infinite significance. He desired us to become emancipated and to develop for a purpose—larger service to the race. That he was concerned in the development of individuals, not merely as individuals, but in their social relations, is clear from his criticism of the Transcen-

dentalists with whom tradition so often identifies him. "Their solitary manners . . . withdraw them . . . from the labors of the world: they are not good citizens, not good members of society; unwillingly they bear their part of the public and private burdens; they do not willingly share in the public charities, in the public religious rites, in the enterprises of education . . . in the abolition of the slave-trade, or in the temperance society." The struggling multitudes that have crowded the generations were not indifferent to him. He says: "When government reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential!" Here is an Emancipation Proclamation which is to reach the last life. Here is the kernel of the social message of one whose soul suffered pain because he saw that multitudes of people are forced into conditions which render them unimportant to the world, which leave them unessential to progress.

When we speak of the social message of Emerson we are not to look for doctrinaire teachings of any specific reform, nor set programmes for carrying out special measures. Programmes were the snare of the active, and specific measures were the

idols to which committees and societies were offering the sweet incense of their myriad resolutions. Here came one who had faith in the living spirit which is in Man. He seeks to call us from our faith in things to a faith in Life. With him the only fact and crowning worth on this earth was the spirit of man, to be liberated and brought to its perfection. Therefore whatever social message he had was to this end—that humanity might be redeemed from its littleness and sordidness and ugliness and cowardice and might put on the glory of God.

The determining expressions of any civilization are the Political, Religious, and Industrial institutions of society. A few utterances from Emerson, which it is believed are typical, will indicate his attitude toward these institutions.

Just at the time when Emerson came to his intellectual maturity De Tocqueville was investigating our Democracy under direction of the French government, and published his report in 1835 under the title *Democracy in America*. In this volume De Tocqueville had said: "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America." And of our boasted principle of human equality, which we are now for the first time beginning to analyze, he said: "The nations of our time cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom, to knowledge or barbarism, to prosperity or wretchedness." This was a stinging criticism of our life and institutions, which the calm judgment of subsequent years has justified. The decade was one of Compromise. Those were the days of torpor and mutual trembling—days when the North was just awakening to the fact that an institution of deadly significance had fastened itself upon the life of our Republic, but dared not confess the discovery; and days when the South, eager for the perpetuation of a system many believed essential to south-

ern progress, dared not step forward and demand that which would place the system on a firm and lasting basis. Henry Clay was not an enigma, he was the voice of the people. He merely breathed the spirit of discreet concession, and said what nearly everyone thought. There were topics on which polite society preserved a discreet silence. The man who cared for his standing in the community did not discuss what was uppermost in all minds. It was a period in American history of infinite and depressing diplomacy. In comparison the decades that followed, when both the defenders and the opponents of the system came into the open, are glorious.

It was this condition in society which drew from Emerson an expression which has been popularly considered the climax of his "Individualism." "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence and need not to be flattered but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men, spoken on their honor and their conscience." Studied in connection with the conditions which called it forth, this utterance is rather the proof that he discerned the danger to our democracy, seen so clearly by De Tocqueville—the tyranny of majorities.

The organization of mobs under political banners has become so perfect to-day that this protest is vitally significant. While we repudiate the rule of kings and pride ourselves on our independence we need to learn that the mere absence of a king does not imply the freedom of the people. An absolute ruler may be a Monarch on his throne, or a Panarch scattered everywhere. He may have one head, or several million. Shall I, because the men who think differently are more numerous, yield ignominiously and let unwisdom and vice continue? Shall I,

the citizen of a kingless country, become the slave to whatever party can speak with the loudest voice? This might be safe were that loudest voice the voice of a *free* majority, but it is rather the overwhelming volume of a purchased majority, a voice which does not express the lives that utter it. "We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents."

All departments of our government are the creatures of a numerical victory. Hence the appeal in political decisions is to the voter; not to the man. Suffrage becomes a thing to be bartered in the market and the man who dares stand alone, or with an evident minority, is looked upon as almost an enemy to our principle of government.

Beyond question the great political parties which divide the suffrage of the American people to-day, also dictate the policy of the country and fashion political and social views with a power rarely, if ever, exercised by any monarch. Men in prominent political positions, or aspirants for political honor, express their views on great national issues such as the tariff, the monetary problem, the race-struggle, immigration, provincial extension or imperial aggression—by principles that are the result of personal conviction?—rather by direction of "The National Committee" which dictated the platform adopted at the last National party Convention! Even our judicial decisions, which should be entirely free from any influence outside the clear ethics of law, are often kicked and battered back and forth, affirmed and reversed from lower up to higher court, until the high-priests of the court of last appeal finally settle the question, how? By a *majority* vote! And henceforth it is treason to refuse to recognize as Law that which, an hour before, was nothing—and that which, an administration hence, by the discovery of some new and mysterious technicality, may again be reduced to nothing. So long as class-interest, or mass-interest, is our only method of expressing our democratic principles every

department of our government stands in danger of corruption from forces which could find no mode of attack if every interest in society were permitted free expression and a fair representation in delegated authority.

To develop our democratic principles beyond the experimental stage the establishment and exposition of the civil law must be so rescued from the tyranny of either numerical or monetary pressure that confidence in its equity and justice shall be secured and the temple of our national justice shall become to us as sacred as was the Areopagus to the ancient Greeks.

It was this tragedy in society, as imminent now as in his own day, this tendency to surrender independent personal thought to the overpowering decision of numbers, upon which Emerson looked with mingled dread and disgust. This led him to assert the necessity for complete emancipation of human nature, to see that abuse of any good custom may corrupt the world, and to attempt to "draw individuals out of" the mass. Evidently his purpose did not stop with the drawing out of individuals, but that—being drawn out—we should have as a social asset "the considerate vote of single men, spoken on their honor and their conscience."

In 1838 Emerson was invited to deliver the graduation address before the Divinity School of Harvard University. Two or three typical sentences from that address will indicate the social nature of his message, and the clearness with which he foresaw the decadence in power and influence which the church was then just beginning to manifest. A decadence witnessed to-day, with mingled indifference and alarm, in the inability of the Church to make a controlling appeal to the people who were the special objects of the care and ministry of Jesus, and also in its inability to adjust itself to changing demands of method and expression. This inflexibility renders the Church incapable, on the one hand, of speaking the word of Life to every man

"in the language wherein he was born" and, on the other hand, of coordinating the efforts of a multitude of capable people who are earnestly seeking a point of contact for helpful ministration.

"The prayers and even the dogmas of the church are like the zodiac of Denderah and the astronomical monuments of the Hindoos, wholly insulated from anything now extant in the life and business of the people. They mark the height to which the waters once rose. It is the office of the true teacher to show that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake. The true Christianity—a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man—is lost. None believeth in the soul of *man*, but only in some man or person old and departed."

It was not enmity toward the church that caused Emerson to resign his pastorate in the Second Church, Boston. It was because he believed the church to be living in the past rather than in the present; in the realm of speculation rather than of experimentation. Society has been pleased to classify Emerson as a dreaming mystic, rather than a man of action. If there is any one thing the world ought to learn about him, I believe it is that he was not a dreaming mystic, but that he was a man of action. The present and the practical must not be subjected to the tyranny of the past and the theoretical. His estimate of conventional religion in his day might well be expressed in the words of his criticism of contemporary literature: "It exhibits a vast carcass of tradition every year with as much solemnity as a new revelation."

He left the church pastorate because his soul refused to be imprisoned in any organization which held it essential to maintain conventional consistency with the past. The church must rise to the mission of human emancipation and enlightenment, must cease to exist for herself, must become leaven of society instead of a safe-deposit vault for theological apologetics, must have a word of the "Good News" for all life in this and each succeeding generation,—nay, must be

willing to lay down her life for the sins of the world, if she were ever to fulfil the design for which she came into being. Certainly we cannot be indifferent to this practical note of Emerson when we remember that the same spirit which drove him from the church—dedication to the past instead of the present, defence of the divinity of some person who has lived together with denial of the divinity of persons who now live, hence the *failure to serve society*—is driving thoughtful men and women to-day to seek social amelioration and spiritual inspiration elsewhere.

The industrial word of his social message I find best expressed in "The Boston Hymn":

"But laying hands on another,
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim,
For eternal years in debt."

He here joins with Ruskin and William Morris in condemning an economic system which vitiates the ratio between labor and reward. The "Hymn" had a specific application when written, but the application did not exhaust the principle. An institutional slavery, the chattel-ownership of men's bodies, is not the only form of bondage. The slavery which exists in society to-day is in some respects more depressing and deadening than that which we practiced until the middle of the last century. It is more difficult to remove, because it is insidious, and it is not sectional.

There is an ancient law, which Christians at least regard as divine, that food shall be the reward of industry, that the toiler shall be the partaker. Property is ordained to be the direct effect of which labor is the cause. The mere mention of a few terms familiar to us will illustrate how far we have departed from that principle. When one speaks of "the property class" and "the laboring class" we should think of the same class. The "leisure classes" should mean to us the ragged and homeless and hungry. But when one speaks of the leisure class we think of the people who have their private cars and yachts,

who spend their summers in Newport and their winters in the South, and the remainder of the year in Europe, and who give pink teas and whist-parties for "sweet charity" in their sumptuous parlors. We rarely stop to think how unscientific is this classification. The laboring class should mean the prosperous; the people who live in comfortable homes and who are secure against want or the fear of want. Instead, we think of those who live in uncomfortable houses, or pitiful fractions of houses, where high rents and poor food and dim light and bad air and high-priced necessities, purchased from those who live by the system of "robbing the poor because he is poor," breed pallor and sickness and early death among the children, and premature sadness and failure, and inglorious and dependent old age for the father and mother.

Our present contradiction to an industrial equation Mr. Emerson looks fairly in the face and declares: Every drop of a man's sweat is his own. Who steals it is a thief. So divine a being is man that whoso wrongs him robs God! "The consummation of all wealth," says Ruskin, "is in the producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed, happy-hearted human creatures." It is in the failure of our present warlike industrial system to produce anything of the kind that Emerson sees the magnitude of its condemnation. The thought that one man should lay hands on another man, to coin his labor and sweat, was to him so gigantic an offence against the dignity and sanctity of human nature that terror shot through his heart as he thought of the debt the oppressor was contracting—a debt measured by the disparity between the victim and a full-orbed manhood. It was not alone, nor chiefly, the fact that faithful toilers in this and other countries are underfed and poorly clad, that concerned him. That is bad enough. But the greater sin is in the fact that the poor are also robbed of education, of refinement, of ennobling ideals, of the opportunity to let the soul grow, fed by art and nature.

His voice is the cry of the prophet against the moral confusion which results from this divorce between labor and reward, breeding dishonesty and cunning and faithlessness, and filling our great cities with structures designed with infinite precision to breed the maximum of vice and fever, and with factories for the production of our food and clothing, which are often huge prisons for the helpless and ideal-less multitudes who "labor and sweat" for a reward which comes not to them.

This industrial chaos affects not only the poor. "The young man on entering life," says Emerson, "finds the way to lucrative employment blocked with abuse. The ways of trade have grown selfish to the borders of theft, and supple to the borders (if not beyond the borders) of fraud. A tender and intelligent conscience is a disqualification for success."

What a rebuke to the "maxims of a low prudence" which are so faithfully preached by the press and pulpit to-day. Our "successful" young business princes lecture on Sunday afternoons to Sunday-school classes or Young Men's Christian Associations on "How to make a cold million every week, by a Christian who has done it" and kindred themes, creating a false and vicious thirst for a wealth not measured by patience, or industry, or honor, but measured by one's ability to get other human beings to do his work for him, and then bring him the fruits of it. Listen to Emerson: "You will hear that the first duty is to get land and money, place and name. 'What is this truth you seek, what is this beauty?' men will ask in derision. If God has, nevertheless, called any of you to explore truth and beauty, be bold, be firm, be true. When you shall say 'as others do, so will I, I am sorry for my early vision, I must eat the good of the land and let this go until a more convenient season,' then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men."

The Reign of Boodle and the Rape of the Ballot in St. Louis. 43

Whatever system or institution stands in the way of executing absolute justice and producing perfect liberty must be removed. These words of the Boston Hymn are, to those who thrive on the toil of others, the rescuing call of a friend who beholds them thrust off from their luxury into the Eternal years in debt. While to those who look for the complete evolution of the race these and other words stand as the pro-

phesy of the days when there shall be in America what Emerson said earth waits for—"exalted manhood"; when brotherhood, not master and servant, shall be the bond of social union, and the Kingdom of character and spiritual power shall be no longer subordinated, as now, to the kingdom of the material.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

THE REIGN OF BOODLE AND THE RAPE OF THE BALLOT IN ST. LOUIS.

THE MANIA FOR MILLIONS, THE DESIRE TO GET SOMETHING
FOR NOTHING, ROBS THE PEOPLE OF LIBERTY
AS WELL AS MATERIAL WEALTH.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.*

SOME one has said that no man can get money without earning it unless some other man earns money without getting it. Never was truer saying. In all countries and in all ages there have been men whose sole labor consisted in plotting and scheming how to get something for nothing, how to get money without earning it, how to get their daily bread by the sweat of another's brow. Centuries ago these men were called robber-barons; they lived in moated and turreted castles and when they wanted meat and grain and wine they let down the

draw-bridge, crossed the moat into the peasants' fields and took with the mailed fist what spoils they chose; then they returned to their castles and reveled with wine, women and song until ready for another foray into the valleys below.

The castles overlooking the Rhine are tenantless now; no robber-barons now trample over peasants' fields; no bands of armed retainers drive off cattle and cart away grain and wine. But the difference is one of method alone. Now, as in the olden days, some men still get money without earning it while their

*[Mr. Lee Meriwether, who opens our series of papers on "Corruption and Graft in Municipal, State and National Government in America," is a well-known publicist, author and lawyer. In 1885-86 he tramped over Europe, from Gibraltar to the Bosphorus, and elsewhere, in order to study labor conditions from actual experience and personal contact with the toilers, and on his return was appointed by the Secretary of the Interior to prepare a report on the condition of the laborers in Europe. Later he was appointed as a special agent for the Department of the Interior and for three years collected data relating to labor in the United States and in the Hawaiian Islands. This position he resigned to accept the office of Labor Commissioner for Missouri. His reports when in the latter office led to important reforms and placed Mr.

Meriwether among the foremost leaders of those favoring public ownership of municipal utilities. In 1897 he received the nomination by the Democratic party for Mayor of St. Louis. He was opposed, however, by both the partisan rings and the corrupt public-service companies. The political bosses were notoriously corrupt and unscrupulous, and they had complete control of the election machinery, and though public sentiment appeared to be overwhelmingly in favor of Mr. Meriwether, he was counted out. He is the author of a number of deeply thoughtful works, among the most important of which are *A Tramp Trip: How to See Europe on Fifty Cents a Day; Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean*; and *The Tramp at Home*.—Editor THE ARENA.]

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victims, the mass of plain people, still earn money without being allowed to keep it. The desire to get something for nothing, the desire to live on the labor of others, produced the robber-barons of the Rhine; and it is the same desire to-day which produces that plentiful crop of boodlers to be found in American National, State and Municipal governments. The post-office scandals afford an illustration of national boodle; Pennsylvania under the Quay régime furnished a specimen of state corruption, while St. Louis presents a striking example of rottenness in certain departments of city administration. The streets of a modern city offer a far richer spoil than was ever offered a Rhine robber-baron by any German peasant's fields. The monopoly of furnishing gas, telephones or transportation to the 600,000 inhabitants of a city like St. Louis is worth millions of dollars; the possessor of that monopoly need neither toil nor spin, yet he may have a thousand times more luxury than all the robber-barons of the middle ages. To obtain this luxury, to enjoy greater riches than were enjoyed by any king or emperor of the past, all one need do is to obtain a few franchises; these franchises, worth a thousand times more than a robber-baron could steal in a life-time, are not obtained with clubs, maces and battle-axes, wielded by hired marauders, as was done five centuries ago; the methods now employed are equally immoral as the methods of the past, but they are less spectacular and they are veneered with respectability and corporation law. Our modern robber-barons wear silk hats instead of helmets; they don Prince Albert frocks instead of coats of chain-armor; they live in fashionable mansions instead of in turreted castles; and they drive to church on Sundays and found colleges and libraries with the money they purloin, instead of spending it on drunken orgies as their robber-baron ancestors did a few centuries ago. Yes, our modern robber-barons are very, very respectable indeed. They are our "prominent" citi-

zens, our "business" men, our "Captains of Industry"—and here is an example of the way they go about getting something for nothing, making themselves rich by getting millions of money they do not earn, thereby preventing a million other men from obtaining the money which they do earn.

Mr. Charles H. Turner, St. Louis millionaire, "prominent" citizen and "Captain of Industry," was president of the Suburban street-railway company which, by reason of its monopoly of a number of miles of St. Louis' streets, was worth \$3,000,000. Mr. Turner saw a chance to double the value of his road without any work or service on his part, by the simple expedient of getting a monopoly of some more miles of St. Louis streets; and so he asked "Colonel" Butler, the acknowledged "Boss" of St. Louis, how much he would charge to induce the House of Delegates and the City Council to rob the people of this \$3,000,000 franchise and bestow it upon Turner and his friends. Col. Butler said his "fee" would be \$145,000 and Turner, thinking that too much to pay for stolen goods worth \$3,000,000, went to a Mr. Philip Stock who agreed to do the job for \$135,000, \$10,000 less than Butler demanded. The boodlers in St. Louis' local legislature, being like Turner and other highly respectable "prominent" citizens in the matter of wanting something for nothing, of wanting to get money without earning it (legitimately), readily agreed to rob the people of a \$3,000,000 franchise and turn the proceeds over to Turner and associates, provided they could be sure of their share of the spoils. Butler they knew and trusted; Stock they did not know and so they insisted that he pay the \$135,000 in advance. Stock refused to do this but he finally agreed to put the money in a safety-vault box where it was to be called for when the franchise was granted. Stock kept one key to this box, the other key was given to a representative of the boodlers, and the bank agreed not to

permit the box to be opened except in the presence of both parties and by the use of both keys. This done, the House and Council promptly passed the ordinance conferring the \$3,000,000 monopoly upon Turner *et al.*, and John K. Murrell and Charles Kratz were delegated by the boodlers to wait on Stock and get the \$135,000 out of the box. Before they saw Stock, however, a citizen secured an injunction restraining the Suburban road from taking possession of the franchise, whereupon Stock refused to open the box containing the bribe-money until it was ascertained whether the courts would permit the ordinance to stand. When finally, on some technical point, the courts sustained the injunction and declared the ordinance invalid, Stock flatly declined to give up the \$135,000, declaring that his employers had not received the franchise and so were not bound to pay for what they had not gotten. The boodlers, on their part, refused to let the box be opened for the purpose of permitting the money to be returned to Mr. Turner; they declared they had been bribed to vote for a certain ordinance; they had done this; that this ordinance proved defective was not their fault; the Suburban road's attorneys had drawn up the franchise; if the franchise was defective that was *the lawyers'* fault, not the boodlers'; they had given their votes according to contract, consequently they insisted on having their bribe-money. Obviously, so unique a position as this offered little chance of friendly adjustment and when the boodlers' clamor grew too loud, when they threatened to make a "leak" as to the safety-vault box with its precious package of thousand-dollar bills, Mr. Turner took fright and resolved to make the "leak" himself; it became a race to the Circuit-Attorney's office to see which side should turn state's evidence first, and Turner won the race. It was a despicable *role*, that of informer as well as self-confessed briber and would-be receiver of stolen goods, but Mr. Turner thought that even that *role*

was better than to wear a felon's stripes, so he told Joseph W. Folk what he knew.

The story of how Circuit-Attorney Folk produced in court the box with its \$135,000, how member after member of the House of Delegates and the City Council was tried, and convicted, how millionaire boodlers like Wainwright fled to Egypt to escape prosecution, how boodlers worth only a few hundred thousand dollars, like Kratz and Murrell, fled to Mexico, how Folk secured an amendment to the Extradition Treaty with Mexico and caused the boodlers to be returned, tried and convicted—all this has been told to the world, but *it is* not so well known how these startling revelations aroused honest men on the one hand, while on the other hand they frightened the whole brood of political vultures and drove them to the most desperate measures in their effort to ruin Folk and drive him out of public life.

In the outset of the contest the boodlers started with every odd in their favor; for a generation men like Charles H. Turner who amass fortunes by getting for nothing franchises worth millions of dollars had been entrenching themselves behind a series of breast-works and fortifications. Their fortunes being due to rotten legislation, they tried to see to it that the people's hands were tied so tight as to make it impossible for them to undo the crooked laws that enabled a ring of "prominent citizens" to rob St. Louis more mercilessly than the barons of the Rhine robbed the peasants of France and Germany. Manifestly, the best way to accomplish this desire was to deprive the people of self-government, of the power to make good laws and to repeal bad ones. And this the respectable boodlers—not the petty thieves satisfied with a paltry \$135,000 to be divided by twenty or more members of a city legislature—but the Charles H. Turners who wanted \$3,000,000 at a single instalment have done in St. Louis. St. Louis, the fourth city of the Union in population, wealth, commerce and industrial importance, is to-day

as devoid of self-government, at any rate, so far as primary elections and the choosing of party candidates are concerned, as Moscow or Constantinople. True, its citizens have a right to cast a ballot in the primary election, but their ballots are cast under the shadow of a policeman's club and they are counted, if at all, by the tools of one faction of one political party. And that faction is owned body and soul by "prominent citizens" of the Turner stripe who have amassed millions through boodle and stolen franchises.

In April, 1901, when the people of St. Louis arose in what amounted to a political revolution and repudiated both of the two boss-ridden machines and elected a Public-Ownership ticket on a platform pledged to the operation of street-railways, telephones and other public utilities in the interest of the people instead of in the interest of owners of watered stocks and bonds, the tools of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring were entrenched in the Election Commissioners' office; the election Commissioners and the election judges and clerks had the counting of the people's ballots and they calmly wrote down that their ticket was elected and that the Public-Ownership ticket was defeated. So open, so notorious was it that the independent party had won, many of the hired agents of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring who raped the ballot and murdered self-government in St. Louis did not even take the trouble to conceal or to deny their methods. One of the minor agents of these respectable millionaire receivers of stolen franchises was a certain Robert Carroll, now a Justice of the Peace, but formerly a paid employee and zealous satellite of the noted Boss, Col. Edward Butler. Speaking of the mayoralty election of 1901, this Mr. Carroll said to the writer: "We had no idea your people amounted to anything, but the votes came in so fast the boys had to work over-time to throw them out. For instance, in one precinct where we did n't expect any public-ownership votes to speak of there were several hundred. Of course, the boys could n't stand for that so they just

threw out the whole lot and gave the precinct unanimously to the other ticket."

Mr. Carroll explained that it was easy to do this because after the voters go home, the men in the polling-places, employees, all, of our modern robber-barons, "can in five minutes with a five-cent lead pencil cast more votes—on paper—than five thousand citizens can cast in a ballot-box in a whole day." Said another "practical" politician who was, and still is, behind the scenes: "Much has been said about 'Indians,' 'repeaters' and Col. Butler's 'emergency wagons' which went from poll to poll on election day, but all this only amounts to a bluff. The real work is done on the inside of the polling-places after they are closed. The purpose of the Indian-loaded wagons is merely to intimidate honest voters. The fraud of the election does not really begin on a large scale until night, then in dozens of precincts where the judges and election clerks of both big parties have been 'fixed' we put down just what returns we wish. John Smith may have 500 votes in a given precinct, but if Smith is the man we want to beat we knock off two ciphers and credit him with 5 votes. That is cheaper and quicker than hiring 500 Indians to cast illegal ballots."

When mention of this wholesale rape of the ballot is made the question is often asked: "Why does n't some one make use of the constitutional provision permitting a ballot-box to be opened and a comparison of the ballots to be made with the voting lists so as to ascertain if the ballots are recorded as really cast by the electors?" Here again the "Prominent-Citizen" Ringsters are entrenched behind an impregnable fortress; they have secured a supreme court decision declaring that the ballot is too sacred to be inspected: better, says the court in effect, better rape the ballot, better murder self-government than destroy the secrecy of the ballot by letting A. know how B. voted. As the Public-Ownership nominee for Mayor of St. Louis in 1897 the writer was convinced from his own

knowledge of the election, and from what was freely and frankly said by those who stole the election, that he had received a majority of the people's votes, and so he instituted contest proceedings in the Circuit Court of St. Louis. Before the case could be heard, however, in a similar contest then pending the Supreme Court handed down a ruling to the effect that the boxes could not be opened and the ballots compared with the lists, and so, of course, the mayoralty contest was discontinued, thus leaving St. Louis in charge of officials who were notoriously not elected and whom the people by an overwhelming vote had declared should have no part or parcel in the city's government.

Recalling how in the 1901 mayoralty election a sweeping victory had been thus won with a few lead-pencils manipulated by bold and unscrupulous election officials, the boodlers laughed when Circuit-Attorney Folk announced that, if the people wished, he would continue his work from the Governor's office. Why not laugh? Were there not lots of pencils still in St. Louis? And could not one pencil in the hands of a "safe" man out-vote a thousand fool reformers? The "Prominent-Citizen" Ring knew this to be true, but in its eagerness to defeat the man responsible for the conviction of boodlers who had made it possible for them, the "Prominent-Citizens," to become rich and "prominent," the ring foolishly decided not to rest content with leaving matters to "the man inside with the pencil"; it went further and stationed thugs outside the polling-places with orders to slug, kick, beat and, if necessary, kill—anything to defeat Folk. Neither age, health nor station in life was spared; some of the victims were men of national reputation. For example, one was the Hon. Norman J. Coleman, former Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri and Secretary of Agriculture in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. Two others assaulted while standing in line outside a polling-place waiting to vote were the sons of David R. Francis, President of

the St. Louis World's Fair, former Governor of Missouri and Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's second administration. Another victim was a venerable ex-judge, 81 years old. Those, and scores of others, were knocked down in broad daylight, some were kicked and beaten, others were dragged into alleys—why? Because they were about to commit the crime of voting in a primary election for delegates pledged to nominate Folk for Governor. The police stood idly by, giving no protection whatever to the citizens assaulted, and in some instances even taking part in the outrages; for the police department is a part of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring. There have been instances where for weeks before an election members of the police department have gone about locating vacant houses and assisting in registering fictitious names from such houses. One instance recalled by the writer is that of a small house at 1227 North Broadway, St. Louis. Ninety-five names were registered, and subsequently voted, from that house although it is a physical impossibility for one-fifth of that many persons to reside there. 136 names were registered from the house at 800 South Spring avenue. It is said that on Clark avenue the fraudulent names on the registered list outnumber the names of real persons with a legal right to vote. From 3685 Forest Park, 110 names are registered. Many similar instances might be cited. These lists are of course frauds, but the names are voted on election day and the citizen who protests is beaten by the "Indians" or arrested by the police. At one polling-place when the challenger, a Mr. Forester, asked the police to prevent a gang of repeaters from voting so many times the police laughed while the "Indian" at the head of the line of repeaters stopped casting ballots long enough to assault Mr. Forester and beat him so severely as to compel him to flee for his life. Mr. Forester is a reputable citizen, employed now and for years past in a responsible position in the Federal Custom-House in

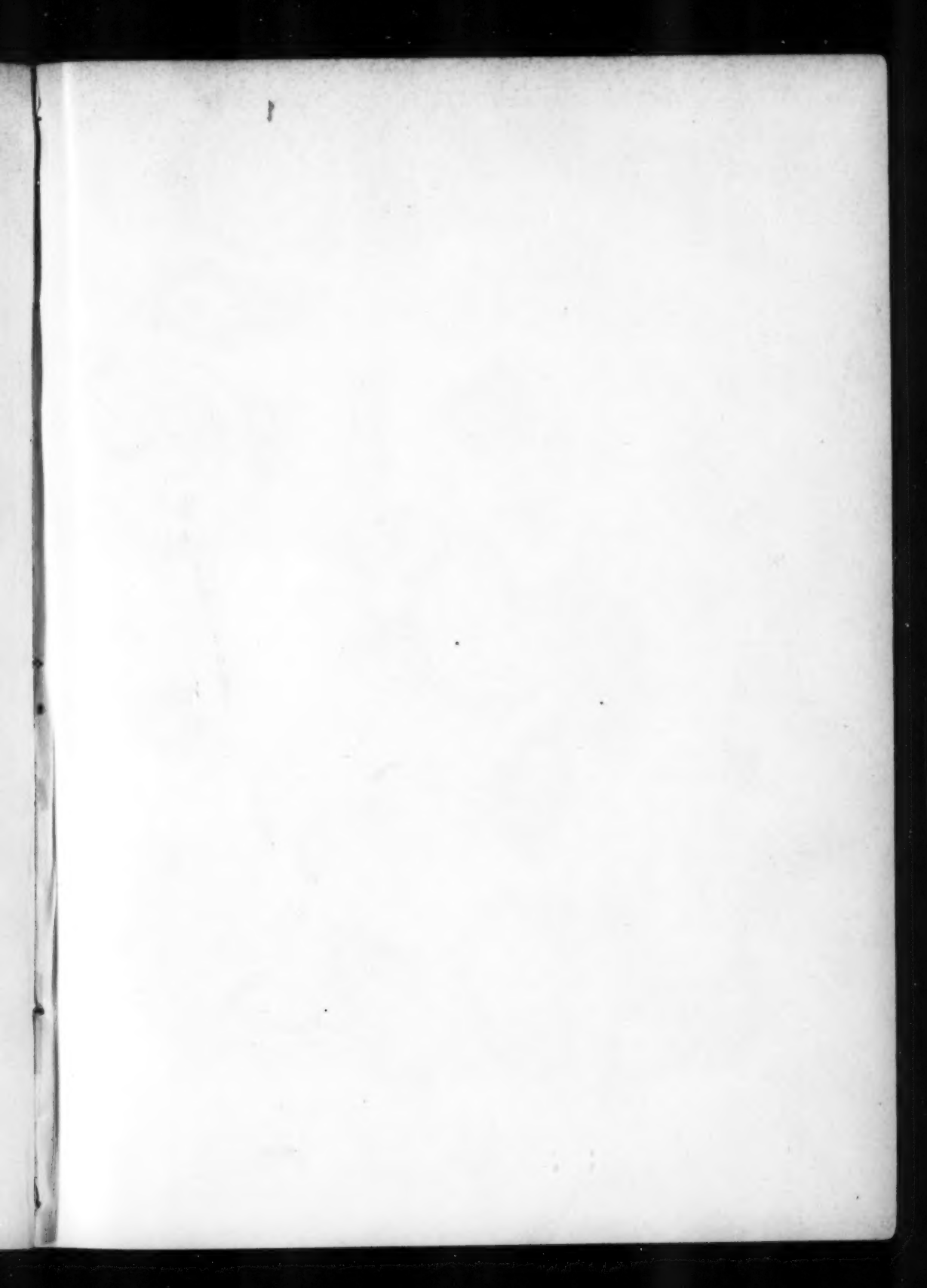
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St. Louis, but he received no protection from the police in the polling-place because the police knew that the "Indians" were operating in the interest of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring and that that Ring did not want an honest vote; an honest vote would mean an end to stolen franchises; and an end to stolen franchises would mean an end to the opportunities of the ring to get millions of other peoples' money without earning it.

In St. Louis county when the convention met to name delegates favorable to Folk for Governor, a mob of thugs captured the court-house, smashed the judge's bench, demolished the book-cases and furniture and forced the Folk delegates to flee for their lives, some of them leaping from the court-house windows. These tactics met with the customary success in the county and city of St. Louis. In all that great metropolis not one delegate favorable to Folk was elected. To judge from the primary returns that great city of 600,000 people was a unit in condemning Folk, the man who exposed boodlers, and a unit in supporting the criminals whom Folk was heading toward the penitentiary. This once, however, the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring greedy for franchises and therefore backing the thugs in their effort to defeat Folk, the man who was breaking up the free-franchise system—for once these worthies over-reached themselves; their machine slipped a cog. The very decisiveness of their victory startled the state. Was it possible that out of 600,000 people in St. Louis not one preferred Folk to the boodlers? Could the vote which produced such a result be honest? Country-folks began to ask questions; country papers began to print pictures of boodlers knocking down aged, gray-haired men; pictures were printed of the judge's demolished bench and of Folk delegates leaping from the court-house windows. And as the sturdy Missouri farmers thought of these things they set their teeth and grimly vowed, that whatever St. Louis with its police and "Prominent-Citizen" Ring-rule might do, they, the people at the fork of

the creeks, the people uncorrupted by the hired tools of modern robber-barons greedy for stolen public privileges, could and would nominate Joseph W. Folk for Governor. And this vow they kept when the Democratic State Convention met at Jefferson City last July.

Could the story end here there would be in it naught but hope and joy to the lover of good government, but it does not end here. Defeated in their effort to defeat Folk, the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring turned its attention to the other state officials and there met with its accustomed success. It secured the nomination of men who for years past in their official positions have assessed railroads and other public-service corporations at from one-fourth to less than one-fifth their actual value; all the while private property, farms, lands, houses, horses, cattle, have been assessed at from two-thirds to three-fourths of their actual selling value. The presence on the ticket of these men, one of whom escaped prosecution for bribery only because his crime was not known until after the statute of limitations had matured, confused and confounded the people of Missouri; here was Folk, the prosecutor of boodlers, running for Governor on a ticket containing as candidate for the next highest office, that of Secretary of State, the name of a man whose immunity from criminal prosecution was due, not to innocence of crime, but to the statute of limitations. Another man nominated on the ticket with Mr. Folk was known as the pliant tool of monopoly corporations; and what that meant to the people may be seen from a few illustrations. For example, at a time when the St. Louis Transit company (a street-railroad) was capitalized at \$90,000,000 and charged the people a five-cent fare in order to earn dividends upon that figure, the same company was made to pay taxes on only some \$16,000,000, less than a fifth of its capitalization. Again, an official of the St. Louis Laclede Gas company stated on the witness-stand that his company's plant could be duplicated for \$2,000,000; and





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JOSEPH W. FOLK

it was assessed for taxation purposes at that figure. The company is quite willing to adopt that figure when it comes to appraising its property for taxation, but when it comes to charging St. Louisans for gas the price is fixed at a rate high enough to earn dividends upon nearly ten times that amount. The Laclede Gas company is capitalized at \$20,000,000, and the daily stock-market quotations show that its actual selling value ranges from \$16,000,000 to \$17,000,000.

It was to retain this power of getting something for nothing, this power to charge high prices for gas and street-car fares so as to earn profits on ten times the capital actually invested, that the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring employed Boss Butler and his "Indians," first to defeat the nomination of Folk; then, having failed in that, to saddle on the ticket upon which Folk was a candidate for Governor men who could not command public confidence or public respect. This scheme, worthy of Machiavelli himself, succeeded. And so mystified, so discouraged were men at the sight of Folk weighted down by fellow-candidates who were either the tried tools of monopoly, or were guilty of aiding and conniving in the bribery of a State Senator, that thousands of voters lost all interest in the election and either did not take the trouble to go to the polls, or else voted against the entire Democratic ticket, Folk included. The result was that Folk was elected Governor on the eighth of November by an unprecedentedly small margin; Missouri, a "rock-ribbed" Democratic state, is accustomed to giving its Democratic tickets an overwhelming majority; Bryan carried the State by 58,727. Folk carried it by a plurality of 30,100 and a majority of only 9,330; all the rest of the ticket went down to an inglorious defeat—the first time since 1870 that a Missouri State Democratic ticket has been defeated in a presidential year.

Part of this poor showing may be due to the efforts of Boss Butler and his redoubtable "Indians." In certain wards of St. Louis where they retained control of

the polling-places Folk ballots were destroyed much after the old-time methods of primary-election days; but this accounts for only a small part of the final result, for the Butler "Indians" were confined to but a few wards of one city; moreover, the great defection from the usual Democratic vote took place in the rural districts. And from this it may be fairly assumed that the underlying ground for Folk's almost defeat, and for the actual defeat of the rest of his ticket, was the disgust, the dismay, the loss of hope consequent upon the strange spectacle of the prosecutor of boodlers yoked with the tools of railroad and other public-service monopolies, and with a candidate for Secretary of State who escaped prosecution for bribery only because his crime was three years old.

To sum the matter up, the "campaign of principle" in Missouri has not resulted as satisfactorily or as hopefully as lovers of justice and good government desired; but, on the other hand, although handicapped by State officials and a legislature largely out of sympathy with his aims and purposes, Governor Folk will have it in his power to do his constituents great service. This he can do by merely keeping the pledge he made prior to his nomination, *viz.*, Take the police out of politics and give St. Louis self-government. Napoleon the Little made himself Emperor of 35,000,000 Frenchmen by the daring use of 10,000 soldiers one night in Paris between sunset and dawn; and the unscrupulous use of the 1,300 armed police in St. Louis has frequently put in power in Missouri officials as little liked as the third Napoleon was liked by the mass of Frenchmen. The present police-law, which Governor Folk is pledged to reform, is the most extraordinary, the most iniquitous that ever disgraced the statute-books of a civilized state. By virtue of that law the Governor of Missouri appoints four commissioners who are vested with absolute control of the St. Louis police, removing and appointing its members, and fixing the amount of money which the city shall appropriate

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for the department's expenses. When the Governor's four commissioners certify to the Speaker of the House of Delegates and to the President of the City Council the sum wanted for the ensuing year it forthwith becomes the duty of the house and council to appropriate the amount demanded; and any member of either house who votes against the appropriation thereby becomes guilty of a crime that is punishable by a \$1,000 fine, by disfranchisement and by permanent disability from holding any office of honor or profit. There is no maximum as to the number of police whom the commissioners may employ, and no maximum as to the amount of money they may demand from the city treasury. Immediately after this law was enacted the commissioners demanded some \$1,800,000; prior to that time the expenses of the police department had never exceeded some \$900,000 per year. This increase of nearly a million dollars at one bound aroused a storm of protest and members of the city legislature refused to vote for the appropriation. When taken into the courts, however, the Supreme Court declared the law constitutional and President Hornsby of the Council, a Democrat, in voting "aye" declared from his place on the President's bench that the bill was iniquitous and that he voted for it only because to vote against it would subject him to a \$1,000 fine and to loss of all his rights as a citizen.

The abuses of such a law are manifest; that four men not elected by the people, therefore not responsible to them, should be permitted to employ armed police at their discretion; that taxpayers of a great city should then be compelled to pay whatever sum these four commissioners demand, whether that sum be one or a dozen millions; and that any member of the city's legislature who dares to oppose the appropriation demanded by the Governor's commissioners, no matter how unreasonable, how huge that appropriation may be, may be legally fined \$1,000 and deprived of his citizenship—all this seems incredible in an American state

professing those fundamental principles of Jefferson, home-rule and self-government. But that is the condition to-day in Missouri, and that is one of the things which Governor Folk is pledged to reform. Had the people been as aroused on the other State offices as they were on that of Governor, had they nominated a complete ticket in harmony with the campaign of equal taxation, home-rule and honest government, there can be no doubt but that the entire ticket would have been overwhelmingly elected, and then Governor Folk would have had willing and able lieutenants to aid in carrying out the promised reforms. But after the fearless prosecutor of boodlers was nominated for Governor the people's interest relaxed; business men went back to their business; professional men went back to their offices; farmers went back to their farms. But the boodlers fought on—and while the people slept over their partial victory, friends of the boodlers, friends of the "Prominent-Citizen" Ring captured the other most important nominations, with the result finally recorded on the eighth of November—defeat and disaster for all save Folk and almost defeat for the head of the ticket. How much the Governor alone, unaided, can do, remains to be seen; that he can do much, that he can at least appoint police commissioners who will cease to make elections in St. Louis a tragedy and a travesty upon democratic institutions, that he can appoint election commissioners who will install honest clerks and judges in the polling places and cease the system of carrying elections with lead-pencils, after the voters have cast their ballots and gone home,—that Governor Folk can do this much all Missouri knows. And all Missouri will be grievously disappointed if he fails to do it. His enemies say he will fail; his friends say he will keep his pledges. The people will know which prediction is right after the appointment of the Police and Election Boards next January.

LEE MERIWETHER.

St. Louis, Mo.

REALLY MASTERS.

By ELTWEED POMEROY, A.M.,

President of The National Direct-Legislation League.

TWO POLITICAL events have recently happened on the Pacific coast which our great daily papers have almost entirely ignored and which the Associated Press has hardly mentioned, and yet it would be impossible to overestimate their importance, for through them, for the first time in our history, the citizens realized the fundamental ideal of democracy in the enjoyment of a government by the people on a large scale on American soil. We have had governments of and for the people, but never until last June, in Oregon, have the people of a great American commonwealth actually proposed a law by an initiative petition of a part of their number, and subsequently, at a referendum, voted on that law, without the interposition of any legislature or governor. But this happened with two laws in Oregon last June, and both were carried.

In this connection it is well to call to mind the fact that in Oregon, after the passage of the constitutional amendment providing for the initiative and referendum, this innovation was attacked in the courts, and a judge of the lower court decided that the amendment had not been properly adopted, and also vaguely intimated that the amendments were unconstitutional as not according with the clause in the United States Constitution which guarantees "a republican form of government to every state." This decision was promptly appealed to the Supreme Court of the commonwealth where the decision of the lower court was reversed. The court, in an exceptionally able and exhaustive opinion, held that the initiative and referendum were fundamentally democratic in character and in no way contradicted or antagonized the United States Constitution.

The second initial democratic act was

taken in Los Angeles on September sixteenth last. About two years ago the people of this flourishing and progressive municipality chose a charter commission which framed fifteen amendments to the charter, and these the people enacted at a referendum vote. Later the legislature ratified the same. Among the amendments were provisions for the referendum, the initiative and the recall. By the recall twenty-five per cent. of the constituents of any elective officer, by signing a petition for his recall, can force a new election during the officer's term of service, and if a majority of the people vote for someone else at this special election the official is discharged and the vacancy thus created is filled by the person selected by the electorate.

Last spring Mr. J. P. Davenport, councilman for the sixth ward of Los Angeles, outraged the opinions of his constituents by voting for a printing contract giving the city's printing at a much higher rate than other competitors bid, to the *Los Angeles Times*, and also by protecting the saloons. A petition for his recall was circulated by the Typographical Union, but on being taken into the courts on a technicality, it was thrown out by the judge. This, however, made Mr. Davenport's constituents all the more determined, and the general public also took up the question. Great meetings were held and a petition signed by a large number of voters was filed. Mr. Davenport appealed to the courts and Judge Ostler decided against him and in favor of the recall. There are three points in this decision which are very important as establishing precedents:

First. The judge decided that the reasons given in the petition were not in the nature of the charges on which a man

is tried at court-martial or for his removal under civil-service rules, but were "general statements" "designed merely to enlighten the voters, similar to the grounds the mayor is required to make when he vetoes an ordinance," and that the Council, in calling the election under the mandatory clause in this recall part of the charter, could not consider whether the charges were true or false, but must call the election, leaving it to the people by their votes to decide whether the charges had sufficient foundation to warrant the discharge of this public servant and the appointment of another.

Second. The plaintiff held that the recall itself was unconstitutional and inconsistent with the spirit of the United States Constitution. The judge decided strongly against him on this point, saying in part that: "To say that an act is unconstitutional, without pointing out the particular section violated, is practically an admission that there is nothing in the suggestion."

Third. It was claimed that "the plaintiff has some kind of property in the office and therefore it cannot be taken from him without due process of law"; that the public had made a contract with the officer, under which he held the office until the end of the term, and that a recall violated this contract. The judge said: "The authorities are practically without conflict to the effect that a public office is not property, but a mere agency, which may be terminated at any time by the principal—the sovereign people; that the incumbent holds office by no contract or grant, and that he has no vested right therein."

This decision was followed by a campaign of great bitterness, in which the *Los Angeles Times*, naturally enough, sustained Davenport. It attacked the character of his opponent with much mud-throwing, while the other papers

opposed Davenport, printing some very bad letters which he had written offering to use his power as councilman. The *Times* also attacked the recall, claiming that it permitted the persecution of an honorable officer, while the other papers sustained the recall as allowing the people to actually defend their own interests by discharging incompetent and corrupt officials. Only one ward voted on the question, but it became a city issue in which every one was interested. The voting took place on the sixteenth of September, and Dr. Houghton was elected, defeating Mr. Davenport by a vote of 2,338 to 1,584, or a majority of 754. In other words, thirty-seven per cent. voted for Davenport and sixty-three per cent. against him. All but one of the precincts voted against Davenport.

The discredited official had behind him the full strength of the dominant Republican machine and of many of the great corporations, and it was charged that "bold attempts" were made by the corporations to vote their employees. Houghton ran as a non-partisan and had no machine behind him, but there were no candidates put up by the socialists or labor men, so that he polled most of their votes. He also had some very efficient men to aid him and much strength, because the friends of the recall wanted to prove that it could be successfully employed.

After the election there were some threats of carrying the case into the courts again, but these soon subsided, and there is a general acquiescence in the result as being the decision of the people.

The Pacific coast has been making real democratic history. These initial actions taken by the people in governing themselves are far more important and pregnant with promise for the triumph of free institutions and popular government than any conventions or elections of recent years.

ELTWEED POMEROY.

East Orange, N. J.

JUSTICE FOR THE CRIMINAL.

By G. W. GALVIN, M.D.,

Physician-in-Chief to the Emergency Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts.

IN MY previous papers I called the readers' attention to the victims crushed beneath the wheels of our legal machinery. Some, I suppose, have striven to stifle their sympathy and silence the cry of conscience by the reflection that the way of the transgressor is hard. This, of course, does not meet the situation, as it is against abuses and injustice that I protest; abuses and injustice to the most unfortunate class of our people—the victims of the three-fold curse, ignorance, evil environment and unjust social conditions. Moreover, under the present order it is by no means the guilty that are always punished. There are to-day numbers in our jails and penitentiaries who are there through no fault of their own, but on account of deficiencies in our legal machinery. Once, while discussing this subject with one of the foremost criminal lawyers in Boston, I was startled by his remark that there are many persons in prison who would never have been convicted if they had had an opportunity to make arrangements for a proper defence and to engage competent legal counsel. When I seemed incredulous this gentleman took from a shelf the so-called "Blue-Book," an official document, and read the following:

"Mike Tatouche was pardoned because he had been wrongfully convicted. His cousin, who evaded the officials, was the guilty one. Tatouche had no counsel at the trial, and his mother, who was present, could not speak English."

"There are many cases like this one," observed the lawyer, "but they are not recorded in the 'Blue-Book,' for it seldom happens that the guilty one steps forward and causes the release of the innocent."

It is my purpose in a future paper to give a detailed account of a number of

cases, well fortified with indisputable evidence, showing how the innocent are suffering for crimes that the weight of evidence now at hand indicates they did not commit; but at the present time I wish to give what seems to me to be a rational programme of progress, or a general line of action that would prove, I believe, as beneficent as it is just. In my preceding articles I have shown by official statistics that the number of annual arrests in this country is more than three millions; that the number of annual convictions is over one million; that our permanent prison population is over one hundred thousand; and that the number of annual convictions for homicide is over ten thousand.

If this record spells out anything it spells out failure for the present social and judicial means and methods in the treatment of crime and criminals.

Criminology has become a science. The cause of crime has been uncovered and the fact has been established that education and economic conditions are largely responsible alike for the moral health or disease of the community and for our ethical standards of judgment. We who, largely through the accidents of environment and favoring conditions, are accounted among the respectable and law-abiding citizens, are prone to play the Pharisee and look with indifferent contempt not unmingled with loathing and disgust upon the inmates of our penal institutions, ignoring the profoundly thoughtful utterance of Goethe, that "There is no deed, good or bad, which I myself might not have committed if placed in the required surroundings"; and the equally pregnant words of Montaigne, when he said: "Three out of four men would be in prison if all of men's acts could be proven before a legal tribunal."

An infinite feeling of sadness took possession of me when I read the report of the State Conference of Charities of Massachusetts, which was recently held in Springfield, and I found myself asking the question: Are these men voluntarily or involuntarily blind? Though there was much talk about reforming the criminal, there was no definite statement showing how such a reform could be accomplished, no rational, sane or feasible programme calculated to achieve this desirable end. One man even had the hardihood to advise long prison sentences in order to attain the desired result; and the fact was loudly proclaimed, with much gratulation and self-satisfaction, that the State of Massachusetts spends every year over ten million dollars to assist and reform her people. Ten million dollars annually expended, and what have we to show for it? Fifty thousand annual arrests in the city of Boston alone; our penitentiaries and work-houses filled to overflowing; our pauper institutions inadequate to meet one-tenth of the requirements. And yet year after year conventions meet and discuss how to reform the criminal, fighting shy of the root-causes of crime and avoiding any remedial agencies that are fundamental in character. I think when on the day of universal judgment the deeds of men are weighed and measured, the inmates of our penal and pauper institutions will arise as witnesses against our hypocritical statesmen and false, shallow or ignorant reformers.

That existing society is beset with serious evils which will in time menace the very life of the state, must be apparent to all students of the philosophy of history. I am a physician, and it is but natural that when I see an evil I wish to prescribe a remedy. As a physician I also know from experience that when-

ever remedial measures are delayed too long a catastrophe ensues. For the evil which if unchecked threatens to overthrow the existing order of things and bring a repetition of the horrors of the French Revolution, I would prescribe the following remedies:

1. Equitable jurisprudence.
2. The limiting of imprisonment before trial to capital offences.
3. Summons before a magistrate instead of arrest for minor offences against the law.
4. The giving of a reasonable time in which to pay money fines imposed by police-judges. (Over fourteen thousand persons are annually imprisoned in Massachusetts on account of their inability to pay immediately the money fines imposed.)
5. The furnishing of competent counsel to poor defendants.
6. The right to work.

This last remedy is intended to strike at the root of our social evil, and I shall treat it fully in a future article; for I am profoundly convinced that one million dollars annually, judiciously applied, would reduce our prison and pauper population to one-tenth its present size and at the same time would banish from the minds of thousands the haunting fear of want which is so largely the underlying basis of vice and crime. On the day when the State shall be wise and sane and great enough to decree that henceforth no man shall ask in vain for work that shall enable him to sustain himself and those dependent on him, we shall have taken a long step on the way toward reducing to a minimum crime, poverty and the misery coincident with them.

G. W. GALVIN.

Boston, Mass.

A DEFENCE OF WALT. WHITMAN'S "LEAVES OF GRASS."

BY CLARENCE CUNINGHAM.

IN PLACING "The Two Mysteries" in his book of some chosen pieces, Professor Frank McAlpine precedes it with a sketch of the life of its author, Walt. Whitman, the Brooklyn poet. In referring to *Leaves of Grass* Professor McAlpine admits that the volume "shows unquestionable power and great originality." Yet he adds that it "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up."

To Professor McAlpine's polished and well-wiped surface I can see how the rugged, unrubbed soul-tones of the "carpenter-and-builder" poet could cause such a radiation of cracks as would mar the panel for its place in my lady's boudoir. "If I blush, it is to see a nobleman want manners," says my lord butcher, Cardinal Wolsey. In Walt. Whitman's case there is no nobleman in question, only a plain, blunt workman; and I suppose the learned man who professionally trains the young idea how to think, blushes because he sees not in the builder's shop any varnish. How can such a builder ever hope to pass with the sterilized critics of architecture?

The builder in his unstudied honesty not for a moment seeks to excuse himself for transcribing to the written page that which was writ upon his heart and understanding, but in his very innocence exultingly says: "*Leaves of Grass* has mainly been the outcropping of my own emotional and other personal nature—an attempt, from first to last, to put a *person*, a human being (myself, in the latter half of the Nineteenth Century, in America) freely, fully, and truly on record. I could not find any similar personal record in current literature that satisfied me." Now if my lord literatus would put himself on record before the world "freely, fully, and

truly," how different would he appear to the world to-day than he does appear.

The man who asks questions, asks: "What good will it do?" and the financier says: "That would n't pay!" Many things do not pay at their initiation, but upon their becoming "the thing" they roll in enough coin to satisfy even the sordid, for the world is full of the prying and of the hypercritical who are ready to spend their last dollar to find out the innermost self of their neighbor. As for the good it will do, it will place upon record mankind as mankind individually and collectively really is. It will give to the psychologist and to the philosopher the only true and limitless field whence can be drawn the only true deductions of man's relationship to God and God's to man, and of the meaning of creation. God gives us one face and we make ourselves another, and we hold up to the gaping world a Jesuitical portraiture, all smoothy and smiles, and pregnant with moral gammon. To ourselves we hold up as our likeness a self-hypnotized effigy which to look upon breeds within ourselves vanity, arrogance, self-satisfaction. It is only when our subjective minds work freely, fully and truly, and we are brave enough to put ourselves freely, fully, and truly on record,—it is only then that the world and that we ourselves will know us as God knows us, as He knows the Ego, the Alma, the Spirit, as it dwells behind and gives the vital force to the physical body—the animal soul—the human soul. Not until then can we—mankind—truly deduce the definition of sin.

What Whitman in his larger nature did in America in behalf of this record of the inner or hidden in man, Marie Bashkirtseff, in a naturally narrower one, did in Europe at the same epoch. There is not a line in her journal that is not a key to the

mystery of the inner life. In her preface to that journal she writes: "In the first place I had written for a long time without any thought of being read, and then it is precisely because I hope to be read that I am altogether sincere. If this book is not the *exact*, the *absolute*, the *strict* truth it has no *raison d'être*. Not only do I always write what I think, but I have not even dreamed, for a single instant, of disguising anything that was to my disadvantage, or that might make me appear ridiculous. I have exhibited myself in these pages *just as I am*. The record of a woman's life written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, as if no one in the world were ever to read it, yet with the purpose of being read is always interesting."

Let me add to the words of that extraordinary young woman that such a record is instructive, nay, illuminating and imperative. Aptly did Mr. Gladstone pronounce her journal: "A book without a parallel."

In referring to his *Leaves of Grass* its author candidly says: "It is avowedly the song of Sex and Amativeness, and even Animality." It is that very feature that misleads our Professional Technique into uttering his ultimatum: It "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up." In uttering such an ultimatum Professor McAlpine betrays his own nature and comprehension. When we comprehend Sex, Amativeness, Animality, as bases or the means through which and the purpose for which the gluttonous satiety of the sensuous and the passionate is to be reached, and the earthly deceptions, rivalries, aspirations, prejudices, egotisms and aggressions are to be bated, grasped, fed, and turned to the personal strengthening of the crafty and strong, why then our very cunning and skilfully prudish training and inheritance subtly fights from beneath its mock-moral armor against all mention or interpretation of those attributes and qualities inherent to mankind; but when we regard Sex, Amativeness, Animality, as a part of the scheme, pure

and simple, of the incarnation of spirit-life into physical form, as a part of the primordial law of nature illustrative of the wisdom and the ways of God, and regard them away from their connection with the law enacted by and for artificial man, we then regard Sex, Amativeness, and Animality as pure entities and the proper soil in which to generate our physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, esthetic Personalities in their reality and not in their seeming. When we comprehend these entities "unstopped and unwarped by any influence outside the soul within" us, and realize them as merely links in the great chain of vital power, as limitless, as endless, as relative, as are space and time, we will not know how not to sing them, and how not to sing the great truths born of them. We will sing them in psychic precision and simplicity, and thereby the future will be purified.

That Walt. Whitman understood this and lived, moved, and acted under its meaning is shown by his adding to the statement that his song was the song of Sex, Amativeness, Animality, this statement: "Though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all, and will duly emerge; and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere. Difficult as it will be, it has become, in my opinion, imperative to achieve a shifted attitude from superior men and women towards the thought and fact of sexuality, as an element in character, personality, the emotions and a theme of literature."

Not as a craven and sly Boccaccio does he seek to excuse his themes and their realistic treatment by such a papal indulgence as that the exposing and the ridiculing—the while doing it nicely! as Lord Chumley would say—that the exposing and the ridiculing of mankind's physical qualities and quantities and its malpractice and abuse of them is the surest way of *eliminating them*; but as a fearless and fearing child of God he conceives them and treats them as holy and indestructible creations, and seeks to

point their meaning: "I cannot understand it or argue it out," he says. "I fully believe in a clue and purpose in Nature, entire and several; and that invisible spiritual results, just as real and definite as the visible, eventuate all concrete life and all materialism, through time." He sees and understands that the key to the meaning of earth-life is the soul in its nudity, not the soul in its inky cloak.

Why are letters so valuable as the sources of developing a truer and more accurate history, as well as being the best means of getting at the kernel of a case before a court of justice? They are valuable for the very reason that they are generally written in unguarded moments and are the expression of the writers' sincere feelings and opinions. Did individuals express, bravely and without reserve, by visible signs and characters their natural, involuntary, and most constant thoughts, impressions and deductions, how different would be the comprehensions and generalizations relative to man and his actions; how much broader, higher and far-reaching would be the laws enacted as his rule of conduct, and how much more would they be suitable to and tally with the mainsprings of those actions; and they would develop rather than stunt them. Under such conditions the whole scheme of history and of the arts would change, and the science of life would be for the first time recognized and understood; the Psychologist and Philosopher would speak from the pulpit in words of soberness and truth, and the temples would be full to overflowing with responsive souls.

There are those who would argue that a free and unceasing expression of the devices and desires of our own hearts would tend to make those devices and desires acceptable and permissible, and hence would encourage them to a more licentious and unchallenged scope. Whether expressed or hidden, mankind ever acts upon their suggestion and without control by or fear of iron-clad laws. Paint constantly the hideous, and the hideous will soon lose its fascination. "It's the eye of childhood

that fears the painted devil"; it's not the man of reason. As each preceding generation discovers to sight the hidden thoughts and emotions, so each succeeding generation will evolve into higher thoughts and emotions and will give less animal expression to them. "Confess your sins one to another" was not a governmental order uttered to encourage the wood-carvers, tapisters and upholsterers in making works of art and stalls of luxury, through whose lace-like openings the secrets of the soul were to be whispered, under the enticingly soft and rainbow lights of the Cathedral, to self-appointed listeners who too often used the outpourings of the soul as the instruments to selfishly further petty policies or heinous statecraft and for the debasement of the human being; but it was a Divine command uttered by the Creator of the universe for the purification of the incarnated spirit. "Confess your sins one to another" is the command; not, all of you confess your sins to a chosen few. Confess our sins one to another freely, fully, and truly, and by that very confession the river of life will become as crystal. "*Pechez! Cachez! Excusez,*" Sin! Hide! Excused—wittily remarked a French woman on an occasion of self-excuse. She could have gone farther and said: Being hidden and excused, the sin will become more subtle and stronger, and its gratification intensified. In the spirit of that truth the Vedanta Philosophy teaches that strong desires are the manufactories of new bodies. Lay bare to your neighbor's eye your devices and desires, and you will begin to cultivate better devices and desires, and they will become more spiritual and less carnal, more objective and less subjective, and you will verify the scientific problem laid down by Elmer Gates, known as the mentative art or evolution of mind-building and development.

Elmer Gates, following in the line of the facts revealed to Buckle, Draper, and other seekers in their particular lines of philosophical truth, establishes, by investigation and experiment, the fact that

mental processes are as regular in their operations as the law of gravity. He further shows that the cell is not only the anatomic but also the psychological unit of animals and plants, and cells can by psychological training be developed into new species. By way of parenthesis let me say that from the time of the earliest sages we have known that back of our earth-life is a vital force endowed with mind or thought-force in a potential state; that is, all visible existence has within itself the life-force and the power of growth. It is just this life-force that is the psychic, and is the force that can be trained. Mr. Gates goes on to demonstrate that conscious mental experience creates, in some part of the brain, new structural enregistration, which is the embodied memory of that experience; that cells of the brain can be enlarged, made more efficient and increased in number, and these changes are transmitted to offspring; that there are inseparable and mutually conditional relations between the emotions and the chemical changes constituting cellular nutrition; that if in that portion of the mind, where evil memories are engendered, those that are good are upbuilt by being kept active each day, they will replace those that are bad. He lays down this proposition: "Let a person devote an hour a day to calling up a certain class of fine, uplifting emotions and memories which in ordinary life are summoned only occasionally, let him do this regularly as he would take physical exercises, and at the end of a month he will be able to note a surprising change. The change will be apparent in all his thoughts, desires and actions."

God is light, love, purity, intelligence, and it is He who speaks to and inspires the psychic half of man; but when that psychic is steeped in and entangled by the physical it deafens its ear to the Holy Voice. As a means of keeping that ear alert and listening, Mr. Gates propounds his scientific teachings, while Mr. Whitman urges his method of ever exposing to visible sight self or the psychic, thus to

ever know unerringly what we really are. No art or clap-trap in word-painting, no enticement or voluptuous playing by veiled suggestion, does the plain, blunt man resort to by which to enhance and beglow even a single thought, word, or sentence; but by naked simplicity of expression does he display to the eye of man truths that are coeternal with God. Not seeking the approbation, but rather contemplating the formal schools and existing conventions of literature, he does not, as its doctors are in the habit of doing, call in the physician for consultation and confession, and for his remedies in "evasions and swathing suppressions," but rather, he seeks that "heroic nudity on which only a genuine diagnosis of serious cases can be built." In face of such wisdom how can Professor Frank McAlpine maintain that *Leaves of Grass* "contains passages of a very objectionable character, so much so, that no defence that is valid can be set up"?

Oh, what an anthem to sing, and to be sung by a man of courage, and of truth, and of God! I sing "my own identity, ardors, observations, faiths and thoughts, colored hardly at all with any decided coloring from other faiths or other identities." I sing "America and to-day, modern science and democracy, and not the songs and the myths of the past, none of the stock ornamentation, or choice plots of love or war, or high, exceptional personages of Old-World song; nothing, as I may say, for beauty's sake—no legend, no romance, nor euphemism, no rhyme, but the broadest average of humanity and its identities in the now ripening Nineteenth Century." To all these new and evolutionary facts, meanings, purposes, he says: "New poetic messages, new forms, and expressions, are inevitable. In the center of all, and object of all, stands the Human Being."

Further than making known his convictions and giving, by example, a method of attaining a state of psychic evolution where we can the better comprehend the esoteric, he did not pretend to go. In the presence of "the things misnamed, death

and existence," he felt no wiser than the little girl sitting in his lap, who, as he was curiously gazing upon the spectacle of death as presented by a little white coffin in which lay the body of a little child: "You do n't know what it is, do you, my dear? We do n't, either."

"THE TWO MYSTERIES."

"We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, 'What is life?' not one of us could say.

Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought!

'So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may tell ye naught;

We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—

Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.

Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;

And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead."

CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM.

Charleston, S. C.

A PIONEER NEWSPAPER CARTOONIST.

By B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE EDITOR AND THE ARTIST.

ONE DAY not more than ten years ago two men were seated in the editorial sanctum of the Minneapolis *Journal*, engaged in earnest conversation. The elder was J. S. McLain, the thoughtful and able editor of that leading afternoon daily of the Northwest. The younger was Charles L. Bartholomew, a reporter and special editorial writer who had also contributed several striking cartoons and illustrations to the *Journal*. Bartholomew was young and filled with the enthusiasm and compelling faith of virile early manhood. He believed there was a real demand on the part of the reading public for effective daily news cartoons, or, as he was wont to put it, "striking editorials in outline," and that the dailies that were first to realize this

new want would gain immensely in local patronage and prestige and also acquire a publicity and through this a general advertising advantage in remote centers, far greater in value than ten times the cost that an "art department" would entail on the daily; and this was what the young journalist was trying to present in a convincing manner to the editor. But Mr. McLain was skeptical. Heretofore several attempts at illustrating dailies in the Northwest and elsewhere had proved disastrous failures, and even the enthusiasm and plausible reasoning of the young man were inconclusive to the editor, who, when the artist finished his plea for a chance to give all his time to cartoons and illustrations, in order to show what could be done, shook his head, gravely replying: "'Bart.,' you had just as well give it up. There will not be a



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

THE STEADY WORKER.

THE ANGEL DEATH—"Oh, yes, War; you do pretty well for a spasmodic fellow, but look what my lieutenant yonder does, with no apparent effort."

time in ten years when a man can devote that much time to picture-work for the *Journal*."

But Mr. McLain was too big a man to imagine that his judgment must be necessarily correct or that all the wisdom of a great daily newspaper centered in the editor's cranium, and he liked "Bart.," as the young man was familiarly called. He liked his enthusiasm, his faith, his originality, his mental virility and his artistic temperament. He recognized that he had the true editor's instinct for news and more than the ordinary artist's ability to depict a situation in a telling

manner through the medium of an outline sketch. And so, though for the time he declined to give the artist the trial he desired, he studied the effect of "Bart's" work on the public, and by dint of questioning and close observation he became more and more sympathetic with the plan which the young artist clung to so tenaciously, until at last he not only gave his full consent, but entered into the work with something of the enthusiasm that marked his boyhood days, even giving the young artist an hour each day during which they discussed the subject of the cartoon and the most effective

way of bringing out the idea to be represented. As the years passed increasing duties compelled Mr. McLain to discontinue this aid, but the service rendered and suggestions given had been of inestimable benefit to the young artist—a fact which he ever insists upon when describing his early victories. There can be little doubt but what these daily consultations with the able and experienced editor greatly assisted "Bart." in achieving the unique reputation of *always* making pictures that meant something and of embodying in a greater degree than almost any other cartoonist a whole situation in a single picture.

A little more than ten years have passed since Mr. McLain expressed his skepticism in regard to the feasibility of Mr. Bartholomew's plan for devoting all his attention to art-work for the *Journal*, and to-day there are seven men in the art department of that daily, six of whom are receiving larger salaries than was "Bart." when he tried to induce his chief to let him give his entire time to illustrative work.

The phenomenal success of this artist is largely due to the fact that he is above all else a journalist. His scent for news



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

AN INTERRUPTION IN THE GREAT PEACE PLAY.

SCENE, THE HAGUE. SECOND ACT: U. S.—"What in thunder has happened to the leading man that he does n't come on?"
J. B.—"I think the little war devil is making trouble for him."

is keen and unerring. He quickly realizes what part of the daily news will most interest the general reading public, and with this realization there usually comes to him a picture in outline that will epitomize the news situation. The newspaper cartoonist, as he often observes, must be an editor in outline. He must be able to seize on the salient points of the day's principal event and depict them in an expressive or telling manner; and in this "Bart." is preëminent. No cartoonist in America, or the world, for that matter, so uniformly illustrates subject matter that is dominating the public mind on the day when the cartoon appears. Often news taken hot from the wire affords a subject for the day's picture. Thus it is no unusual occurrence that the page containing the most prominent news item will also contain the cartoon illustrating the same. A striking example of this character occurred a short time since. It was just after the Russian Baltic fleet had fired on the British fishing-vessels, and the subject was naturally uppermost in the public mind. At nine



Bartholomew, in Minneapolis Journal.

A LITTLE TOO FAST, UNCLE.

CANADA—"The ring first, if you please, Jonathan."

Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

"SEEKIN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

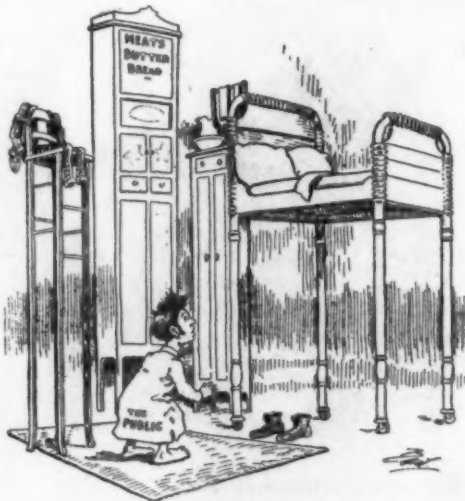
"I woke up in the dark and saw things standin' in a row, a-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at me—so!"

o'clock in the morning the wires brought the explanation advanced by Admiral Rojestvensky for his amazing action—an explanation quite as astounding as the unprecedented outrage. The Admiral declared that he had been attacked by Japanese torpedo-boats, and from the telegraph-rooms of the *Minneapolis Journal* some one called up to "Bart.," who was in the sky-parlor busily at work on a cartoon. The operator briefly gave the substance of the Admiral's excuse and added, "Rojestvensky has been 'Seein' things.'" Instantly the outline of the now famous cartoon, which was widely copied throughout the United States, appeared before the mental vision of the young artist, who, taking his pen, immediately drew the picture entitled "Seein' Things," which appeared in the *Journal* that afternoon, together with the news item which it illustrated.

The popularity of the cartoon has steadily grown with the American people and is in no small degree due to the apt and telling work of this pioneer in the field of up-to-date illustration of news by cartoon. In this respect we think Mr. Bartholomew enjoys primacy among his

fellow-artists, though for the reason that he frequently has but two hours to devote to his picture after he has fully outlined the subject in his own mind he finds it impossible to make his drawings as artistic or finished as some of the work of the Eastern cartoonists—notably that of Warren of the *Boston Herald* and Bush of the *New York World*. Three things, says our artist, must be kept in mind by the newspaper cartoonist: "His drawings must present an argument, elucidate the news, or humorously hit off a current event." "Bart.'s" cartoons frequently embody all three of these important elements.

We doubt if even the management of the *Journal* fully appreciates the enormous value of "Bart.'s" work in familiarizing the reading world at large with the name of their paper. To-day hundreds of thousands, if not millions of readers of the various great up-to-date reviews, eclectic weeklies and other papers that reproduce the most telling and timely cartoons, are familiar with the *Minneapolis Journal* through seeing so many of "Bart.'s" pictures. Ask any intelligent person on the streets of our Eastern cities what daily papers are published in

Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

AND NOW FURNITURE IS GOING UP.

Minneapolis, and he will immediately mention the *Minneapolis Journal*, and then, after a pause, he may name other papers; but the chances are that the *Journal* is the only daily whose name is familiar to his mind. Yet this paper is an evening sheet, and it is usually the morning journals that are known abroad.

II. BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH.

Mr. Bartholomew was born into a home of culture and refinement in Chariton, Iowa. His father was a successful lawyer who took great personal interest in the education and development of his children's character. It was a custom in this family during the winter evenings to assemble and listen to the father, who read aloud history, mythology and other instructive matter in such a manner as to invest his subjects with fascinating interest for the young people. This part of the children's education remained with them more tenaciously than the lessons conned in school. The mother also devoted Sunday afternoons to reading stories and otherwise adding to the general education of the children by stimulating the imagination and im-



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

MAKING UP TO THE WIDOW.

parting a taste for good literature, which is a priceless heritage to those thus early blessed.

The mother exerted a very positive and helpful influence on Charles. She encouraged him during his vacations to learn the printer's trade, and very materially aided him when he had an opportunity to write for and edit the home paper.

Thinking that he would like to be a mining engineer, the boy entered the Iowa State University at Ames, from which he graduated four years later. But at the time of leaving college a taste for literary work had been so developed that he determined to give up engineering. Accordingly he set out for Minneapolis in search of newspaper work. Here he met with the disappointments that so many ambitious young men encounter at the outset of their careers, but at length an illustrated story which he had prepared was accepted and proved a hit. He thereupon obtained a position and in a short time secured permanent employment as reporter and special writer for the *Minneapolis Journal*.

In time a plan that had long been maturing in his brain was partially realized. He was enabled to give part of



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

THE NEW PEACE ANGEL.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—"Can this be me?"



Bartholomew, in *Minneapolis Journal*.

IN BRYAN'S POCKET.

BEER DAVE HILL—"Hab n't seen a stray donkey, hab ye?"
BRYAN BILL BRYAN—"Do you call it a donkey? I picked up what 'peared to me a scared rabbit."

each afternoon and evening to art study and illustrating. In this way he soon was enabled to get an occasional cartoon into the *Journal*, and at length achieved the realization of his dreams in the manner we have described.

III. HOME-LIFE OF THE ARTIST.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Bartholomew married a college classmate, and to-day three vigorous boys furnish him high inspiration, courage and that joy in life that children afford the normal man. In his boyhood he was in the habit of working on his father's farm in the summer time, and now he has a summer home of his own at Lake Minnetonka. In a letter which we received some time since Mr. Bartholomew said, in speaking of this home: "I have a large flower-garden and a meadow and some woods, all my own. I make hay, dig in the dirt, drive a team on a scraper or stone-boat, and take care of my horse."

In addition Mr. Bartholomew does much drawing for little folks, largely in the *Junior Journal*, a supplement to his paper; and in connection with W. A. Frisbie, the city editor of the *Journal*,

the artist has published three delightful juvenile books entitled *The Bandit Mouse*, *The Pirate Frog*, and *Puggery Wee*, that have proved very popular with the little folks.

Many flattering offers have come to "Bart." from Chicago and Eastern papers, but he is a true son of the West and loves her broad plains, her freedom, faith and courage. Moreover, his environment is so congenial that he wisely declines to fare forth into the seething metropolitan centers, where so frequently all the poetry and idealism, all the faith and finer feelings of life are blunted and deadened.

IV. TYPICAL CARTOONS.

We have mentioned the circumstance that the artist ever keeps before his mind the fact that his work is to elucidate the news, present an argument or humorously illustrate a current topic. He especially enjoys political subjects, and we think it is safe to say that the Republican party has no artist that has made anything like so many telling and popular cartoons as has this young man. Like Dan. Beard, he refuses to make pictures that belie his own convictions,—a fact that speaks volumes for his manhood in an age like ours, when newspaper writers and editors seem to think it no crime or disgrace to write specious sophistry for their masters, though it be in positive opposition to what they themselves believe or know to be true and right. The *Minneapolis Journal* is an independent Republican newspaper, and its artist is given great latitude in his work. One of his cartoons, urging the election of United States Senators by the people, was displayed in the House of Representatives when that subject was up for debate. His political cartoons are especially delightful in that they are free from bitterness or anything which suggests abuse. One of the most popular of his recent political cartoons appeared immediately after the election. It was entitled "In Bryan's Pocket," and was widely copied



Photo. by Opsahl, Minneapolis.

C. L. BARTHOLOMEW



by the contemporaneous press. Another, representing President Roosevelt as the Angel of Peace, has also proved very popular. But one of his most powerful and suggestive recent drawings was called "The Steady Worker." It appeared in the *Journal* of October 19, 1904. This cartoon shows that in our republic 55,130 persons were killed or maimed on the railroads during the past year. It is well calculated to awaken thoughtful men and women to the crime of modern corporate greed which makes no adequate provisions for the protection of human life. It is a picture more powerful in its potential influence for

good than most editorial leaders or sermons.

Like all true, fine workers, Mr. Bartholomew is a man of ideals and principles. We may not believe in his political theories, yet we respect his opinions and honor the man who stands by that which he believes to be right. The greatest need of our time, the most pressing demand of the republic, is for men of courage and conviction,—clean-souled, true-hearted men who will fight for principles and die if need be for a noble cause.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE POEMS OF EMERSON.

HERMIONE.

I.

By CHARLES MALLOY,

President of the Boston Emerson Society.

"HERMIONE" is decidedly a love poem and is, perhaps, the only one Emerson has written. It is a great poem. "Initial, Dæmonic and Celestial Love" treats of love in the abstract. "Hermione" is a concrete example. We could wish that Emerson had many such, each celebrating some delicate phase of love as in the poem "Hermione."

I have no reason to think that Emerson chose this name, Hermione, on account of any significance which it may have in history or literature. He chose it because he liked it and because in sound, form and Oriental origin it fitted a poem the scene of which lies in the East.

The first seven lines of the poem are proem, as if written by an editor. The poem, after this, is almost entirely in the language of the lover of Hermione.

"On a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets
And told his amulets:
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And, when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground."

"Sweet regrets" do not quite express the mood of the lover, as, indeed, no two words could do. Hermione has left him, the lover, presumably forever. A beautiful period of his life had ended, apparently not by the will of Hermione, but by forces lying beyond the control of the lovers. The pretty conceit of the bird, the only companion and friend of the Arab in this scene, giving his usual flights the character of special demonstrations in response to the deep sighs of the lover, is one of those poetic felicities of which we say, if it is not true it ought to be. Poets love to feign a good understanding between birds and lovers. This is perhaps because birds are lovers; and a pleasant fiction may go a little farther and say that the swallow had himself lost some little feathered Hermione and knew all about it.

This poem, "Hermione," is dramatic in form. The *dramatis personæ* are an Arab lover, Hermione, a Syrian, and several personifications,—as the south-wind, the river, the rose, the crag and

bird, frost and sun, and eldest night, winds and waterfalls, music and music's thought. These the lover calls his kindred who come to soothe him in his lonely retreats as he sings his "sweet regrets." The nature of this consolation will appear at last.

The Arab lover begins a monologue after the poem, in these words:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

The affair of the lovers was well known and had been talked over, as usual, by friends and neighbors. It is always a mystery why lovers should be so absorbed in each other, and they are regarded generally as harmless lunatics, seeing the objects of their little world in false colors and magnitudes which shut out all the rest of the world. The rest of the world resents it and their comments are unkind. In our present case Hermione was the object of these unkind comments. The lover hears what "they" say—the multitudinous, incorrigible "they." His first sign of amelioration and gradual return to health is in the notice he gives the critics of Hermione:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

A quite serious difficulty is encountered in reading these lines as to the meaning of the words, "sceptred genius." The lover concedes, for the nonce, that what "they" say may be true and that Hermione is not "fair." But he affirms that she has a substitute and equivalent, another attraction, in the place of beauty,—namely, this

"Sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere"—

in beauty's sphere. These lines suggest several interesting questions and remind us of some recent studies in psychology. What is beauty? I believe this question

has never been well answered. Emerson, in his "Essay on Beauty" in "The Conduct of Life" says: "I am warned by the ill fate of many philosophers not to attempt a definition of Beauty." We shall never achieve a definition of beauty, for beauty is not a thing. Emerson quotes the German, Moritz, as saying that "Beauty is not in the understanding"; that is, beauty is not a concept. If it were it could be defined or resolved into its constituents. Beauty, let us say, is an event. It is something which takes place and is gone. Emerson's fine negations, therefore, in his "Ode to Beauty" give the vanishing and elusive character of this wonderful phenomenon as the prose essay does not.

" . . . Gliding through the sea of form,
Like the lightning through the storm,
Somewhat not to be possessed,
Somewhat not to be caressed,
No feet so fleet could ever find,
No perfect form could ever bind."

Beauty, when it comes from sensation, shows the common necessity of sensation. It must have an impression from some external object. But beauty does not always follow sensation. Beauty is an emotion. It lies in another category, in a spiritual process. Sensation may terminate before reaching it, and this event may take place with one and not with another. Nothing is so uncertain as beauty, if considered alone in its subjective aspect or factor, namely, as an emotion. No matter if the object, the impression and the sensation are the same. "They" saw no beauty in Hermione. "They" did not give the moral and esthetic reactions requisite as complementary to the sensation she impressed upon them. Thus far, to them, she was not fair. They lacked also, in judging her, the tremendous momentum which came from the lover's personal and private relation to Hermione as a lover. This last element is generally not well considered, and "they" can never quite understand the special infatuation of the parties whose case they talk over, very wisely as they suppose.

It is also very marvelous how persons differ as to who is beautiful or what is beautiful in those chosen as beautiful. One exacts a particular feature,—no beauty without it. One is indifferent to that essential, but is captivated by something the first cares nothing about. But few, perhaps, take in the whole person and personality and are lost in the love of some fine points or special talents.

Emerson in his "Essay on the Poet" begins with the following words:

"Those who are esteemed umpires of taste are often persons who have acquired some knowledge of admired pictures or sculptures, and have an inclination for whatever is elegant; but if you inquire whether they are beautiful souls, and whether their own acts are like fair pictures, you learn that they are selfish and sensual. Their cultivation is local, as if you should rub a log of dry wood in one spot to produce fire, all the rest remaining cold."

The reader will find some of these ideas in the present poem, by implication at least. The lover would say to his critics: "Hermione is fair, but you are not fine enough to see it. You are not beautiful souls; you can see only what you are. What you call beauty is not beauty to me. Your beauty is not beautiful. 'Sceptred genius,' which you do not see, that is beauty to me. In view of that I do not mind a few defects in the superficial graces of form, lines and color. I see the soul in spite of some defects."

This criticism will suggest a pertinent passage in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto." Del Sarto is talking with his wife about a Madonna by Rafael:

" . . . And indeed the arm is wrong,
I hardly dare . . . yet, only you to see,
Give the chalk here—quick, thus the line should
go!
Ay, but the soul! he's Rafael! rub it out!"

The lover saw in Hermione the look which Rafael could give his Madonna, but which the perfect lines of del Sarto could not give. Rafael gave this "sceptred genius" of Hermione. It took a

beautiful soul to give it, or to see it when given.

Let us try to account for these words, "sceptred genius." My own device was to translate them into more common and familiar equivalents. "Sceptred," if applied to a man, would designate a king or a kingly man. If applied to a woman it would mean a queenly woman. But what does "genius" mean? The lover does not wish to say that Hermione is a woman of genius in the ordinary sense of great artistic ability. Emerson applies the term, in the "Essay on Intellect," to one who has the two phases of intellect,—namely, "intellect receptive and intellect constructive, when these unite in one person. One may have large reception but can make no use of it in any work of art. This requires the constructive or architectonic gift."

In his "Essay on the Nominalist and Realist" Emerson uses the word "genius" in the sense of character, or to denote the total sum of qualities and attributes making up a subject. Again, it is the peculiar or differential aspect. He says:

"The genius of the Platonists is intoxicating to the students, yet how few particulars of it can I detach from all their books. Young people admire talents or particular excellencies; as we grow older we value powers and effects, as the impressions, the quality, the spirit of men and things. The genius is all. The man, it is his system: we do not try a solitary word or act, but his habit. We are practically skilful in detecting elements for which we have no place in our theory and no name. Thus we are very sensible of an atmospheric influence in men and in bodies of men, not accounted for in an arithmetical addition of all their measurable properties. There is a genius of a nation that is not to be found in the numerical citizens, but which characterizes the society. England, strong, punctual, practical, well-spoken England,—I should not find it if I should go to the island to seek it. In the parliament, in the playhouse, at dinner-tables, I might

see a great number of rich, ignorant, book-read, conventional, proud men,—many old women,—and not anywhere the Englishmen who made the good speeches, combined the accurate engines, and did the bold and nervous deeds. It is even worse in America, where, from the intellectual quickness of the race, the genius of the country is more splendid in its promise and more slight in its performance. Webster cannot do the work of Webster. We conceive distinctly enough the French, the Spanish, the German genius, and it is not the less real that perhaps we should not meet in either of those nations a single individual who corresponded with the type. This preference of the genius to the parts is the secret of that deification of art which is found in all superior minds."

In Emerson's connotation of the word "genius" as exhibited in the foregoing quotations it is easy to see how he could use it in the phrase "sceptred genius" as designating an attraction in Hermione superior to beauty in the ordinary sense of the term. It will now be seen that a new reading may be given the lover's words:

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,"

may read,

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But a queenly character—"

the word "character" being a name for the total woman, implying beauty, manners, tone, spirit—all she was, while the added predicates,

"Aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere,"

would further assert that this power and charm was not an occasional but a constant influence. She was always herself—always at her best. "Inorbed" is used by Milton of the moon at the full, and "culminating" has a cognate significance. "In her sphere" means of course

in beauty's sphere. Thus in a few happy lines Emerson gives us Hermione. We are reminded of another ideal woman in his Persian Lilla of Hafiz or Firdusi, in his "Essay on Manners":

"Was it Hafiz or Firdusi that said of his Persian Lilla, she was an elemental force and astonished me by her amount of life, when I saw her, day after day radiating, *every instant*, redundant joy and grace on all around her. She was a solvent powerful to reconcile all heterogeneous persons into one society; like air and water an element of such a great range of affinities that it combines readily with a thousand substances. Where she is present all others will be more than they are wont. She was a unit and whole, so that whatsoever she did became her. She had too much sympathy and desire to please than that you could say her manners were marked with dignity; yet no princess could surpass her clear and erect demeanor on each occasion. She did not study the Persian grammar, nor the books of the seven poets, but all the poems of the seven seemed to be written upon her. For, though the bias of her nature was not to thought but to sympathy, yet was she so perfect in her own nature as to meet intellectual persons by the fullness of her heart, warming them by her sentiments, believing, as she did, that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble."

Who has said such fine things of woman as Emerson?

"Let her be as much better placed in the laws and in social forms as the most zealous reformer can ask, but I confide so entirely in her inspiring and musical nature that I believe only herself can show us how she shall be served. The wonderful generosity of her sentiments raises her at times into heroical and god-like regions and verifies the pictures of Minerva, Juno, or Polyhymnia; and by the firmness with which she treads her upward path she convinces the coarsest calculators that another road exists than

that which their feet knew. But besides those who make good in our imagination the place of muses and of Delphic sybils are there not women who fill our vase with wine and roses to the brim, so that the wine runs over and fills the house with perfume; who inspire us with courtesy; who unloose our tongues, and we speak; who anoint our eyes and we see? We say things we never thought to have said; for once our walls of habitual reserve vanished and left us at large; we were children playing with children in a wide field of flowers. Steep us, we cried, in these influences, for days, for weeks, and we shall be sunny poets, and will write out in many-colored words the romance that you are."

This precedes the picture of the Persian Lilla. A curious trifle may be observed in regard to the introduction of the Persian Lilla in the above quotation. Was it Hafiz or Firdusi who said this of his Persian Lilla? What if it turns out to be neither, and that Emerson is his own Hafiz or Firdusi and feigned another, after a law which he gives, as in the practice of frequently quoting from himself, feigning them the words of another. A thought thus seems to change its paralax, and often in this way takes on new relations. Emerson mentions Carlyle among others as the subject of this little device. Really I suspect that he was his own Hafiz or Firdusi, and as if thinking the critics would take him up, he changed the sentence in a later edition, and instead of "Was it Hafiz or Firdusi" he says, "What Hafiz or Ferdusi." So I think the Persian Lilla is his own creation, the same as Hermione.

"If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere."

The word "inorbed" is used by Milton of the moon as its full; full-orbed, a perfect round. "Culminating" is added. All this is metaphor which says that Hermione was always all there and always at her best. It is fortunate that

one is never dimmed and crippled by moods. She was in this like the Persian Lilla, an elemental force, and astonished me by her amount of life when I saw her day after day radiating redundant joy and grace on all around her. Thus Hermione was something besides a picture and more than fair. She was endowed with other and superior attractions. "In her sphere"—in beauty's sphere: I have known intelligent persons who contended that Hermione was the subject and antecedent of "her"—a connection which takes the meaning and poetical value away from the sentence. "Her sphere" obviously means beauty's sphere. "Beauty's not beautiful to me," but this substitute and equivalent, "sceptred genius,"—this total effect of many forces, culminating in beauty's sphere, can do beauty's work and beauty is not needed in the action of this superior charm.

The presentation of the above thought suggests the practical hint that beauty may be cultivated and so brought within the province of the will as an art or a resultant of one's habitual tone and mode of life in this world. Thus beauty may be made an object, like virtue, and indeed there is much that is common to the two. It has been said that a woman, if she is not beautiful at twenty, is not responsible; if she is not beautiful at sixty, she is to blame for it; and this because a fine life goes into the expression of the face and more and more entrenches itself as "sceptred genius" or an index of character. Thus beauty comes from the soul, as Plato has taught us. Emerson quotes Spenser's famous lines as follows:

"So every spirit as it is more pure
And bath in it the more of heavenly light,
So doth the fairer body it procure
To habit in and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form and doth the body make."

The superficial attributes which make up much of the beauty peculiar to youth do not always last; but what the "genius" says—the character—that is not lost by

age, but grows instead as the other loses. Gray hair is becoming when the time comes for it, and wrinkles are an alphabet which by configuration tell what the life has been, as virtuous or vicious. So no woman who wishes the conservation of her beauty can afford to be vicious. "There is no torture," says Montaigne, "which a woman will not endure that she may increase her beauty." But it is not well enough understood that the graces and conduct of the really good are cosmetics and cause the face to shine. Perhaps religion is worth all it costs, even as a picturesque attraction, something good to look at. This, of course, when it appears in the face, where it must appear if it is true and genuine; and we are not so easily deceived as those

think we are who resort to falsehood and hypocrisy. "Faces," says Emerson, "cannot lie."

It would seem wise and profitable to converse as much as possible with things beautiful in sentiment, in nature, in art and in conduct. It is perhaps in this way that we "make our own the beauty we love."

Is not this said in part in the following lines?

"This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,
Hills and islands, cloud and tree,
In her form and motion."

(To be continued.)

CHARLES MALLOY.

Waltham, Mass.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR AS VIEWED BY VICTOR HUGO.

BY "LEBENDIG."

AT NO time since the birth of modern democracy has it been more important for thinkers and men and women of conscience to unite in a determined effort for the reclamation of those fundamental principles of democracy for which our fathers died and which gave to the world that larger new hope and faith which transformed the face of civilization. We are in the presence of a mighty power whose every instinct is contrary to the principles of free institutions and the theory of equality of rights and opportunities. Vast wealth as a result of privilege has been enabled to buy immunity from the penalties of infringed laws, and to place in the seats of the mighty men who are complacent to the demands of corporate greed and privileged interests. In the presence of this supreme menace to democracy we are reminded of the words of Victor Hugo, when the great poet, author,

statesman and man was an exile from his native land:

"The reigning public monstrosities impose stern obligations on the conscience of the thinker, the philosopher, or the poet. Incorruptibility must resist corruption. It is more than ever requisite to show men the ideal,—that mirror reflecting the face of God.

"At the point now reached by the social question, all action should be in common. Isolated forces frustrate one another; the ideal and the real are solidary. . . . Let us concentrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just.

"Here is the truth: to sing the ideal, to love humanity, to believe in progress, to pray toward the infinite."

"LEBENDIG."

Boston, Mass.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

THIS story opens in Jerusalem at the time when Sir Moses Montefiore is making the last of his numerous pilgrimages to the Holy Land. The great man has lavished vast sums of money in an effort to colonize Palestine with the cruelly-oppressed Jews of Russia, Poland and elsewhere, and now he has come again to the Holy City to see how his work has prospered. It is morning in Jerusalem. At the narrow pass known as the Needle's Eye, that leads to the dirty and dismal market in the Valley of Jehosaphat, a number of Gentiles are gathered. Many of them are tourists with guide-books in hand. There are also some Jews present and a number of peasants bearing their burdens for the market; and a little apart stands a tall, queenly and commanding young woman. She is a Russian Jewess named Miriam, who for some time has been serving as secretary to Sir Moses. Among those who have come to the Needle's Eye is a young man from the New World. He is immediately attracted to the "strangely beautiful, silent, serene and dignified" woman. These children of the East and West, these representatives of the Oriental and Occidental worlds, are both overmastered by a high and noble purpose to help humanity to higher paths. There is from the first community of interests and of ideals; but the man's regard for Miriam is far more personal than that which she entertains for him. Indeed, Miriam seems to type the new social savior, the great-souled, broad-visioned and deeply-spiritual woman of the new time.

CHAPTER V.

HOW BEAUTIFUL!

"HOW BEAUTIFUL are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!"

O star-built bridge, broad milky way!
O star-lit, stately, splendid span!
If but one star should cease to stay
And prop its shoulders to God's plan—
The man who lives for self, I say,
He lives for neither God nor man.

I count the columned waves at war
With Titan elements; and they,
In martial splendor, storm the bar
And shake the world, these bits of spray.
Each gives to each, and like the star
Gets back its gift in tenfold pay.

To get and give and give amain
The rivers run and oceans roll.
O generous and high-born rain
When reigning as a splendid whole!
That man who lives for self alone
Lives for the meanest mortal known.

WE HAVE spoken of Miriam as a silent woman, for she really seemed silent at all times. She was, in fact, spoken of by all who knew her in London as the silent woman. And yet it will be seen that she said much. It may be that it is the man or woman who says nothing who is a great talker.

Socrates was a strangely silent man in his younger days, so far as we can find out; and yet he really said more than all the men and women of his century.

Jesus Christ was sad and silent at all

times; and yet the things he said and suggested fill more books and find place in the hearts of more good people than the sayings of all the great men of earth put together.

Beauty, beauty of body and soul, was her idol. She kept the following lines from the Bible constantly before her:

"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners."

And here is another line she loved to repeat:

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

Here follow some extracts from an epistle to Sir Moses Montefiore on his hundredth birthday:

"All things are beautiful. All animate life is wondrously beautiful. You are beautiful; you were born beautiful,—beautiful in body as in soul; beautiful with the divine beauty and image of the Eternal. If this beauty of man shall be marred or scarred it will be the fault of man, not of his Maker. Time shall not touch nor tarnish man's beauty; man, only, can lay hand upon it. Man alone may make this beauty of body and of soul less perfectly beautiful than God made it.

"It is a crime to make this beauty less beautiful. It is a duty to make this beauty daily more beautiful,—man's duty to himself, man's duty to his Maker, man's duty to man. It is man's duty to make his youth sweetly

beautiful; it is man's duty to make his meridian of life magnificently beautiful; it is man's sacred duty to make his declining years, like your own, so serenely beautiful that man shall be in love with old age,—to be so tranquil, so perfectly at peace, so beautiful in body and in soul—a stately tree, Elijah's chariot of fire in the golden autumn—that men shall see a halo of light above the good, gray head as it goes down in the twilight to the River of Rest.

"Ah, no, impossible!" sighs one; 'I cannot grow more beautiful daily, for I am daily trodden into the dust. I cannot even retain the beauty of body and of soul which God gave me to begin with.'

"I answer, look about you at the down-trodden grass. Resurgam! Resurgam! Look above you at the busy clouds, the battling elements. There is not so very much rest anywhere, but there is beauty everywhere. Ay, I look down to the grass under my feet. The grass is daily trodden down, and yet it daily, hourly, tries to rise up, to grow and grow and be more beautiful even with its face in the dust. And when the storm comes it washes its face in the rain and rises up and again goes forward in its patient effort to make its one little place in man's pathway still more beautiful.

"Yes, it is to be conceded that there is not much rest for any one of us or for anything. All things toil. The oceans are busy building their sea-banks of shell and shale and snow-white sand and pretty, rounded pebbles. The flowers toil, the trees toil and toil and are often broken in mighty battles with the elements. All things toil and toil continually to make this beautiful world still more beautiful. And God himself, so far as we can find out, is the hardest toiler of all.

"The thing to do is to toil harmoniously. Put the working world in harmony, and then work is rest. It is for this purpose, the purpose of possibly helping along in the line of harmony, that these thoughts, set down in the intervals of travel and toil of supervising, here in Palestine, the ploughing and planting, sowing grain or gathering fruit—it is in the hope of harmonizing and, maybe, the lighting of a lamp in one or two of the darker passes of life, as the peasants of Russia light lamps before the image of the Virgin in the dangerous passes of mountains, that I continually invoke the adoration of beauty.

"Meantime there is good reason for hope, for the world grows better, brighter, and more beautiful, vastly more beautiful year by year.

So beautiful, indeed, has the world become that it almost seems that if man could only harmonize his forces, harmonize himself with his surroundings, harmonize himself with himself, he could reach forth and say truly: 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

"But, alas! we are a lot of garrulous children in a great, big boat in a great, big bay; and some row east and some row west, and some will not row at all, but live and thrive on the fears and misery and the despair of the weaker ones."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

I THINK the birds in that far dawn
Were still. The bustling town below
Lay listening. Its strength was drawn
To him, as tides that inward flow.
All Galilee lay still. Far fields of corn
Lay still to hear that silent, sacred morn.

Be comforted; and blessed be
The meek, the merciful, the pure
Of heart; for they shall see, shall hear
God's mercy. So shall peace endure
With God's peacemakers. They are His,
and they
Shall be His children in the Judgment Day.

THE great philanthropist had returned to London, leaving our two younger philanthropists and city-builders together in Jerusalem.

These two persons were together now almost entirely. They were absolute masters of their own time and work. They were under no legal obligation to any one. But what of that broader and far more binding moral obligation to man which goes with every gift of mental strength?

Being entirely released from all further care in Jerusalem, because the colonies in and round about the ancient cities had been trained, according to the wish of their founder, to lean on themselves, Miriam now began to look abroad.

As said before, she was far from satisfied that the best thing that could be done had been done here. It seemed to her like the same old story of going around and around and around; and she could not help seeing that every new generation would need a new Savior and a new Sermon on the Mount. The same old

enmities, the same old sorrows, and the same old sins.

There was a colony of Christians down by the sea, not far from Joppa. The two city-builders went thither to see, to listen, and, if possible, to learn.

They found that these colonists had come to the Holy Land to pray and to await the coming of Christ. Their devout lives, their humility and continual habit of prayer appealed to the man greatly. But as for the woman, she had no patience with them.

"They should have gone to work in their own land, where God first set them down in the battle of life, and Christ would have been with them there as well as here," she said.

"Why, how selfish!" she continued. "These few came here to await the second coming of Christ; as if they would be first to get into heaven."

"But they are so very devout."

"Yes, they prayed for rain all day and nearly all night last week, I am told; for their corn was being consumed by the fervor of the sun."

"And was not that a fine example of faith?"

"It was a fine example of folly, like all such prayers, and an exhibition of supreme selfishness. Why, they appealed to God to change a law of nature. They cried out to God all day and all night to send rain, and ruin all the figs of Smyrna, in order that they might have a dozen bags of corn! They simply prayed God to ruin fifty thousand people in order that fifty might have a little green corn to eat! Selfishness like that cannot survive, and it should not."

He had never before seen her out of patience so entirely. It was evident that her plans for the salvation of the world, whatever they were, lay in line with the laws of nature. He began to learn that this boundless faith of hers was traveling hand in hand with reason. For while he, for his part, gave this colony of Christians all possible encouragement, and also a little solid assistance to help tide them through the trouble that was upon them

because of the failure of corn, she gave neither consolation nor money. But instead, she gave the leader a letter to the British and American consuls, and directed him how to proceed to get his people home at her cost.

Half a year after the long prayer for rain, this colony, a sort of prayerful Brook Farm, was added to the list of similar failures, and the marsh grass now grows where the really devout and moral little community could not make corn to grow with all their prayers.

It is needless to say that this object-lesson in city-building here in the Holy Land was a sad discouragement to this man. Whatever her plans were, he, for his part, had planned something not very different from this. Only, he had not contemplated the turning back of man in his journey around the globe. He believed rather that all men should remain as nearly as possible at home, and begin the great reform in their own dooryard.

"Neither will that do," she said emphatically, as they sat by the Virgin's Fountain at Nazareth, whither they had gone as winter came on, and where they discussed this greatest problem of humanity.

"A well must be dug in the desert, and a great protecting tree be planted there. Of course, any good man will do his best; his hearthstone will be a holy altar on which he will lay his toil and example and life, and good children will grow from his good deeds. But a Jacob must rise up to dig a well by the way, and a Moses must come to lead up and out from the bondage of getting and getting and getting. There must be some great central beginning; and it must be removed, it must be remote from all these cruel and hard traditions of trade till, like a child, it has at least learned to stand alone. For, although the new-born city might be a Hercules at its birth, there would come, not only two serpents, but twenty serpents, to strangle it in its cradle."

This, the foregoing, is what she said one twilight as they sat on the now grass-grown escarpment of the hill above the

holy little city, and in answer to his hint that they should build the City Beautiful there where they would have slain the Christ. And she said it so severely! She was almost cruel in her putting aside of his sentimental plans. Do or say what he could she seemed to grow further away from him day by day; and his earnest, honest heart was breaking for just one word. Was he so entirely of earth, or was it that she was so entirely of heaven, that he had not yet dared a second time to touch her hand?

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SWEAT OF THY FACE.

WHAT sound was that? A pheasant's whir?
What stroke was that? Lean low thine ear.
Is that the stroke of Carpenter,
That far, faint echo that we hear?
Is that the sound that sometime Bedouins tell
Of hammer-stroke as from His hand it fell?

It is the stroke of Carpenter,
Through nineteen hundred years and more
Still sounding down the hallowed stir
Of patient toil; as when He wore
The leathern dress,—the echo of a sound
That thrills for aye the toiling, sensate ground.

Hear Mary weaving? Listen! Hear
The thud of loom at weaving-time
In Nazareth. I wreath this dear
Tradition with my lowly rhyme.
Believing everywhere that she may hear
The sound of toil, sweet Mary bends an ear.

Yes, this the toil that Jesus knew;
Yet we complain if we must bear.
Are we more dear? Are we more true?
Give us, O God, and do not spare!
Give us to bear as Christ and Mary bore
With toil by leaf-girt Nazareth of yore!

THESE rhymes tell in a crude way a pretty tradition of toil. It is the dove perhaps, the wood-dove, which the half-wild sons of desolation and the desert have heard; for Nazareth is still the city of woods. The very name meant woods. Even now, as in the time of Jesus Christ, people of the cities are saying, "Can any good thing come out of the woods—the West?"

To recount the plans of these two city-builders, here where Christ toiled, taught in the synagogue, and was dragged to the hill-top to be hurled down, would take long indeed. Let it be enough to say that

they were seeking for light. "Light, more light!" was their one desire and demand.

"Life is so short!" she said one day. "For my part, I cannot afford to make a failure and die. That would be too terrible!" She paused long, and then with lifted face and clasped hands she said earnestly, "But to make a success, and then die at once—ah, that would be joy, joy, joy!"

At such times as this she seemed to him to be thousands of miles from his side. It is more than possible that a strong, pure, and complete woman may concentrate her entire soul and body to some high and holy purpose as well without taking either vow or veil as if she took both in due form and solemnity.

Leaving Nazareth, they journeyed on down into Egypt, taking the same way, as nearly as possible, as that by which Moses had come when leading his people toward the Holy Land.

One single incident of this journey, which might well fill a book, must be recorded; for it not only indicates something of her courage and strength of devotion, but also tells something of her strange belief in not only the brotherhood of man but of all animate life.

They were tented for the night in the desert to the south of Mount Sinai when a lion approached almost to the tent door. As she calmly put her terrified servants behind her and, without a word, stepped between the man and the crouching beast, she looked it firmly in the face and said:

"Why, don't you know me? I remember you, my brother, after all these ages." And she moved forward and would have laid her hand upon the lion's tumbled mane had he not drawn back and away to the somber bosom of his mother, Night.

"Yes, I seem to remember all this now. I surely saw that lion long, long ago, and loved him," she said to the man at last, looking out and away to the holy mountain.

"And you have been here before?"

"Yes, yes, when Moses passed this

way, thousands of years back, I was here. I remember it all as if it were but yesterday."

In line with this wonderful mastery of hers over wild beasts, wild men, all things animate or inanimate, let us quote a chapter from the pen of her companion. It might well be called *A Study in Yellow*.

"One warm sunset, as the boat lay with its prow in the yellow sand that seemed to stretch away into infinity, she proposed that she and I should ascend to the top of the ruins on a hill a little distance back from the river, and there wait and watch for the coming day.

"It was a dreadful place. I had walked only a little way out, but on seeing a shriveled black hand stretching up from the sand, I had turned back; only to stumble over the head of a mummy which I afterward saw one of our servants gather up and take to his Copt camp for firewood. Still, we had been pent up in the boat much; and then would not she be with me?

"Two Arabs were taken with us to carry a bottle of water and the rugs and robes. The hill was steeper than it at first seemed; and the ascent through the sand heavy. I was having an opportunity to test her strength and endurance. As we entered between two columns of red granite, one of the servants dropped on a knee and spread his hand as wide as he could in the sand. But wide as he spread it, he could not more than half cover the fresh foot-print of a huge lion.

"The clamber to the top was steep and hard. Yet it was not nearly so steep and hard as I could have wished it, when I reflected that very likely before midnight a lion might pass that way.

"We found that these wonderful columns were capped with great slabs of granite. These slabs were of astonishing breath and thickness. This temple, as it is called, had probably been a tomb. I took good care to see that there was no other means of ascent to the place where we had chosen to spend the night than the

one by which we had ascended. And I remember how eagerly I wished for a crowbar in order that I might break down a little of the debris, so that the ascent might be less easy for prowling beasts.

"The sky was rimmed with yellow; a yellow to the east, yellow to the west; a world of soft and restful yellow that melted away by gradations as the eye ascended from the desert. It was like melody in its serene harmonies and awful glory.

"And she at my side partook of it all; she breathed it, absorbed it, literally became a part of it. I saw her grow and glow. Soul and body I saw her dilate and expand till she was in absolute harmony with the golden yellow splendor that encompassed us. I felt that she had been in the midst of, even a part of, this tawny desolation ages and ages before. Perhaps her soul had been born here, born before the pyramids.

"With my own hands I spread her couch of skins and rugs in the remotest corner of a great stone slab that topped a column, high above the tawny sands of the desert. The night was very sultry, even here on this high and roomy summit. The broad, deep slab of granite was still warm with sunshine gone away, and gave out heat like a dying furnace. The steep and arduous ascent had taxed her strength, and unloosing her robe, as I turned to examine more minutely our strange quarters on the top of this lofty tomb, or temple, she sank to rest, half reclining on her arm, her chin in her up-turned palm, her face lifted away toward the rising moon.

"Half a dozen paces to the right two tall and ponderous columns of granite stood in line with those that supported the great slab on which she rested. Evidently these grand and solitary columns had also once been topped by granite slabs. But these had fallen to the ground under the leveling feet of many centuries, and now lay almost swallowed up in the sea of yellow sands below. I put out my foot carefully, trying to reach the broad top of the nearest

columns of granite, but it was beyond me. Stepping back a couple of paces and quietly removing my boots, I gathered up my strength and made a leap, landing almost in the center of the column's top. A half-step backward, another leap—who could resist the challenge of that lone and kingly column that remained? I landed securely as before, then turned about. Her face had not lifted an instant from the awful majesty of the Orient.

"Slowly, wearily, the immense moon came shouldering up through the seas of yellow sand.

"These billows of sand seemed to breathe and move. The expiring heat of the departed sun made them scintillate and shimmer in a soft and undulating light. And yet it was not light; only the lone and solemn ghost of departed day. Yellow and huge and startling stood the moon at last, full grown and fearful in its nearness and immensity on the topmost lift of yellow sands in the yellow sea before us. Distance seemed to be annihilated. The moon seemed to have forgotten her place and all proportion. Looking down into the yellow Nile, it seemed a bottomless chasm.

"And it seemed so far away! And the moon so very near.

"Silence, desolation, death lay on all things below, about, above. The west was molten yellow gold, faint and fading, it is true: but where the yellow sands left off and the yellow skies began no man could say or guess, save by the yellow stars that studded the west with an intensest yellow.

"Yellow to the right and yellow to the left, yellow overhead and yellow underfoot; with only this endless chasm of Erebus cleaving the yellow earth and yellow heavens in halves.

"After a time—and all the world still one sea of softened yellow, torn in two by Charon's chasm of waters—I silently leaped back, replaced my boots on my feet and then held my breath. For my servants had beckoned and I had seen, or perhaps felt, an object move on the lifted levels of sand between us and the moon.

"Cautiously I sank down on my breast and peered low and long up the horizon. I saw, heard nothing. Glancing around to where my companion lay, I saw that she still had not stirred from the half-reclining position she had first taken, with half-lifted face in her upturned palm.

"Then she had seen nothing, heard nothing. This, however, did not argue much. Her life had not been of the desert. She had spent her years in the study of men and women. I had spent mine with wild beasts. I could trust her to detect motives in men, give the warning note of danger from dangerous men; but the wild beasts and wilder men of the border were mine to watch and battle with, not hers.

"She had seen nothing; evidently she feared nothing, and so was resting, resting in mind as in body. And as I glanced again over my shoulder and saw how entirely content she seemed, I was glad. Surely she depended entirely on me; on my watchfulness and my courage. And this made me more watchful and more resolute and stout of heart. A man likes to be trusted. A true man likes a true woman's trust, much indeed. A strong man likes to be leaned upon. It makes him stronger, braver, better. Let women never forget this. Admit that she, too, has her days of strength and endurance; and admit that she, too, has her peculiar fortress of strength and courage, and these also man respects and regards with piteous tenderness. But man, incapable of her finer and loftier courage and endurance, resents her invasion of his prerogative.

"It is only a womanly man who can really love a manly woman. But to continue: Looking a third time to this woman I saw that she had let her head sink low on her leaning arm. She was surely sleeping. How I liked her trust and her faith in me! And how I liked her courage, too, and her high quality of endurance. It was her courage that had brought me up here this night to the contemplation of awful and all-glorious

Africa. Silently and without lifting a finger, she had shown me a world of burnished gold. I had surely seen God through her. We stood nearer together now than ever before. This single hour of indescribable glory should forever stand as an altar in the desert. Our souls had melted and flown and tided on, intermingled like molten gold in the golden atmosphere and the yellow scene that wrapped us round about, and no word had been said. When God speaks so audibly, let man be silent.

"I must have looked on the sleeping and trustful woman at my side longer than I should, for on turning my eyes again to the horizon, there, distinctly on the yellow sand and under the yellow moon moved, stealthily as a cat, yet graceful and grand, the most kingly beast I ever beheld. He did not look right nor left, but moved along with huge head in the air, slow and stately, and triumphant in his fearful symmetry and strength.

"As I half arose the lion suddenly halted. He lifted his proud head higher still in the air, and to my consternation half turned about and looked straight in my direction. Then a sidewise and circuitous step or two with his long reach of hinder leg, his wide and deep and flexible flank; slow and kingly; splendid to see!

"I sank down again, quite willing to let him interview the camp in the black chasm below. They had spears and guns and everything down there, everything but courage to face a lion with; and I was not going to interfere with a fight which at the first had promised to be entirely their own.

"But this new movement of mine only accentuated his graceful motion. The head now turned in the air, like the head of a man. I had time to note, and I record it with certainty, that the massive head and the tumbled mane towered straight above the shoulder. In fact, the lower parts of the long mane looked most like the long shaggy beard of a man falling down upon his broad breast. This I noted as he still kept on in his sidewise

circuit above us and around us on the yellow sand and under the yellow moon. At times he was almost indistinct. But the carriage of that head! There was a fine fascination in the lift and the movement and the turn of that stately head that must ever be remembered, but can never be described.

"As he came nearer—for his sidewise walk was mainly in our direction—I saw that he, too, was yellow, as if born of this yellow world in this yellow night; but his was a more ponderous yellow; the yellow of red and rusty old gold. At times he seemed almost black; and all the time terrible.

"In half a minute more he would be too close for comfort, and I decided to arouse my companion. She wakened fully awake, if I may be allowed to express a fact so awkwardly. You may know that there are people like that.

"What is it?"

"A lion."

"Well, there is room for us all. Let us rest."

"Where?"

"She had looked and was still looking far out against the yellow horizon where her eyes had rested when she fell asleep. And as she looked, or rather before I ventured to point her to the spot almost under the tomb where the lion strode, he passed on and was by this time perhaps almost quite under the great slab of granite where we rested.

"I was about to whisper the fact in her ear when I fancied I felt the whole tomb tremble! Then it seemed to shake, or rather rumble again. Then it again rumbled. Then again! Then there was a roar that literally shook the sand. I heard the sand sift and rattle down like drops of rain from where it lay in the crevices as I listened to find whether or not he was moving forward toward the place by which we had ascended. He was surely moving forward. I felt rather than heard him move. I assert—and I must content myself for the present with merely asserting—that you can *feel* the movements of an animal under such cir-

cumstances. And I assert further that an animal, especially a wild beast, can feel your movements under almost any circumstances. The undeveloped senses deserve a book by themselves.

"Pistol in hand I sprang to the steep and rugged passage. And not a second too soon. His mighty head was almost on a level with the granite slab. And he was half crouching for a bound and a spring upward, which would perhaps land him in our faces. I could see—or did I feel—that his huge hinder feet were spread wide out and sunken in the sand with preparation to lend all their force toward bearing him upward in one mighty bound.

"I fired! fired right into his big, red mouth, between two hideous pickets of ugly, yellow teeth. He fell back, and then, gathering his ferocious strength, he bounded up and forward again; this time striking his left shoulder heavily against a projecting corner of the granite slab. Fortunately the ascent was slightly curving, so that the distance could not be made at a single bound without collision.

"Again the supple and comely beast, disdaining to creep or crawl, made a mighty leap upward. But only to strike the rounding corner of the great granite slab and fall back as before.

"But I knew he would reach us in time! And if ever man did wish for fitting arms to fight with and defend woman it was I at that time. True, I had five shots left; but what were they in the face of this furious king of beasts? I began to fear that they would only serve to enrage him.

"Still, he should have all I had to give. Death is, has been, and will be. The best we can make of it all is to try and see that we shall not die ingloriously.

"The woman had been by my side all this time. And now, as the lion paused as if to gather up the broken thunderbolts of his strength, she laid a hand on my arm, never so gently, and said: 'Let me go down and meet him face to face. I think he will not harm me.'

"'Madam,' I exclaimed impetuously,

'you will meet him up here, and face to face, soon enough, I think.'

"'No, that will not do. You must trust the lion; as Daniel did.'

"I pushed her back, as she tried to pass, down, almost violently.

"'Madam,' I cried as I wheeled about and forced her before me, 'if you have real courage leap to the head of yonder column, where those servants stand shivering, then on to the next! Quick! be brave enough to save yourself!'

"Another leap of the lion! Bang! Bang!

"This time he did not fall back, but held on by sheer force of his powerful arms; his terrible claws tearing at the granite slab as they hung and hooked over its outer edge.

"Bang! Bang! Bang! The last shot. I hurled my revolver in his face, for he had not flinched or given back a single grain. His breath and my breath were mingled there in the smoke of my pistol. I heard—or did I feel—his great hinder feet fastening in the steep earth under him for his final struggle to the top?

"I turned, saw that she had reluctantly reached the farther column; and with three leaps and a bound I crossed the granite slabs and stood erect on the nearer one! Not a moment had I left. The lion, with great noise of claws on the granite, came tearing to the surface. I crouched down out of breath on the outer edge of my column, so as to be surely out of reach of his ponderous paws. I expected him to decide the matter at once, to reach us or give it up instantly. But he seemed in no haste now. He scarcely advanced at all, for what seemed to me to be a long time. Finally, jerking his tail like the swift movement of a serpent, he strode along the farthest edge of the granite slab and seemed to take no notice of us whatever. Blood was dripping from his mouth, but he did not seem to heed it.

"Once more he strode with his old majesty, and seemed ashamed that he should have submitted to the indignity

of a struggle to gain the place where he now stood sullen and triumphant. Enraged? He was choking, dying with rage; and yet this kingly creature would not even condescend to look in our direction.

"Why, I could feel his fearful rage as he now walked on and around the edge of that granite slab. At length he came opposite to where I lay crouching on the farther edge of my column. He passed on without so much as turning his eyes in my direction. And yet I felt, I felt and knew, as distinctly as if he could have talked and told me, that he was carefully measuring the distance.

"When the lion, in his stately round, came to the narrow pass by which he had ascended he paused an instant, and half lowered his head.

"Ah, how devoutly I did pray that he would be generous enough to descend to the sands and present us with his absence.

"But no! Lifting his huge head even higher in the air than before, he now passed on hurriedly, came on around to where he stood with quivering flank and flashing eye almost within reach of me. Yet he still disdained to even so much as look at me. His head was far above me as I crouched there on the farther edge of my column; his flashing eyes were lifted and looking far above me and beyond me. Maybe he was on the lookout over the desert for the coming of his companion.

"Soon, however, he set his huge paws on the very edge of the great slab on which he stood, and then suddenly threw his right paw out toward me and against the edge of my column with the force and velocity of a catapult!

"I heard the sharp, keen claws strike and scrape on the granite as if they had been hooks of steel.

"Then he threw himself on his breast, and hitching himself a little to one side, he threw his right paw so far that it landed full in the center of my column's top and tore my coat-sleeve. Then he hitched his huge body a little farther on over the edge and again threw his huge paw right at my face. It fell short of its mark only

a few inches, as it seemed to me. But, having hastily gathered in my garments, his claws did not find anything to fasten on and they drew back empty.

"At this point three dusky etchings stood out against the golden east on the yellow sands, and looked intently at us with their enormous heads high in the air. And now the beast slowly arose and moved on. A lion's head seems always disproportionately large, but when he is exercising for an appetite to eat you it looks large indeed.

"The monster who was occupying the platform with us surely saw his followers; indeed, he must have seen them long before; but his unbending dignity seemed to forbid that he should take heed of them.

"The new-born hope that he would descend and join his followers died as he came on around.

"And now something strange and notable transpired. This one incident is my excuse for thus elaborating this otherwise passive and tediously dull sketch of this night. I had risen to my feet, and as the lion came on around, this woman, with a force that was irresistible, sprang to my side, thrust me behind her, and stepping forward with a single spring, she stood on the edge of the column nearest to the lion.

"I would have followed, but that same force, which I can now understand was a mental force and not at all a physical force, held me hard and fast to where I stood.

"She let her robe fall as she sprang forward and now stood only as the hand of God had fashioned her; a snow-white silhouette of perfect comeliness against the terrible and bloody mouth and tossing mane of the lion. She leaned forward as he came on around and close to the edge of his slab. She looked him firmly and steadily in the face, her wondrous eyes, her midnight eyes of all Israel, the child of the wilderness, had once more met the lion of the desert as of old.

"Who was this woman here who stepped between death and me and stood

looking a wounded lion in the face? Was this Judith again incarnate? Or was this something more than Judith? Was it the Priestess and the Prophetess Miriam, back once more to the banks of the Nile? Was it the old and forgotten mastery of all things animate which Moses and his sister knew that gave her dominion over the king of the desert? Or was her name Mary? 'That Mary,' if you will, who won all things to her side, God in heaven, God upon earth, by the sad, sweet pity of her face, and the story of holy love that was written there? The lion's head for a moment forgot its lofty defiance as she leaned a little forward. Then the tossed and troubled mane rose up and rolled forward like an inflowing sea. It seemed never so terrible. He was surely about to spring! And she, too! Her right foot settled solidly back, her left knee bent like a bow, her shapely and snowy shoulders, under their glory of black hair, bowed low. Her dauntless and defiant spirit had already precipitated itself forward and was smiting the imperious beast full in his blazing eyes. I felt that her body would follow her spirit in an instant more.

"Face to face! Spirit to spirit! Soul to soul! A second only the combat lasted. The awful ferocity and force of the brute was beaten down, melted like soft battlements of snow before the burning arrows of the sun, and he slowly, surlily, shrank in size, in spirit, in space. A paw drew back from the edge of the block, the eyes drooped, the head dropped a little, and the terrible mane seemed terrible no more, as slowly, doggedly, mightily, aye doggedly and majestically, too, at the same time, this noble creature forced himself sidewise and back a little.

"Then he hesitated. Rebellion was in his mighty heart. He turned suddenly and looked her full in the face once more. All the beast that was in him rose up. The terrible mane now seemed more terrible than before. With great head tossed, tail whipped back, and teeth in the air, talons unsheathed and legs

gathered under him, he was about to bound forward.

"But the woman was before him! With eyes still fastened on his face, she with one long leap forward drove not only her shining soul but her snowy body right against his teeth. Or rather, she had surely done so had not the lion, half turned about, shrank back as she leaped forward. Then slowly, looking back with his blazing but cowering eyes, feeling back with his spirit still defiant, if but to see whether her courage failed her in the least or her mighty spirit was still in battle armor; and then he passed. His companions had drawn back and into a depression in the desert where he slowly and sullenly joined them.

"One, two, three, four dim yet distinct black silhouettes against the yellow east; then but a single confused black etching; away, away, smaller and smaller, gone!

"I gathered up her robe, crossed over, let it fall on her shoulders where she still stood, looking down and after the beast. She sighed, 'I am sorry, so sorry; sorry for you both.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHRIST IN EGYPT.

O LAND of temples, land of tombs!
O tawny land, O lion dead!
O silent land of silent looms;
Of kingly garments torn to shreds!
O land of storied wonder still, as when
Fair Joseph stood the chiefest of all men!

The Christ in Egypt! Egypt and
Her mystic star-tipt Pyramids!
Her shoreless, tiger seas of sand!
Her Sphinx with fixed and weary lids!
Her red and rolling Nile of yellow sheaves
Where Moses cradled 'mid his lily leaves.

Her lorn, dread temples of the dead
Had waited, as mute milestones wait
By some untraversed way unread,
Until the King, or soon or late,
Should come that tomb-built way and silent,
To read their signs above the sand-sown grass.

Behold! amid this majesty
Of ruin, at the dust-heaped tomb
Of vanity came Christ to see
Earth's emptiness, the dark death-room
Of haughtiness, of kingly pomp, of greed,
Of gods of gold or stone, or storied creed.

And this His first abiding-place!

And these dread scenes His childhood's toys!

What wonder at that thoughtful face?

That boy-face never yet a boy's?

What wonder that the elders marveled when

A boy spake in the Temple unto men?

WHEN the perfect woman comes—and she will come—she will appeal to the soul of man, not to his body; and then the perfect man will not be far off.

Whoever this majestic and beautiful woman was,—this piteously beautiful woman, whatever she was yet to be or may have been,—she seemed to be, from the first time he encountered her at Jerusalem, entirely unconscious of sex. She seemed not to be a body, but a soul; and a soul, as said before, that was growing daily, as a great magnolia flower-tree grows, with its perfect flowers and its soft, warm, sensuous perfume, widening, warming day by day till it fills the garden, turns all faces to this one flower-tree, draws all things to itself, and drowns all senses but this one sense of perfume and the perfection of form and color.

As they had descended through the deserts and wilderness, and, as before noted, had retraced the ancient path by which Israel had gone up out of Egypt, she seemed to this man who companioned her, followed her afar off, to be all-powerful.

There is a lone obelisk where stood the city On, famous as the place where Plato and others of the wise men studied philosophy,—one lone obelisk; and that is all you can see to-day of the storied city of On, where, it is still whispered, men gathered together who knew all things,—even to the secrets that were before life and are after death.

Some palm trees stood not far away, and the two sat on a toppled granite column in silence there together as the sun was going down on tawny, tired, and prostrate Egypt.

"Oh, to see Egypt rise up and stand erect in her splendor once more before the end of the world!" He said this at last, as the sun lay level on the red waters

of the Nile, and dashed the world with molten gold.

Was it a sense of pain that tinged her face,—displeasure, effort, exhaustion, something such as Christ felt as he turned to the woman when she touched the hem of His garment? Or was it a sense of his own unworthiness which made him to imagine that a faint tinge of displeasure swept over her face as she lifted it to the waters, and in silence put forth her hand as she arose?

Who shall say? And what matter? His eyes, as he sprang to his feet, followed the direction of her hand, and there, before his startled vision, in all her storied splendor of dome, citadel, and battlement, grove, garden, turret and tower, that melted into the hazy horizon and filled all the face of the earth as far as the eye could sweep, lay ancient Egypt. Describe the scene? The attempt would be profanity. Account for this power of hers? Or did she merely fancy all this and make his fancy follow hers? When science will come forward and account for the cities, seas, forests, armies with banners, heroes, battle-harness, that men see on the plains and deserts of America, without even the presence of any finer organization than their own to call up these visions, then will it be time enough to give some reasons here.

As her wearied hand fell to her side, she sank back; all Egypt of old fell down and lay again in dust beneath her pyramids. He felt that now she was as far away from him and above him and beyond him, as was the farthest and loftiest column she had recalled to existence. He sighed as they turned in silence home. He now began to see his uselessness and his helplessness in her presence. All the manhood in the man began to rise in self-assertion. He grew more firmly resolved than ever to go forth alone and meditate and purify his soul, go up in the mountains to pray, as did the prophets of old, till he, too, had Faith.

(To be continued.)



THE BLANK PAGE.

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT, MR. PRESIDENT?"

Drawn by Dan. Beard expressly for THE ARENA.
(See Editorial.)

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE CLEAN SHEET.

THE DAY following the election President Roosevelt, by announcing that he would not again be a candidate for the presidency, did more than anything that has marked his conduct since he entered his high office to inspire confidence in the minds of tens of thousands of thoughtful citizens who had in the early years of his public life greatly admired him. It is this promise thus solemnly given, *after* his triumphant election, that doubtless inspired Mr. Beard to draw the cartoon which appears in this number of THE ARENA.

The President has been elected by such a large majority as to leave no doubt in the minds of the people but what he was preferred by the mass of the voters over Judge Parker; but also no ring, machine or privileged interest can in reason claim a mortgage on him as being responsible for his election, provided Mr. Cortelyou and the President are correct in claiming that no pledges, positive or implied, have been made to any parties that have supported him. For though many privileged interests may have and doubtless did contribute enormous sums to the campaign-fund of the party, no one of them can in reason claim to have been responsible for the result. Hence Mr. Roosevelt, presuming he is not mistaken in regard to ante-election pledges, has a perfectly free hand, and with the Senate and House so overwhelmingly Republican no special interests can combine with the opposition to defeat any plans of the President to give the people relief from the shameful oppression they have been suffering from trust and railroad extortion, or to restore as far as may be equality of opportunities and of rights in place of injustice and inequality resulting from advantages granted by law to privileged interests. Therefore, if the President is the high-minded patriot that so many believe him

to be, and that all hope he may prove himself to be, fate has given him the grandest opportunity enjoyed by a chief executive within a half-century, of making a record that will raise him to the peerage of the few really great presidents who in the highest sense deserve well of the republic, and will entitle him to a place in history besides Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Theodore Roosevelt has the opportunity to inaugurate a movement that will end in economic emancipation and whose immediate result will be to bring relief to the people from the most galling oppression due to railroad and monopolistic extortion.

In the second place he can assail corruption in high places and break up the unholy alliance of the railroads with the Post-Office Department, by which the United States now pays an annual rental for mail-cars greater than the cost of building the cars, though the average life of the car is nineteen years, and in addition to this shameful robbery an extortionate sum for carrying mail which is much in excess of what the express companies pay for like service. This is one of many fountain-heads of public scandal that demand investigation and remedy, and which history will hold the President responsible for if under present circumstances he fails to meet the demands of honesty and good government.

In like manner he can give the Filipinos such positive assurances of their enjoying self-government at an early date as shall change the attitude of these people from that of hostility and sullen hate to one of friendliness, thus greatly reducing the expenses now required to maintain order in the Islands.

These are but a few typical things which the President can do and which the people rightfully expect him to accomplish. How will he fill the clean page that opens before him?

POLITICS, THE PEOPLE AND THE TRUSTS AS
SEEN BY CARTOONISTS.



From Philadelphia North American.

SHALL THE DISCORD CONTINUE?



Evans, in Cleveland Leader.

GERMANY HAS EXPRESSED ITS WILLINGNESS TO
SIGN AN ARBITRATION TREATY WITH
THE UNITED STATES.



Maybell, in Brooklyn Eagle.

AN ALLY.

RUSSIAN—"Halt, who goes there?"
STRANGER—"Winter!"
RUSSIAN—"Advance, friend!"



Warren, in Boston Herald.

IT SEEMS TO BE IN FASHION.



Walker, in Girard (Kan.) Appeal to Reason.

THE SOCIALIST VOTE OF OVER HALF A MILLION HAS ALARMED CERTAIN METROPOLITAN JOURNALS.



Walker, in Girard (Kan.) Appeal to Reason.

"MY, MY, AND HE'S STILL GROWING!"

TWO SOCIALIST CARTOONS.

HIS TWO NIGHTMARES.



Oppen, in *New York American*. (Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)

THE ONLY THINGS THAT DISTURB HIS REST.



Washburn, in *Philadelphia Telegraph*.

LOOKING INTO THE OIL QUESTION.



Warren, in *Boston Herald*.
LIGHT IN DARKEST RUSSIA.



DeMar, in *Philadelphia Record*.
THE GANG—"IT'S A-HEADIN' THIS WAY."



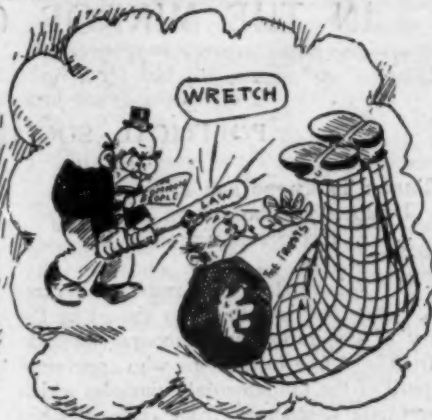
DeMar, in *Philadelphia Record*.

WILL HE EVER WAKE UP?

WILL YOU EVER FORGET THAT TIME?



No. 1—When you had revolted against the trusts—



No. 2—And you had made it hot for the trusts—



No. 3—And you had put the trusts completely out of business—
Oppler, in Boston American.



No. 4—And then you were awakened as above—Ah, will you ever forget it?
(Reproduced by special permission of W. R. Hearst.)



McCutcheon, in Boston Post.

BRYAN AND HEARST:—"POOR ALTON."



Lambdin, in Binghamton Press.

THE BLACK CARD FROM THE BLACK HAND.

IN THE MIRROR OF THE PRESENT.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC.

THREE TRIUMPHS FOR FUNDAMENTAL DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES AT THE RECENT ELECTION.

AS WE have stated, the results of certain state elections this year should be the source of inspiration and encouragement to all friends of free institutions who appreciate the peril of the fundamental principles which differentiate democracy from class-rulership and absolutism. Three of these conflicts were momentous in character. (1). In Colorado the bold question which confronted the electorate was, shall civil rule be supplanted by military depositism, defiance of constitutional restrictions and a trampling upon the sacred rights and safeguards of the individual by officials acting in the interest of powerful and over-rich corporations? (2). In Wisconsin the issue was whether the rule of the people should be virtually abrogated and the interests of the masses subordinated to those of the railways and other great public-service companies and privileged interests working in harmony with corrupt politicians and an autocratic partisan machine. (3). In Missouri the vital question was whether the reign of graft and the triumph of political corruption, fostered by the public-service corporations and rendered well-nigh impregnable by leading politicians, should be sanctioned or overthrown.

It will be observed that each one of these contests represented a phase of the one great conflict being waged between plutocracy and democracy, between liberalism and reaction, between the ideals and principles of popular government and the ideals and arrogant assumptions of class-rulership and absolutism which prevailed before the period of the Revolution.

In Colorado the great Smelter-Trust, the Mine-Owner's Association and the railroads, which have so long ruled, corrupted and debauched the legislature and stood as the incarnation of the spirit of plutocracy and despotism that is looming so menacingly over the republic, emboldened by the belief that

their combined wealth was more powerful than the electorate, undertook to substitute a military despotism for civil authority. It was this element, it will be remembered, that was the primary cause of the trouble in Colorado. The electorate of the state had imperatively commanded the legislature to pass certain wise, humane and just legislation; but the grasping, privileged, over-rich and corrupt Smelter-Trust, aided by the other great privileged corporations, succeeded in preventing the legislature from enacting the order which had been overwhelmingly voted for by the people. Twenty-five years ago such amazing exhibitions of lawless brutality and defiance of the constitution as were perpetrated by Mr. Bell and sanctioned by Governor Peabody would have been impossible within the confines of the United States. But since the Homestead tragedies, plutocracy or corporate wealth has steadily gained ascendancy in government, and the spirit of absolutism and reaction which is paralyzing the currents of true democracy throughout Europe, has also rapidly gained in strength and prestige since the republic became imperialistic in its policy.

In Wisconsin the railways, having ruled and oppressed the people for many years through a corrupted party-machine, and holding in the hollow of their hand the United States Senators and the principal Republican Congressmen from Wisconsin, believed that they were strong enough to crush the incorruptible statesman and fearless defender of the people who had insisted that the electorate rather than the railways should be the rulers of the commonwealth, and who in the new primary-election law had proposed a measure calculated to break the back-bone of the machine or the instrument through which privileged interests had overthrown democratic government.

In Missouri the public-service companies had so thoroughly debauched the electorate and the public opinion-forming agencies, and so effectively driven into retirement incorruptible statesmen and fearless upholders of the rights of the people, and had so firmly en-

trenched the representatives of corruption and graft in municipal and state government, that they believed their position to be impregnable.

In each instance corporate wealth, chiefly represented by public-service corporations or privileged and protected interests, stood as the supreme representative of reaction, corruption and the overthrow of republican government. In each instance the combined influence of the plutocracy, with the most lavish use of wealth and backed by all the power of their well-organized political machines, was hurled against the representative leaders of free institutions. The influences which were arrayed in favor of Peabody and Bell in Colorado, and against Governor LaFollette and Joseph W. Folk in Wisconsin and Missouri, were identical, yet in each instance the people triumphed, administering a crushing and humiliating defeat to Peabody, and thereby setting the seal of public condemnation on the shameful action of that recreant representative of free institutions; upholding triumphantly Governor LaFollette, thereby rebuking the corrupt machine, the railroads and such mouthpieces of plutocracy as Senator Spooner; and elevating to the highest position in the commonwealth Joseph W. Folk, whose herculean battle against boodle and graft had made him a man marked for defeat and political destruction by the "system" composed of the union of corporate wealth and the political machines.

These three victories should serve to inspire the friends of democracy everywhere. They show us that all that is needed is wisdom, union and progress on the part of the friends of free institutions in order to meet and overthrow the plutocracy which through united action, vast wealth and a settled policy of destroying the incorruptible friends of democracy and elevating subservient and pliant tools, has seriously menaced those great fundamental principles of democratic government that differentiate free institutions from the governments that prevailed throughout Christendom prior to the revolutionary epoch.

In each of these states the fight of the people was for the election of a chief-magistrate who should stand for democracy, for the people and for the commonwealth, against plutocracy, the "system" or the corporations and the machine. And here we have the three-fold fight between greed, reaction and class-despotism and the principles of free government that the republic must necessarily deal

with. It is the supreme conflict upon which the very life of democracy depends; the battle between plutocracy and democracy, the "system" and the people, the corporations and the commonwealth.

THE VICTORY FOR POPULAR GOVERNMENT IN WISCONSIN.

PROBABLY the most signal victory for the principles of popular government that occurred in the November election was the triumphant ratification by the people of Wisconsin of the radical and democratic primary-election law. This wholesome measure, it will be remembered, was opposed by the recreant and discreditable Democratic party of the Badger State, as it was also opposed by the so-called stalwart or corporation Republicans, headed by Senator Spooner. It was aggressively fought by the public-service corporations and other privileged interests which are in the habit of depending on partisan machines, political rings and the bosses of the party for the nomination of their men and the passing of measures that will enable them to acquire millions of dollars as the fruits of franchises and privileges, in return for courtesies, campaign contributions and other forms of bribery.

Governor LaFollette led the people against this formidable opposition,—an opposition that we believe would have been invincible a few years ago; but the people are beginning to awaken, and in Governor LaFollette they have found a brave leader and an incorruptible statesman loyal to the interests of the people. Hence they rallied around him exactly as the masses rallied around Thomas Jefferson in the olden times when the Hamiltonian party of privilege sought to exalt wealth and privilege at the expense of the people.

The new primary law is, we believe, the most radical and essentially democratic measure of the kind that has been enacted. It sweeps away the old nominating convention that has made our elections in recent years such a shameful farce, because through the union of corporate wealth and party-bosses the incorruptible statesmen and loyal champions of the people have been thrust aside for the proteges of public-service corporations or the willing tools of party-bosses. According to the provisions of the new law, all the candidates to be voted for at the election must be

chosen at the September primaries. Nor is this all. The candidate for the United States Senate must also run for nomination at these primaries, and the candidate who is chosen will be recommended as the party's candidate. Presumably this will in effect secure the election of United States Senators from this commonwealth by the popular vote, as it is hardly probable that the legislators will defy the popular mandate; and pending the securing of a mandatory national provision for the election of senators by popular vote, this measure is probably the best statutory enactment that could be made. Therefore the passing of this law is a great popular triumph quite apart from the splendid victory of Governor LaFollette.

TOLEDO'S PARTIAL VICTORY FOR HONEST GOVERNMENT.

THE RECENT election in Toledo, Ohio, afforded another illustration that the people are awakening to a sense of their civic responsibilities. The rule of the grafters and the corrupt machine is already threatened. A few high-minded and earnest patriots banded together in each city and town, ready to consecrate life and fortune to rescuing government from the plundering public-service companies and the immoral element in our political life, and a new, clean, wholesome and truly democratic *régime* will be inaugurated.

In Toledo the late Golden-Rule Mayor Jones laid the foundation for good government and held in check the elements that sought to rob the people of franchises worth untold millions of dollars, through the aid of the corrupt political machine; but with his death the corporation cormorants and political vultures began to assemble, confident that now the path was open for Toledo to become a little St. Louis. The Republican machine was controlled by the street-railway company that is seeking a renewal of its enormously valuable franchise. In Toledo half the councilmen are elected each year for a two-year's term. The Republicans nominated for councilman-at-large a particularly outspoken champion of the street-railway interests and a subservient machine man. Two of the ward council nominees were also particularly obnoxious to the friends of public-ownership on account of their outspoken advocacy of corporation interests. The other Republican nominees were not considered good machine

men and were far less obnoxious to the friends of good government, who immediately placed a ticket in the field, the battle centering around the councilman at large and the obnoxious machine candidates. All the power and influence of the great street-car monopoly and other public-service vampires, together with the influence of the well-organized and powerful Republican machine, was enlisted in order to make the election of the corporation advocates positive and triumphant; and of course they had the benefit of the Republican landslide which resulted in Toledo's casting a majority of more than 12,000 votes for Theodore Roosevelt. Yet the Republican machine councilman-at-large and the two other specially obnoxious machine candidates were defeated, the councilman running over 2,000 votes behind the independent candidate.

Here we have another of those encouraging illustrations which show how surely the people can win over the powerful and unscrupulous machines and corporate wealth when a few single-hearted, high-minded patriots band themselves together and organize public sentiment in the interests of civic integrity and virtue.

A CITY WHERE THE BALLOT IS A FARCE.

IN THE recent election Philadelphia furnished one of those startling object-lessons in political debauchery which show how a popular government may become a farce, if the high-minded men of a community become indifferent to civic duties instead of persistently holding up high standards of public morality and noble ideals before the electorate, and maintaining an efficient organization to promptly punish in the most rigorous manner all attempts to defeat the free voice of the people. It also affords a striking illustration of the way a great city may become so sodden that crimes against the ballot-box no longer seem to affront the public conscience. In a republic there can be few crimes more heinous or that call more imperatively for stern justice and the severest penalties than tampering with the ballot-box. If free institutions are to be preserved, if the republic is to be a moral leader among the nations, one thing above all others is demanded, and that is the severe punishment by long terms of imprisonment, without the possibility of pardon, of all persons who commit crimes against the ballot. We

have come to a pass when we must arise and crush corruption, or permit the destruction of free institutions. We have reached a point where it is imperative that the reign of graft made possible by the "system" or the union of the public-service corporations and other privileged interests with political machines and bosses, must be utterly overthrown, else the moral leprosy that now affects Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and numerous other municipalities and commonwealths, will have so pervaded the body-politic as to render the prospect of the triumph of republican ideals little more than an iridescent dream. The following facts relating to the ballot farce in Philadelphia at the recent election should appeal to the thoughtful consideration of all patriotic Americans.

Philadelphia has long been ill-famed in regard to election corruption. It is doubtful whether the corruption practiced by Tammany Hall at any time since the overthrow of the Tweed Ring has equaled the shameless frauds in election methods that have for years disgraced Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has given some amazing facts relating to the November election that ought to arouse all earnest patriots of every party to a realization that the hour has arrived when decency, honesty, political integrity,—aye, even the life of free institutions, demand united and persistent action against every attempt to tamper with the ballot-box. The *Ledger* points out the facts that the six wards that make up the city proper, in 1890 had a population of 104,154. Ten years later, or in 1900, the census showed that the population had shrunk to 95,734. This was due largely to the fact that in this city in a greater degree than in any other large American municipality the tendency of the population is constantly toward the suburbs, where through building associations homes are acquired with little more monthly expenditure than would be required for rents in the congested parts of the city. Now in the election of 1890 in these six wards 20,622 ballots were reported as being cast. The vote in 1900 was 19,666, or about 1,000 less than ten years before; yet the vote was regarded excessive, though it showed a decline. There has been nothing since 1900 to swell the residence population of these wards, while there is no reason to believe that there has not been a steady decrease in the population, owing to the influences that were operating between 1890 and 1900, when the population fell from 104,154 to 95,734. Yet according to the

returns of the November election there were 40 per cent. more ballots cast in these wards than were returned as cast in 1900. 27,828 is the number of votes said to have been cast, as against 19,666 four years before. In Ward Thirteen the whole number of males above twenty-one was shown by the census of 1900 to be 6,466, yet at the November election of this year 7,016 ballots were returned as being cast. The Boston *Herald*, in an extended analysis of the Philadelphia *Ledger's* revelations, concludes that the conditions revealed at the election of November 8th "point to frauds being carried out to a greater extent than one would imagine that even the unscrupulous leaders of Philadelphia would dare to attempt." And the *Herald* continues:

"We have heard it said that in the third city of the United States the local political bosses boast that they register even the names on tomb-stones, and that voters are assessed from numbers on streets that do not exist and from residences that are in reality only vacant lots. It may be asked why the decent people of Philadelphia permit such conditions to exist. We presume the answer is found in the overwhelming control that the bosses have of the registration of the voters and the counting of the ballots. No matter how large a movement might exist against the Republican city machine in Philadelphia, it could not hope to overthrow the bosses, with their padded registry-list which is made up by themselves or their tools."

In the present issue of THE ARENA Mr. Lee Meriwether, one of St. Louis' prominent lawyers and a man who as a publicist and an author stands high in our land, has made a sickening revelation of similar crimes against the ballot-box. In Philadelphia a corrupt Republican machine makes elections a shameful farce. In St. Louis a Democratic machine under the management of a Democratic boss succeeded in destroying free government by shameful crimes. But in each case and in every northern community where free government has given place to ring-rule, the domination of the corruptionists has only been made possible by the public-service corporations and others who are seeking to acquire wealth without earning it, uniting with the criminal politicians to destroy democratic government.

In the powerful series of papers which opens in this issue of THE ARENA, by the

prominent citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, the American people will find the history of the overthrow of republican government in one of the greatest and most opulent commonwealths of our nation, through systematic methods of corruption and fraud.

Friends of free government of all parties, we appeal to you as patriots, as lovers of free institutions, and as those who revere justice, integrity and righteousness, to unite in an educational agitation directed against these corrupters and destroyers of democratic institutions. All history shows that when men of high ideals unite in a determined agitation, in an environment of intellectual freedom, the potency of moral enthusiasm and righteousness is so great and the idealism or divinity in the soul of man so positive when appealed to and aroused, that all the powers of crime, sin and corruption fall before the aroused and determined public. In the presence of this grave peril no man is quit of responsibility.

FORBIDDING FREE SPEECH UNDER OUR FLAG.

THE FOLLOWING press dispatch published in the Eastern dailies on the eighteenth of November, 1904, calls for the serious attention of American citizens who think for themselves and who even dimly appreciate the importance of guarding with jealous care the right of free speech and the exposure of abuses, corruption and despotism:

"BLOOMINGTON, ILL., November 17th.—Miguel Nicdao, a young Filipino student who is being educated at the State Normal University by the government, has been reprimanded by W. A. Sutherland of the War Department for attacking the friars and the methods of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Nicdao's articles first appeared in *The Vidette*, a student publication at the University, and were widely copied by the press of central Illinois. The Rev. J. J. Burk of St. Patrick's Church of this city, reported the case to the War Department, with the result stated."

This action of the War Department in forbidding the discussion and exposure of the abuses and oppressions of the friars, which were the chief cause of the Philippine insurrection and war against Spain, is another of those dangerous, reactionary and un-American

actions which have become all too frequent since our republic became imperialistic in tone and began to curry favor with alien, reactionary, autocratic and despotic powers. Nothing is more vital to liberty, to free institutions, and to the very life of democratic government than freedom of speech and the encouragement of fearless exposures of injustice, corruption, despotism or inhumanity, whenever and wherever they may occur; and for the government to frown upon such action is to commit a crime against democracy. Spain owed her decadence and downfall in a large measure to subserviency to autocratic and intolerant religious domination and to the stifling of free discussion. In Russia the world beholds to-day the blight and curse of this very thing—the interference on the part of the government with freedom of speech and discussion. Germany is to-day moving rapidly toward the accursed absolutism of Russia through the division of the Liberals and the union of the monarchal, reactionary and Catholic parties. Unless there be a check in the iniquitous designs of Emperor William, the blessings of constitutional government will shortly be curtailed if not abrogated.

It behooves every true American, every person who believes in the principles of the revolutionary era, to resolutely oppose every step taken by our government in obedience to the wishes and desires of alien, un-American and reactionary influences which are at work to establish conditions such as prevailed before the revolutionary era. No one believes more firmly in freedom of religion and the widest liberty being accorded to all faiths and beliefs than do we; but we hold that no true patriot or friend of free government can stand idle and dumb when a church or hierarchy assumes to interfere in such a way as to prevent free speech under the folds of the American flag. The government at Washington cannot afford to become a party to reaction. Its attitude should have been that freedom of speech and the right to criticize were among the most cherished and vital principles of free government, and that if the critic was in the wrong the redress should be, not in suppression of discussion, but in a full reply, with the proof, showing wherein the critic erred. Suppression of discussion and free speech is ever the potent weapon of despotism and reaction. Full, free, open discussion is the hope of freedom, of progress, of enlightenment, of purity, of honesty, of justice, of civilization.

FACTORS IN PRESENT-DAY ART AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

ARTIST-ARTISANSHIP THE KEY TO JAPAN'S
COMMERCIAL GREATNESS AND
PROSPERITY.

ONE OF the most important and practical object-lessons which Japan has given to the Western world is found in the striking contrasts between the methods she has pursued in achieving commercial greatness and prosperity and those by which the Christian nations have sought to acquire gold for the favored and privileged classes.

While England, greedy for the rich Transvaal mines and desirous of increasing South African markets, engaged in the war that destroyed the two Dutch republics of South Africa; while America, under the spell of imperialistic commercialism was spending millions upon millions of dollars in subjugating or holding in subjection the Philippine Islands; while Russia, after going into an unholy alliance with France and Germany, by which the latter nations were able to seize upon and secure bases for commercial activities and spheres of influence in China, despoiled Japan of the fruit of her victory over China and herself purloined the rich territory in a most perfidious manner; while, in a word, the Christian world was compassing land and sea in search of markets that might be seized and held by force, irrespective of the rights of others, Japan has been making amazing strides in commercial greatness and national prosperity by employing very different tactics—tactics which are largely the result of the rapid extension of industrial and artist-artisan education. Great numbers of technical and industrial schools have been established in recent decades, where the most thorough and competent instruction has been given in metal-working, pottery, wood-work, dyeing, weaving and other useful occupations where technical skill and artistic superiority give value and through excellence find ready sale for goods thus made.

These great schools for the furtherance of artist-artisans and industrial expertness have been thronged with students. In 1902 there were over 387,000 Japanese engaged in the manufactories of Japan. The following facts contained in a work issued by the

Imperial Japanese Commission to the St. Louis Exposition and bearing the title *Japan in the Beginning of the Twentieth Century*, show how rapidly this Oriental land has grown commercially during the past twenty years. In 1882 the export trade of Japan amounted to 37,721,000 yen (a yen is about fifty cents of our money). The import trade for the same period was 29,446,000 yen. In 1892 the export trade was 91,100,000 yen and the import trade was 71,326,000 yen. In 1902 the export trade had risen to 258,303,000 yen, and the imports amounted to 271,731,000 yen. An important fact to be borne in mind is that a large proportion of the money expended in importation was spent for machinery and things required in manufacturing industries. Many millions of yen were expended in 1902 for iron and steel material. 78,000,000 yen was the out-put for raw cotton alone. The value of indigo and aniline dyes imported in 1902 was 4,752,000 yen. That Japan under normal conditions is on a healthy commercial footing is indicated from the fact that the expenses of the government in 1903 were 244,572,000 yen, while the revenue amounted to 251,681,000 yen, or a little over seven millions more than the expenditures; while in twenty years, except for moneys borrowed to meet war expenses, the income of the empire has been greater than the outgo.

The great fact for us to consider and profit by, however, is found in the practical wisdom of Japan in increasing the wealth of the nation by turning out skilled artist-artisans and workers from the technical and industrial schools in such great numbers that the nation can manufacture vast amounts of really fine work that finds ready markets at good prices. America is a laggard in this respect; yet how much better this plan and policy than to seek mastery by the sword.

In one line of work it is true that our nation in this respect is exhibiting preëminent sagacity, and that is in agriculture, in so far as it relates to the work of the national bureau of of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. This important division of the government has during recent years become more and more a great educational factor in the land, while its practical work in promoting

agrarian interests in every direction has added immensely to the wealth of the nation. Much remains, however, for our states to do in agricultural education through schools, institutes and experiment-stations. If America should display the wisdom of Japan in fostering and promoting a great artist-artisan movement, and also in furthering scientific agriculture, dairying, fruit and vegetable culture, we would increase our wealth production far more than would be possible in trying to force our products on unwilling buyers regardless of their excellence; and the cost of this wise and really great policy would be infinitesimal compared with the cost of such commercialistic imperialism as we have been waging since the close of the Spanish-American war.

THE MAGAZINES AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

IF THE republic is to be freed from the despotism of corporate wealth operating through party machines, it will be through the awakening of the public conscience by the systematic work of American magazines. It would be difficult to overestimate the immense service to the republic rendered by *McClure's Magazine* during the past two years in its bold exposures of evil conditions that seriously threaten the integrity of free institutions. The enormous success attending this fearless uncovering of iniquity in the presence of which the great daily press had as a rule either preserved a discreet silence or had sought to justify and excuse the unholy alliance of partisan machines with the rich and conventionally respectable corruptionists, who under the mantle of special privileges were acquiring untold millions of dollars that by right belonged to the community at large or to the individual citizens, proved conclusively that the great mass of the people were not ignorant of or indifferent to the injustice and the despotism slowly growing up in their midst.

When it was seen that the circulation of *McClure's* had reached several hundred thousand, other popular magazines opened their pages to somewhat similar exposés of injustice and evil conditions. *Frank Leslie's* and *Pearson's* were among the first to join the plain-speaking minority that was exposing the prevalent political debauchery for private gain and the reign of corruption and graft that had followed the domination of municipal, state and national politics by public-service corporations and other monopolies and privi-

leged interests. Still later *Everybody's Magazine* opened its columns to Mr. Lawson's confessions of an insider, in which he confirmed the truth of the dark and sinister record of the Standard Oil Company in plundering the millions and debauching the people's servants, which had previously been brought to light through the painstaking and exhaustive labors of such careful historians as the late Henry Demarest Lloyd and Miss Ida Tarbell. He also revealed the inside workings of the "system" in a strikingly circumstantial manner and did not hesitate to state why it is impossible for the people of Massachusetts to secure even the privilege of voting on important measures that would mean the saving of millions of dollars to them, when the great corporations, such as the railroad companies and the local coal-trust, oppose such referendum votes. And now comes *Munsey's* with its opening article in the December issue devoted to a strong, graphic and impressive appeal for the fastening of responsibility when greed causes the wholesale slaughter of human life. Seldom has the murder of innocents been more vividly or powerfully presented than in Mr. Herbert N. Casson's pen-picture of the burning of the "General Slocum." But Mr. Casson is far more than a convincing delineator of thrilling scenes. He is a man of conscience and conviction. When he writes we know there is a man behind the pen, not a manikin or a body without a soul; and so his story is also a powerful appeal for the protection of the people against the sordid greed of irresponsible corporate wealth.

More than twelve years ago, when THE ARENA inaugurated several series of papers dealing in a vital way with evil conditions and rational remedies for the same, we received a number of letters, some criticizing and some commending our innovation. We remember that not a few of our friends thought that our review should be more academic in character. "Leave the inferno of present-day civilization, the aggressions of the railways, the questions of inequitable taxation and of land monopoly to the newspapers," wrote some of our correspondents, "and give us the space in essays on religion, philosophy, science and literature." To these friends and to the public we pointed out at that time the fact that the newspapers were failing to do this vitally-important work, and in our judgment the gravest need as well as the highest function of the serious magazine in the presence of conditions such as confronted our republic was to strive to arouse

the more thoughtful of the people and to inaugurate a moral and intellectual agitation that should result in a return to the ideals of the founders and to juster political, social and economic conditions than those which then obtained. Nothing was more palpable, as we pointed out, than the failure of the daily press to do this work, owing to the fact that many of the great journals were owned or controlled by powerful privileged interests. Others, when they sought to uncover and boldly assail the evil-doing of predatory wealth were notified by the great advertisers that they must desist or the advertisements upon which the newspapers depended for success would be canceled; while others were approached and influenced in various insidious manners by the great public-service corporations which sought to silence opposition when they wished to secure special privileges and immensely valuable franchises. A typical example of this kind occurred some years ago and was made public by the *Boston Daily Post*, when Mr. Henry M. Whitney, then the real head of the West End Company, sent to the *Post* an address which he had delivered and which was in effect a special plea for the street-railway interests, accompanied by a letter requesting them to publish the address together with the illustrations which he furnished, as simon-pure reading matter, and charge the West End Company one hundred dollars per column, less twenty per cent. The *Post* declined the indirect bribe, published the letter in full, and placed the various other Boston papers in a very uncomfortable position.

The advertising leverage has been one of the most powerful means of silencing the daily press. A well-known American journalist, who for years served either as editor-in-chief or as a principal editorial writer on Chicago and New York dailies, gave me some examples showing how it was impossible for the great dailies to be true to the people at all times. One instance cited was as follows:

"When the Income-Tax was before Congress," said this editor, "we came out strongly in favor of it, and I was pounding away in a vigorous manner when one morning our proprietor and manager, Mr. S., called me into his room and told me that we would have to drop our advocacy of the Income-Tax."

"Why?" I asked. "You believe in it, I believe in it, and the people want it."

"Yes, that is all very true, but you know

that neither this paper nor any other of the great dailies can live in Chicago without the advertising patronage of certain firms"; and he gave the names of a number of the great newspaper advertisers. "Well," he continued, "I have received a hint, and if we do not drop the advocacy of the Income-Tax we may expect the withdrawal of the advertising patronage of these great houses."

"Consequently we had to switch off onto other subjects."

Another typical illustration given by my informant had to do with the Beef-Trust extortion.

"The *New York World*," said he, "had been exposing the way the Beef-Trust and the railways had the producers and consumers by the throat, and we followed suit. But again I was called into the room of our manager, who said, 'You'll have to let up on that Beef-Trust business.'"

"And why?" I asked. "We are not beholden to the Big Four. How much advertising do they give us in a year?"

"Ah!" he broke in, "directly very little, but you remember the large yearly contract we secured last year from ——?"

"Yes."

"Well, —— of the Beef-Trust is behind that firm, and I have been informed that that advertisement will be canceled if we continue our assaults on the trust."

"And so again we had to turn our attention to other matters. And," he continued, "I could give you a number of similar instances illustrating how helpless are the great newspapers in which corporate wealth has no financial interest. And still further," he went on, "in our great metropolitan centers there are wheels within wheels at every turn. The editors and proprietors of the journals belong to the clubs and are on the most friendly terms with the gentlemanly directors of the most avaricious and brazenly law-defying corporations. Many of them have stock tendered to them, and in a hundred different ways, often before they are aware of the fact, they become obligated morally if in no other way to the individuals who are moving spirits in the great public-service corporations, the monopolies and the trusts."

Now all persons acquainted with the leading newspapers know that such are the handicaps under which they are laboring, even when the

stock of the paper is not in the hands of privileged interests. And knowing such things as these, we determined early in the 'nineties to enter upon an educational campaign. This we inaugurated by publishing "Society's Exiles," "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," "The Froth and the Dregs," "They Have Fallen Into the Wine-Press," "Jesus or Cæsar," "The Democracy of Darkness," "Why the Ishmaelites Multiply," and other papers which were later published in book form under the titles of *Civilization's Inferno* and *The New Time*. We also secured notable papers from Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the great English scientist and author, on "Our Social Quagmire" and "The Way Out." We commissioned Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina to visit the City of Mexico and interview the leading officials on the prosperous condition of our sister republic. His paper proved one of the strong educational features of our campaign. We sent Hamlin Garland through the West to make studies of social conditions as he found them in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and commissioned him to embody the results in a novel of social unrest, which was entitled *A Spoil of Office* and which first appeared in THE ARENA. We commissioned Professor Frank Parsons and other leading economic educators and authorities to prepare papers on the government and the railways, the telegraph and

telephone and the people, inequitable taxation, land monopoly, and other unjust social conditions.

That the people appreciated this popular educational innovation in magazine literature was seen from the fact that the circulation of the magazine steadily grew until it was between three and four times as great as when we inaugurated our progressive educational campaign. We well remember that at the time when some of our friends were criticizing THE ARENA's course, the venerable and scholarly poet of the people, James G. Clark, wrote us that he thanked God for THE ARENA: "It is," he said, "blazing the way for civilization. Other magazines will follow; and I believe that the magazines, which I call the senate of the people, will more than any other factor awaken the masses and inaugurate a great political reformation."

Since then we have often called to mind his prophecy and have noted how time was witnessing its fulfillment; and we believe that more and more the magazines will further the great political and moral renaissance which is to purge the temple of Liberty of the corrupt money-changers who have debauched the servants of the people, lowered the ideals of the nation and too frequently transformed the high-priests of morality and learning into apologists for the modern beneficiaries of privileged and purchased legislation.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE CRISIS IN RUSSIA.

WE HAVE pointed out from time to time the fact that the gravest peril to the Russian government lies in the dangers that threaten her from within. For years the people have been taxed to the limit of their power to pay. Hard and oppressive treatment has been meted out to all who offended the bureaucracy. In the political, social and economic fields there has been no freedom of thought, no freedom of the press, no freedom of meetings. Religious liberty has also been shamefully abridged, and popular education has been under the complete supervision of a strongly reactionary and dogmatic church that is as medieval in its spirit and character as is the government out of harmony with all the nobler aspirations of our age. The sacred

pledges and oaths of the rulers have been broken in the most shameful manner, as was the case in the recent treatment of Finland, revealing a condition of moral obloquy on the part of the government that would disgrace the most savage nations. Moreover, the finest, freest, bravest and in every respect best natures of Finland, Poland and even of Russia have been imprisoned, exiled or slain if they reflected the lofty sentiments of the revolutionary epoch inaugurated by the United States. No measures were too harsh or brutal to be inflicted upon students, peasants, laborers or nobles who stood in the path of the bureaucracy bent upon making absolutism supreme. Thus, as was inevitably the case, a condition of estrangement, alienation and mutual distrust has grown up between the irresponsible rulers and the more thoughtful

of the peaceable and anti-revolutionary element of society; while on the other hand the colleges and universities, the working-men's clubs and the communes have in most instances become hot-beds of radical revolutionary propaganda, in spite of all the efforts of the argus-eyed minions of despotism.

In recent years two men have been chiefly responsible for this blast and blight upon Russia—the late Minister of the Interior, M. Von Plehve, and the head of the Holy Synod, M. Pobodonostseff. Since the death of the former and the revelations which were brought out at the time of his assassination, revealing the existence of a far-reaching plot on the part of desperate and resolute men who were determined to temper the despotism of the Czar with continued assassinations unless a wider meed of freedom was granted to the people, the alarmed government has felt the necessity of at least pretending to partially yield to the popular sentiment. Accordingly Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky was called to the Ministry of the Interior and a more liberal *régime* was promised. At his suggestion it was decided to permit a certain number of the members of the zemstvos or communal councils to assemble in St. Petersburg to discuss a few matters that were uppermost in the municipalities and communes of Russia. The Czar at first regarded this action on the part of his liberal minister with favor, but the bureaucrats instantly took alarm. Well they knew the seething discontent that exists under the despotic superficial calm. Well they knew that any public gathering of thoughtful men would reflect the demands of justice and liberalism in such a manner as to shake the structure of absolutism that rests wholly on brutal and merciless exhibitions of force. The representations of the reactionists so far influenced the Czar that he refused his sanction for the proposed gathering, but permitted the minister to allow the assembled council to meet in private and to enjoy the protection of the police.

Accordingly on the nineteenth of November the zemstvos assembled and on the twentieth of November completed a memorial that clearly and eloquently voices the sentiment of the law-revering and intelligent Russians, outside of the reactionary bureaucracy and its supporters. The members of the zemstvos have scant sympathy with revolutionists as yet. They are distinctly representatives of law and order, and as representatives of law and order in the highest sense of those words they are naturally out of sympathy with the

unjust and tyrannical spirit and action of the bureaucracy. And if these men have as yet shown little more sympathy with revolution than have the imperial rulers themselves, their memorial reveals the fact that they have traveled far—very far—on the way toward freedom. If the government ignores their requests, if it seeks to suppress such meetings in the future, or if it seeks to disgrace or punish these fearless spokesmen of the empire, they will be forced into the camp of the radicals, and with such accessions revolution might easily be guided to a triumphant conclusion. Nothing is weaker than a brutal and cruel despotism when a formidable revolution is led by great souls who have dedicated their lives to the cause of free institutions and the advancement of humanity.

The memorial adopted on the nineteenth and twentieth of November is a bold and statesmanlike paper in which is set forth the unhappy condition of Russia, with a people estranged from their rulers and where the atmosphere of distrust breeds the spirit of revolt and revolution. These resolutions are instinct with the breath of the larger life. That they have found utterance at such a time proves that the same spirit that animated our illustrious fathers lives in the minds of the most thoughtful of the Russians to-day. Take, for example, Sections 6 and 7 of the memorial, which read as follows:

"Section 6. For the unrestricted expression of public opinion and the free expression and satisfaction of popular needs, it is essential to guarantee freedom of conscience and speech and of the press, and also freedom of meeting and association.

"Section 7. Self-reliance is the chief condition of the proper and successful development of the political and economic life of the country. A considerable majority of the population of Russia belonging to the peasant class, it is necessary first of all to place the latter in a position favorable for the development of self-reliance and energy, and this is attainable only by a radical alteration of the present inequitable and humiliating condition of the peasants. For this purpose it is necessary (a) to equalize the civil and political rights of peasants with the other classes; (b) release rural self-government from administrative tutelage; (c) safeguard peasants by proper courts of justice."

One almost feels that the spirit of the immortal author of the Declaration of Independ-

ence was present when those brave and noble utterances were penned in behalf of freedom of the press, freedom of conscience and the rights of the oppressed peasants.

But the section that even more perfectly reflects the spirit of free government and which has therefore most enraged the bureaucracy, is the one practically calling for constitutional government in which an elective parliament shall make the laws and supervise the administration of the public revenues. In its final form this section reads as follows:

"In order to secure the proper development of the life of the state and the people, it is imperatively necessary that there be regular participation of national representatives, sitting as a specially-elected body, to make laws, regulate the revenues and expenditures, and control the legality of the action of the administration."

The meeting further adopted a declaration in favor of general amnesty for all political offenders in prison or exile by administrative orders.

When it is remembered that the zemstvo presidents who signed this memorial were not only elected by the zemstvos or municipal organizations, but were all confirmed by the bureaucratic government, and that the signatories also include five marshals of the nobility—the elections to which offices are of course also confirmed by the government—the significance of the memorial becomes all the more impressive and further emphasizes the truth of the statements of some of these leaders, who have pointed out that the apparent solidity of the Russian government is fictitious rather than real. It is highly probable that this memorial marks the parting of the ways for Russia. Three courses are open before the Czar and his advisers: (1) They may ignore the memorial and set to work to directly or indirectly degrade and punish the bravest of the leaders. (2) They may grant partial reforms and appear to yield many points without granting any of the demands which shall be radical in character. (3) They may frankly meet the people by granting the demands made by the zemstvos.

It is probable that the second course will be the one pursued, for unless the reactionaries gain control of the Czar and succeed in driving Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky into retirement, some recognition of the memorial will be required. Yet it is inconceivable that any real reforms of a radical or far-reaching character

can be hoped for while the Czar is as strongly influenced as he is at the present time by the reactionary head of the Russian Church. But the memorial that has been published has sounded the marching orders for the friends of freedom, and the battle for constitutional government will inevitably be fought in the near future. The doom of the present system has been sounded. One of the signers of the zemstvo memorial well voiced the sentiment of the more far-seeing and thoughtful Russians when he declared that "the present system must in the end spell ruin or revolution."

The Bourbon monarchy was confronted by precisely the same problem, and through refusing the reasonable concessions demanded by the people incurred the ruin of the dynasty and the overthrow of the government. In England during the last century the same alternatives were presented to the throne and aristocracy, but in the latter nation the rulers had learned wisdom and yielded to the just and reasonable demands of the friends of constitutional government who were also the champions of peaceful and orderly progress toward the enjoyment of free institutions, and as a result there was no shock of force, no bloodshed or widespread ruin. Which course will the bureaucracy of Russia elect to pursue? That is the momentous question that confronts the Czar and his government.

MUNICIPAL-OWNERSHIP IN LIVERPOOL: A FORMER CITIZEN'S VIEWS.

FROM all parts of the country come letters evincing the fact that our people are at last awakening to a realization that the public-service corporations are not only the fountain-head of a large proportion of our present-day political corruption, but that they are annually taking from our citizens millions upon millions of dollars that under public-ownership and operation would be applied to reduce the rates and fares and to lessen the taxes. Among many interesting letters we have recently received, comes one from Mr. J. Morgan, formerly a citizen of Liverpool, now a resident of this country. As the testimony of one familiar with the practical workings of street-railway service under both private and public-ownership is of special interest, we give the following extracts from his letter, which is dated Salt Lake City, Utah:

"I was very much interested in a recent article on municipalization of local utilities

that appeared in your review. I happened to be living in Liverpool when the question of city ownership was before the municipality, and I make the statement from personal knowledge, which none conversant with the facts can deny, that the service on the street-railways is incomparably superior under city operation than it was under private control. Not only does this apply to the control of traffic, but to the employees as well. A far higher class of men is engaged by the city than were in the employ either of the tram or omnibus companies. The men employed by the city are given one week or ten days' holiday during the year, with no deduction from pay, while at the same time they work on the average of from fifteen to twenty hours a week less than they were compelled to work under private ownership. Moreover, they earn from sixty cents to a dollar per week more than they realized from the private companies, besides being supplied with uniforms for winter and summer free of cost. People accustomed to accept the arguments of the advocates of private ownership might imagine that this increase in wages and shorter hours would result in increase in traffic-rates, or that in some other way the people would pay the difference; and under private ownership this would be the case, as dividends on watered stock and high salaries to interested officials receive first consideration under private ownership. Not so under municipal operation, as will be seen from the fact that in Liverpool the fares have been reduced at least fifty per cent. and the returns to the city have been far above anything the old companies ever dreamed of. I well remember living near Kensington when the old company was in possession, and the fare then was 3d. inside and 2d. outside (six cents and four cents), and frequently I was compelled to wait on the corner of Holt Road fifteen to twenty minutes for the tram. Now the cars run every seven minutes at latest and the fare is 1d. (two cents) inside or out.

"The ease and facility with which the city handles the traffic is worthy of great praise; I have seen nothing in America that can approach it. This is very evident in the handling of the enormous crowds at the football matches Saturday afternoons. Football in the North of England is the sport of the masses, and it is from the nimble sixpence (twelve cents) that the main support comes. The Everton ground can accommodate more

than 60,000 persons, of which over 25,000 can be put under cover; while Liverpool's ground, about three-quarters of a mile nearer the city, can hold over 35,000, cover being available for more than half. 15,000 is considered a small gate, and last March when the semi-final tie between Manchester City and Sheffield (in the English cup-competition) was played, over 55,000 were present, and the cars managed the traffic without a hitch. Also on the day of the Grand National (steeple-chase) at Aintree, when over a quarter of a million viewed the race, the vast majority were carried to the course in electric-cars. The old companies would have been utterly unable to control the traffic.

"So satisfactory have been the results of municipal-ownership where it has been tried that the city is steadily extending its operations. But perhaps the city which is most advanced along all lines is Manchester. That city now owns its own cars, gas, electric-light, power, theaters, baths, and has a fine farm (reclaimed from the bog) of over 2,000 acres.

"After seeing as I have the practicality and immense value of public utilities operated for all the people, as they are in various English cities, I am more than amazed to see the American public turning over all these concerns, worth hundreds of millions of dollars, to private corporations, which all know are in business for the making of enormous profits or dividends that under public-ownership would go to the citizens. It is of course only natural that they should oppose and seek to discredit municipal enterprises, as they know on which side their bread is buttered, but I am surprised at the ignorance or apathy of the American public in allowing such things to go on. But aside from the vast fortunes, the millions upon millions that private companies are annually diverting into the pockets of the few, there is another phase of the question which of itself should decide all high-minded friends of popular government to vote and work for public-ownership and operation,—the political corruption and demoralization that everywhere mark public life where private companies are seeking franchises, special privileges or the defeat of the just demands of the people. Is it ignorance or apathy, or have the people been industriously educated by the agents of public-service companies so that they are blind to the loss they are sustaining and the peril to good government incident to corruption?"

THE REAL JAPAN: ITS TRADITIONS, IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS.*

A BOOK STUDY.

I. THE ORIENT ALONE CAN INTERPRET HER OWN.

THE STORY of Japan, embracing as it does her history, philosophy and poetry, is not unlike the fairy-tales of modern science; wonderful yet real; fascinating yet true; abounding in poetry yet at once sternly practical and profoundly suggestive. Up to the present time Occidental thinkers have not succeeded in faithfully depicting the life, ideals and aspirations of the Japanese people. We have some excellent thumb-nail sketches of the impressions of more or less cursory observers; some fairly good partial representations that reveal one side of Japanese life; but nothing that gives us the profounder aspects of this civilization or that reveals the deeper well-springs from which the Japanese draw their inspiration and which feed their ideals and stimulate their aspirations. Thus we find that the real Japan all but wholly eluded Sir Edwin Arnold. His was at best a most superficial view, a series of delightful pen-pictures, charmingly phrased, but revealing nothing beneath the surface. Even Lafcadio Hearn, who by reason of his Greek blood and the vivid imagination of his Irish ancestors was enabled to appreciate the poetry and idealism of the Japanese, failed to grasp the profounder characteristics of the nation in which the valor of the warriors, the deep thought of the philosophers and the idealism of the poets are balanced and blended in perhaps a more marked degree than in any other nation of our age.

Even Japanese writers have as a rule failed to clearly and intelligently depict the various aspects of their national life or to reveal the deep aspirations born of the imperial sway of tradition, philosophy and idealism over the imagination of the people. This has been in part due to the translators' limited understanding of one of the languages employed, which has led to the use of words which often fail to convey the author's exact meaning, if indeed they do not express an idea quite

foreign to the one intended to be expressed. Then again, to treat the great theme in a large and comprehensive manner the author, even though he be an Oriental, must be at once in perfect rapport with the idealism that so largely dominates the life of the children of Nippon—must keenly appreciate the artistic and poetic instincts of the people, and at the same time be thoroughly versed in the history of the civilizations of the Orient. He must, moreover, have a thorough grasp of the philosophic thought that so sensibly affects the imaginations and ideals of the Japanese; while in addition to these things, in order to make his subject perfectly clear to the Occidental mind, he must possess a mastery of our language and be familiar with the history of our civilization.

In Okakura-Kakuzo we have a Japanese author who possesses the above-mentioned requisites in a more eminent degree than any other author who has essayed to write of Japan of whom we have any knowledge. He is a poet, a philosopher and a historian, and he possesses in no small degree an intimate knowledge of Occidental history and the trend of our civilization, while his knowledge of our language enables him to write of *The Awakening of Japan* with the skill of a master of English. For these reasons this work is a volume that no Occidental student of the Orient can afford to slight.

II. THE DAY AND NIGHT OF ASIA.

To understand the civilization of Japan one must know the history of the civilizations of India and of China during the golden age of culture and refinement, of mental supremacy and moral grandeur—must, indeed, be thoroughly familiar with the age of the sages, when peace smiled over the nations and religion and philosophy dominated the brain of the cultured; for it was from the philosophy and religion of India and from the exalted morals and idealism of the two great Chinese sages, Confucius and Lao-Tsze, that Japan drew her vital inspiration. And it was reserved for this wonderful people, by nature so hospitable to new thought, to synthesize the

* *The Awakening of Japan*. By Okakura-Kakuzo. Cloth. Pp. 226. Price, \$1.20 net. New York: The Century Company.

religion, philosophy and ethics of the Orient and appropriate this eclectic message so that it became the basis for a civilization that in many respects is unique and highly attractive to men of noble mind.

Asia, like Egypt, Greece and Rome, had her golden age of culture, refinement and power. "The children of the Hwang-ho and the Ganges had from early days evolved a culture comparable with that of the era of highest enlightenment in Greece and Rome, one which even foreshadowed the trend of advanced thought in modern Europe. Buddhism, introduced into China and the farther East during the early centuries of the Christian era, bound together the Vedic and Confucian ideals in a single web, and brought about the unification of Asia. A vast stream of intercourse flowed throughout the extent of the whole Buddhaland. . . . Kingdoms often exchanged courtesies, while peace married art to art. From this synthesis of the whole Asiatic life a fresh impetus was given to each nation. It is curious to note that each effort in one nation to attain a higher expression of humanity is marked by a simultaneous and parallel movement in the other. That liberalism and magnificence, resulting in the worship of poetry and harmony, which, in the sixth century, so characterized the reign of Vikramaditya in India, appear equally in the glorious age of the Tang emperors of China (618-907), and at the court of our contemporary mikados at Nara."

This was the summer-time of Oriental philosophy, marked in many respects by a higher standard of life than in other parts of the world, where the theory that might makes right dominated the imagination of great peoples. But as the plains dotted with happy homes, mantled in golden grain and studded with fruit-laden trees, are at times suddenly and with little or no warning laid waste by the fury of the hurricane's blast, so in the thirteenth century the warriors of the Steppes overran the rich and peaceful valleys of China and India, subduing the people, laying waste the splendid civilization of the Orient, and even crossing the waters to assail Japan. The latter people, however, were quick to repulse the invaders, and thus the land of the Mikado was preserved from the Mongol despotism. The hordes from the West which conquered India had embraced Mohammedanism; those which subdued China owned a corrupt form of Buddhism, and in a

little time a barrier was raised—the barrier of intolerant religion—between India and China. All intercourse ceased; culture passed into eclipse; a profound inertia pervaded the Orient. The night had settled over Asia, a night that in a large measure extended to Japan, not merely because the inspiration and stimulation which came from the noble philosophy that had so often renewed the spiritual and moral life of Japan by the arrival from time to time of great Indian and Chinese sages and philosophers were withdrawn, but also because of the rise and increasing despotism of the rule of the Tokugawa shoguns, which followed the repulse of the Mongols and the crushing of the Jesuit rebellion at a later date.

Under the shogun despotism Japan was isolated from the world, buried alive, so to speak, for two hundred years. This was indeed a night-time for Japan, when the shoguns "threw the invisible net-work of their tyranny over all the nation. From the highest to the lowest, all were entangled in a subtle web of mutual espionage, and every element of individuality was crushed under the weight of unbending formalism. Deprived of all stimulus from without and imprisoned within" its island confines, the people groped amid a mass of tradition, groped in a midnight darkness that it seemed would never pass.

The shogun despotism was one of those evils such as are ever born into national life in times of war and which cast a baleful and sometimes fatal influence over a nation's future. These rulers were military regents of the Mikado who succeeded in time in isolating and secluding the ruler from his people. This was accomplished in the most artful manner. The Mikado should be regarded as one sacred and above the people. Was he not descended from the Sun-Goddess whose temple was the glory of Japan? It was meet that he be surrounded by mystery and revered by the people, and that to other and less sacred or divine hands be entrusted the cares, dangers and powers of state. Such was the plea adroitly advanced, which flattered the ruler and found ready acceptance among the people. The Japanese have ever loved and venerated their Mikados. Around their rulers has ever existed a halo of glory. Poetry and sentiment have lifted them above their subjects and surrounded them with a golden aureole.

"Over all was the Mikado. That sacred conception is the thought-inheritance of Japan from her very beginning. Mythology has consecrated it, history has endeared it, and poetry has idealized it. Buddhism has enriched it with that reverence which India pays to the 'Protector of the Law,' and Confucianism has confirmed it with the loyalty which China offers to the 'Son of Heaven.'"

III. CLASS AND CASTE UNDER THE SHOGUN RULE.

But under the rule of the shoguns the Mikado was very much like an invisible deity, while the shogun occupied the position of the high-priest who interprets the divinity's will and executes his commands. And these rulers, not insensible to the peril of their position, set to work to divide the people into classes or castes as absolute in character as those which exist in India. There were the kuges or court aristocracy, the successors of the princely bureaucrats who had participated in the Mikado's rule from 645 to 1166. Under the Togugawa shogun government, however, all political power was completely taken from the kuges.

Next in importance was a class called the daimios or feudal lords. Below the daimios came the samurai or sworded gentry. Next in the descending social scale came the commoners embracing the artisans, farmers and traders. This class enjoyed many privileges and great security. "Within a limited sphere they were even allowed to develop self-government. Industry and commerce flourished unmolested. Agriculture was specially encouraged, as rice was the medium in which the revenues of the government were taken. It is to the commoners that we owe the arts and crafts which have made Japan famous. It is to them that we are indebted for our modern drama and popular literature, the color-prints of Torii and Hokusai." They were, however, segregated by the shoguns. Social barriers faced them at every turn and they were sternly forbidden to trespass on what were termed the rights of the classes above them. They were not allowed to own weapons, and were also subject to the espionage of the secret police of the shoguns.

Below the commoners and "ostracized entirely from the social scheme, were the outcasts known as Yettas. They were the descendants of criminals, who, in early times,

were not allowed to intermarry with other families, and so formed a distinct caste by themselves. Some of them became quite wealthy, owing to their possession of a monopoly in the handling of leather and hide, an occupation considered unclean, according to the Buddhist canons."

IV. GRAY OF THE DAWN.

With one great and beneficent work the shogun despotism must be credited, and that was the introduction of universal education:

"Under the *régime* inaugurated by Iyeyasu every child in the empire was obliged to learn to read and write, under the instruction of the local priest, thus giving a certain amount of education to even the meanest peasant, while innumerable academies were established throughout the length and breadth of the land."

Owing to the character of the education the shoguns had little fear of its leading to rebellion, because the ethics and philosophy of both Confucianism and Buddhism enjoined peace and obedience. Yet the training of the mind of a whole people to think consecutively, and the even partial opening of the doors of literature, art and philosophy to the public mind, could not fail to lead in time to intellectual growth, restlessness and change. This fact, which history clearly proves, the shoguns failed to appreciate, and unquestionably the universal education thus inaugurated served as a John the Baptist, preparing the way for the master-currents that culminated in the intellectual, moral and esthetic renaissance of Japan, and later in the political revolution and renationalization of the empire.

V. THE THREE MAIN CURRENTS THAT TRANSFORMED JAPAN.

It has been the custom of Occidental writers ignorant of the history of Japan, or at least possessing but a superficial knowledge to credit Commodore Perry's compulsory opening up of Japan to the Western world as the cause of the phenomenal awakening and transformation of the Japanese nation. Yet to thoughtful students of history this explanation could not, in the nature of things, be satisfactory. China and India have been brought into intimate relation with Occidental civilization, yet the profound inertia of the

ages remains with them. Not so with Japan, and clearly there were other master-influences at work that prepared the people for this wonderful forward movement. As a matter of fact, the renaissance and revolution witnessed in Japan in the nineteenth century reminds us strongly of the renaissance, the reformation and the political revolutions which marked the first three centuries of modern times. It is customary with our Occidental historians to begin the period we term Modern times with the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of Eastern scholars over Western Europe; yet this event was merely the match that lighted the magazine. If Europe had not been prepared for this sudden conflagration and diffusion of the light, the dispersion of the scholars of the East, even though they were the high-priests who carried the ark of the covenant of a holy philosophy and a noble art, would have resulted in no splendid moral, intellectual and esthetic awakening. So was it with Japan, and her awakening is only intelligible if we take into consideration three great currents or influences that quietly and subtly transformed the nation.

"Three separate schools of thought united to cause the regeneration of Japan. The first taught her to enquire; the second, to act; the third, for what to act. All were tiny streams at their outset, finding their source in the solitary souls of independent thinkers who nursed them always under censure, often in banishment. They even coursed from within the prison-walls and trickled from the scaffold. They were almost hidden beneath the rank vegetation of conventionalism until the moment when they united to leap in cataracts of patriotic zeal inundating the whole nation."

The first of these great currents of progress was the school of classic learning, known as the *Kogaku*, which "arose at the end of the seventeenth century as a protest against the dogmas of the governmental academies." "This school for the first time frees the Tokugawa mind from the trammels of formalism, though its liberalism does not result in any particular conclusions."

The second influence which proved a potent factor in preparing Japan for the great awakening was the school of Oyomei. It too rose in the seventeenth century and its disciples embraced the philosophy of action as pro-

mulgated by the Chinese sage, Wangyang-ming, who held that "all knowledge was useless unless expressed in action. To know was to be. Virtue was real in so far only as it was manifested in deeds. The whole universe was incessantly surging on to higher spheres of development, calling upon all to join in its glorious advance. To realize their teachings it was necessary to live the life of the sages themselves, to consecrate one's whole energy to the service of mankind."

The third cause of progress was found in the historical school which familiarized the people with their ancient treasure-house of philosophy, art and history. Early in the eighteenth century this great school became a powerful factor in Japanese civilization, and "toward the end of the century the study of archaeology increased to such an extent that the Tokugawa government and wealthy daimios vied with each other in the collection of rare manuscripts and encyclopedic publications on art, while well-known connoisseurs were appointed to investigate and record the treasures of the old monasteries at Nara and Kioto. All this continued to lift the veil which had hung for so many centuries over the past. This was indeed the era of renaissance in Japan. . . . The historic spirit swept on through the realms of literature, art, and religion, until it finally reached the heart of the samurai. Till then its effects had been brilliant but not momentous, its expressions scholarly and therefore limited in scope. A democratization of this new message is found in the works of the early writers of the last century, among whom the poet-historian Rai-Sanyo stands foremost in rank. It was from his lucid pages that the full meaning of the past dawned on the minds of the young samurai and ronins."

At last the magic influence of this full-orbed renaissance took complete possession of the great samurai class or the sworded gentry of Japan.

"Soon as the memory of past ages came over the samurai, the lost glory of the Son of Heaven flashed upon them. They saw the Mikado himself leading his army to victory. They heard their ancestors beating their shields with their swords, as they sang the war-song of Otomo, the terrible joy of dying by the Mikado's side. . . . The historic spirit now stood sword in hand, and the sword was one of no mean steel. The samurai,

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like his weapon, was cold, but never forgot the fire in which he was forged. His impetuosity was always tempered by his code of honor.

"Strange whispers traveled from the cities to the villages. The lotus trembled above the turbid waters, the stars began to pale before the dawn, and that mighty hush which bespeaks the coming storm fell on the nation. Oyomei was abroad and the dragon was calling forth the hurricane. It was at this moment that the West appeared on our horizon."

VI. THE ADVENT OF UNCLE SAM.

Naturally enough, when the ships of Commodore Perry's fleet sailed into the waters of Japan, feelings of indignation, resentment and consternation were experienced by the people. Here was a powerful and strange nation demanding friendship and treaty-rights when no intercourse or treaties were desired. Excitement in Japan ran high, and the slogan, "Away with the barbarians!" echoed on every side.

"The alarm-bells clanged throughout the country. Foam-covered riders rushed through every castle-gate, spreading the momentous news. Spears were torn from their racks and ancient armor was eagerly dragged from dust-covered caskets. Night and day could be heard the clanging of steel on anvils forging the accoutrements of war. The old Prince of Mito was summoned from his hermitage to take command, and his cannon lined the principal points of defence. Buddhists wore away their rosaries in invoking Kartikiya, the war-god, and Shinto priests fasted while they called on the sea and the tempest to destroy the invader."

Japan as in a day had awakened. The old lethargy was gone forever. The people were united and thrilling with the highest patriotic passion. They faced a future big with possibilities for the Orient, and the nation, in the language of our author, "became one and the night of Asia fled forever before the rays of the rising sun."

At length the government came to see that the course of wisdom lay in making terms with Commodore Perry. The success of the mission was doubtless largely due to the tact and patience of the American commander, of whom our author has this to say:

"Our sincere thanks are also due to the American admiral, who showed infinite patience and fairness in his negotiations. Oriental nations never forget a kindness, and international kindnesses are unfortunately extremely rare. The name of Commodore Perry has become so dear to us that, on the fiftieth anniversary of his arrival, the people erected a monument at the spot where he landed."

VII. MODERN JAPAN.

We now come to modern Japan. Passing over the author's interesting description of the brilliant things achieved and of the aims and ideals of the great Unionist leaders, we arrive at the critical period when the present Mikado assumed control of the reins of government:

"In 1867, as soon as the Shogun had resigned his office, the Unionist ministry created two councils, one composed of the leading daimios and kuges, the other of representative samurai from various daimiates. When his Majesty the present Emperor ascended the throne in 1868 and proclaimed the Restoration, he declared the establishment of a national assembly in which important affairs of state should be decided by public opinion. In 1875 a senate was created, to which all contemplated legislation had to be submitted by the cabinet, and this was soon followed by the establishment of the Court of Final Appeal. . . . Consistent with Eastern traditions, our democracy is an accretion, not an eruption."

One of the first rescripts of the Mikado related to education and in it he emphasized the importance of schooling and encouraged his people to acquire knowledge "from all sources throughout the world."

"We have already mentioned the existence in Tokugawa days of elementary schools for the commoners and academies of learning for the higher classes. These were now systematically organized so that they might furnish the nation with the knowledge necessary for carrying out the obligations of its new environment. Elementary education was made compulsory for all boys and girls above six years of age, and normal schools were established in each of the provinces to supply them with teachers. In our educational system of to-day, next above the elementary schools come the middle schools, in which a

liberal education is given and pupils are prepared for entering the higher institutions of learning. There are also special schools for those desirous of entering the navy or army, agriculture, industrial science, commerce, or the arts and crafts, while the imperial university includes colleges of law, literature, medicine, engineering and science. Female education is not neglected, though, in accordance with Eastern customs, it is given separately. A few years ago a ladies' university was started in Tokio. The study of one of the European languages is compulsory in all except the elementary schools—that of English being the one generally required. A great number of Americans and Europeans are employed to give instruction, and thousands of young men and women study abroad either at their own or the government's expense. Our eagerness to acquire Western learning has prompted hosts of our young men to seek menial work in foreign countries,—service, according to Confucian notions, not being considered derogatory. The ethical training given to the rising generation is based on the teachings of earlier days."

Very interesting are the author's observations relating to women. Here he shows that Japan is indebted in a positive way to Western civilization, though throughout all ages women have enjoyed a higher place in Japanese civilization than in that of most Oriental lands:

"Another important feature of the reformation lay in the exaltation of womanhood. The Western attitude of profound respect toward the gentler sex exhibits a beautiful phase of refinement which we are anxious to emulate. It is one of the noblest messages that Christianity has given us. Christianity originated in the East, and, except as regards womanhood, its modes of thought are not new to Eastern minds. As the new religion spread westward through Europe, it naturally became influenced by the idiosyncrasies of the various converted nations, so that the poetry of the German forest, the adoration of the Virgin in the middle centuries, the age of chivalry, the songs of the troubadours, the delicacy of the Latin nature, and, above all, the clean manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race, probably all contributed their share toward the idealization of woman.

"In Japan, woman has always commanded

a respect and freedom not to be found elsewhere in the East. We have never had a Salic law, and it is from a female divinity, the Sun-goddess, that our Mikado traces his lineage. During many of the most brilliant epochs in our ancient history we were under the rule of a female sovereign. Our Empress Zingo personally led a victorious army into Korea, and it was Empress Suiko who inaugurated the refined culture of the Nara period. Female sovereigns ascended the throne in their own right even when there were male candidates, for we considered woman in all respects as the equal of man. In our classic literature we find the names of more great authoresses than authors, while in feudal days some of our amazons charged with the bravest of the Kamakura knights.

"We have never hitherto, however, learned to offer any special privileges to woman. Love has never occupied an important place in Chinese literature; and in the tales of Japanese chivalry, the samurai, although ever at the service of the weak and oppressed, gave his help quite irrespective of sex. To-day we are convinced that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race. She is the epitome of the past and the reservoir of the future, so that the responsibilities of the new social life which is dawning on the ancient realms of the Sun-goddess may be safely intrusted to her care. Since the Restoration we have not only confirmed the equality of sex in law, but have adopted that attitude of respect which the West pays to woman. She now possesses all the rights of her Western sister, though she does not care to insist upon them; for almost all of our women still consider the home, and not society, as their proper sphere.

"Time alone can decide the future of the Japanese lady, for the question of womanhood is one involving the whole social life and its web of convention. In the East woman has always been worshiped as the mother, and all those honors which the Christian knight brought in homage to his lady-love, the samurai laid at his mother's feet. It is not that the wife is less adored, but that maternity is holier. Again, our woman loves to serve her husband; for service is the noblest expression of affection, and love rejoices more in giving than in receiving. In the harmony of Eastern society the man consecrates himself to the state, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband."

The point-of-view of Japanese statesmanship and scholarship differs widely from that of the Occidental world, in that they strive not to mistake the means for the end; not to permit the acquisition of wealth, for example, to become the end of life instead of merely an incident that may be made to help further develop the highest ideals and the happiness of all the people.

"It should be remembered," says our author, "that in Eastern philosophy the poetry of things is more real and vital than the mere facts and events.

"The West is for progress, but progress towards what? When material efficiency is complete, what end, asks Asia, will have been accomplished? When the passion for fraternity has culminated in universal co-operation, what purpose is it to serve? If mere self-interest, where do we find the boasted advance?

"The picture of Western glory unfortunately has a reverse. Size alone does not constitute true greatness, and the enjoyment of luxury does not always result in refinement.

The individuals who go to the making up of the great machine of so-called modern civilization become the slaves of mechanical habit and are ruthlessly dominated by the monster they have created. In spite of the vaunted freedom of the West, true individuality is destroyed in the competition for wealth, and happiness and contentment are sacrificed to an incessant craving for more. The West takes pride in its emancipation from medieval superstition, but what of that idolatrous worship of wealth that has taken its place? What sufferings and discontent lie hidden behind the gorgeous mask of the present? The voice of socialism is a wail over the agonies of Western economics,—the tragedy of Capital and Labor."

Such in brief is an outline of the general trend of this remarkable little volume, which must be read in its entirety to be appreciated. Especially thoughtful and convincing is the discussion of the groundlessness and puerility of the cry against the yellow peril by the nations that have proved a "white disaster" to the Oriental races.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.*

The Fishers. By J. Henry Harris. Cloth. Pp. 344. Price, \$1.50. New York: John Lane.

In *The Fishers* Mr. Harris has given the reading public a thoughtful and well-written novel, a romance in which the common life of a poor fishing-village is invested with rare charm, while with a few exceptions the ethical ideals evinced are wholesome. It is to us a matter of much surprise, however, to find a writer who while not evincing the bravery of thought or grasp of fundamental principles that mark the writings of advanced economists and great practical idealists among modern social philosophers, is nevertheless far in advance of many conventional religious, ethical and social teachers, striving to justify the gaining of wealth through speculation in Wall street. The day is coming, and that right soon, when the people will see things as they are, will recognize in the great Wall-street gamblers the

worst of all gamblers. The great English scientist and scholar, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has given voice to a growing sentiment among men and women of conscience when he characterizes speculations as "but a form of gambling, and perhaps the very worst form, since it impoverishes not the few fellow-gamblers only, but the whole community."

The great speculators acquire vast fortunes, but this is done through acquisition instead of through earning wealth, and the acquisition is usually the result of indirection. It may be through deceiving the public; it may be through watering stock and thus giving a fictitious value to certain wares; it may be, and frequently is, acquired through sudden depression of stocks far below the actual worth of the property, by means of alarming rumors, after which the speculator buys the stock in at a nominal price. This done he proceeds to inflate it by means of unwarranted promises, and it is disposed of at the abnormally increased prices. All these methods of obtaining wealth are of course dishonorable,

* Books intended for review in *THE ARENA* should be addressed to B. O. Flower, Editorial Department, *THE ARENA*, Boston, Mass.

dishonest and ethically indefensible. And yet such is the ethical confusion, the pitiable moral anarchy in our present-day life, that modern writers, journalists and, be it said with regret, not a few ministers, so lose all sense of moral proportion as to justify the course of these modern parasites of the commercial world, and we find in fiction such amazing examples of lack of right relationship in ethics as that of which we are speaking in the present work, where the author presents high ethical ideals and in the same breath justifies the acquisition of wealth through Wall-street gambling, as it enables the son of the gambler to do good with his money. By parity of reasoning one should return thanks to the Italian brigand who waylays and robs the traveling public, but who while living or when dying devotes a portion of his ill-gotten gain to churches, colleges and for the relief of poverty, because without this robbery it would have been impossible for him to have posed as a benefactor to religion, education and the poor. Mental and moral confusion such as is found in this book and in much of our present-day editorial writing as well as fiction, is one of the chief reasons accounting for the slow progress made by the public toward the realization and exercise of true ethics or the fundamental moral verities. Yet if we except such lapses as the above, the moral atmosphere of the work is high and fine.

The story deals with life in a poor fishing-village in Cornwall. One of the principal characters is Uncle Zack, a remarkably well-drawn character, who is a liberal and vigorous thinker far in advance of the people of the little fishing-village. He is ever scandalizing the narrow sentiments of the religious sectarians, who in addition to an unquestioning belief in the old-fashioned devil and his all but omnipotent power, have also retained many of the old superstitions of their pagan ancestors. Uncle Zack preaches the gospel of light which embraces an intelligent coöperation, progressive practice in work and a rational concept of life dominated by sentiments of justice and fair-play.

Two other principal characters are Robert Pendean and Mary Vaughan, the lover and the loved of the story in so far as it is a sentimental romance. Robert Pendean is descended from old Cornish stock. His father fared forth to America, whence he drifted into Wall street, became a great speculator, acquired a vast fortune, and is proudly recog-

nized as one of the great representatives of "high finance" in Wall street. His son Robert when at Harvard strangely enough falls under humanitarian influences and develops reform tendencies which are highly distasteful to his father, or at least the father becomes satisfied that he and his son should not be together unless the latter can divest his mind of his Utopian social ideals and develop a taste for "high finance." Finally, at the suggestion of the father, five million dollars is settled upon the son on condition that he goes to Europe, which he does and finally gravitates to Cornwall, where in the bosom of a family of relatives he finds a congenial abode, rendered especially pleasing by the presence of two beautiful, highly attractive and cultured young ladies. One of these, Mary by name and next to Uncle Zack the most charming character in the work—a twentieth-century young woman of penetration and a firm faith in the essential good in the human heart, becomes the bride of Robert Pendean; and an extensive plan for a practical coöperative enterprise among all the fishermen and the building of a model fishing-village nigh to the wretched old town, engrosses the young people and fills the heart of old Uncle Zack with unfeigned joy.

Principles of Political Economy. By Charles Gide. Translated from the latest edition and Americanized by C. William A. Veditz, Ph.D., LL.B. Cloth. Pp. 706. Price, \$2.00. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

THIS work, like all books on political economy that are popular in the educational institutions of many lands, has many strong points of excellence, and, from our point of view, some fatal defects. It is written in a charmingly lucid manner. The author is almost as felicitous in presenting a subject that in the hands of most scholars is extremely dull as was Henry George. This work has been brought down to the latest date and evidently no pains has been spared, within certain limits, to present the subject in a broad, up-to-date and comprehensive manner. A third excellence is found in its concrete presentation of the subject. Few books so lucid are also so concise as this work, and what is more, by the author's method of presentation the interest in the subject and its intelligibility have gained rather than lost by the concise and direct treatment. This is owing to the fact that he

avoids long-drawn-out and pedantic argumentation and theorizing. The division and arrangement of the work are also admirable and with the fairly good index enable the reader to find anything he desires with little loss of time.

On the other hand, this work, though far less open to criticism than many conventional political economies, falls, in our judgment, far short of meeting the demands of an up-to-date political economy that claims to present impartially the various present-day theories of government. The newer systems of political economy, which own millions of disciples among the most thoughtful and conscientious men and women of Europe and America, are accorded far less space than they rightfully deserve. The economist who would be strictly just and impartial should devote much space to new systems and theories that differ fundamentally from those popularly accepted, when the new have proved convincing to millions of intelligent people; because while the conventional theories are familiar to the public, very few, comparatively speaking, understand the new philosophies and theories or have other than a partial and often a wholly mistaken conception of them, based on the general misrepresentations of conventional and conservative writers and the press, which always assails and misrepresents any new, bold or radical proposition.

Again, after an outline of a theory is given, the just, fair and safe writer, if he elects to give the popular objections to the new theory, should at least indicate how the advocates among the innovators meet these conventional objections. In the third place a work pretending to merely treat in a thoroughly impartial manner the theories of political economy should not present the author's opinions for or against any specific system.

In all these particulars this work is seriously at fault. The treatment of the newer political theories and radical measures has not, it seems to us, been given the space that for the reasons given above they should receive; while the claim of the publishers, that the book is impartial, is not borne out by the facts. If it had been claimed that it was more impartial than most similar works, the contention might have gone unchallenged. But after outlining a new theory and giving the objections of conventional leaders, in common fairness the answers to these objections should be at least briefly mentioned, and this our author fails to

do. For example, the treatment of Mr. George's system of land-taxation is given fifteen lines in elucidation, on pages 616 and 617, while the author gives over fifty lines to combatting Mr. George's position or offering objections; and after admitting that the unqualified ownership of land enables the land-holding class to reap an unearned benefit at the expense of the community, he yet holds that the proposed measure is "impracticable in so far as it concerns property already established." Thus it will be seen that less than one-third the space is given to the outlining and elucidation of Mr. George's theory that is devoted to an attempt to confute it, while the author fails entirely to indicate how each objection that he urges has been met by the Single-Taxers. To say that such treatment of such a subject is fair or impartial is palpably absurd.

Again, the author after a brief and to our mind wholly inadequate exposition of the principles of socialism, probably feeling that the little said might cause him to lose caste with the hide-bound schoolmen who are only less intolerantly dogmatic than the conventional theologians, hastens to observe, in speaking of socialism, that, "it seems to be neither realizable nor from many points of view very desirable."

These examples are typical and will serve to show how *ex parte* in nature the work is. Such faults cannot fail to lessen its value with men of broad intellectual vision and truly progressive instincts, while for social reformers and liberal democrats they will be accounted sufficient defects to measurably at least condemn it.

The Man on the Box. By Harold MacGrath.
Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 362. Price, \$1.50.
Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IF ONE desires a romantic love-story dealing with present-day life in Washington, written in a bright, breezy and charmingly entertaining manner,—a spirited story with plenty of action, unhackneyed in character and very strong in human interest, he cannot do better than read *The Man on the Box*. It is, we think, Mr. MacGrath's best romance and should prove very popular. In it the hero, Robert Warburton, a soldier possessed of twenty-five thousand dollars, renounces the army and sets out to see Europe. In Paris he falls in love with a beautiful American girl

before he knows her name, and follows her to New York, vainly striving to secure an introduction to the lady or her father, who he learns is a retired army officer by the name of Annesley. On ship-board he meets a Russian count, one Karloff by name, the villain of the romance. He is a young man of commanding personal appearance and fine address. He is in the secret-service of Russia, a fact of course not known to the public, as he poses as an *attaché* of the Russian Embassy, but his real mission is to secure plans of the coast-defences of America—defences which are well known to Colonel Annesley, as he is an eminent strategist perfectly familiar with all the Atlantic forts.

Colonel Annesley has a penchant for gambling and unfortunately knows far less about cards than some with whom he plays. The Colonel and his daughter go to Washington for the winter, which is also the destination of Count Karloff. Thither also goes the hero. He has in Washington a brother and sister in excellent financial conditions. The home-coming is a joyous one to Robert. From his sister he learns the name of the young woman who has unconsciously drawn him from Paris. She was a schoolmate of Miss Nancy Warburton.

Robert conceives the idea of playing a practical joke on his sister by exchanging places with the coachman and driving his sister and sister-in-law home from a function at the British Embassy. He is a master horseman but determines to drive the ladies so as to frighten them and then add to their consternation by hugging and kissing his sister before she finds out who he is. Unluckily—or was it luckily?—for the young Jehu, he gets on the box of the wrong carriage and by a prank of fate starts to drive Miss Annesley home, thinking her to be his sister. The horses which are high-spirited, run some distance. The ladies are terrified. When Warburton stops Miss Annesley steps from the carriage and instantly the pseudo-coachman springs to the sidewalk and hugs her. Mounted policemen arrive at this juncture and Warburton is ignominiously dragged off to jail, but the next day his fair accuser withdraws the gravest charge and he is fined thirty-five dollars. This, however the accuser also pays, and at her invitation he accepts a position as her coachman. His new mistress, who does not recognize exactly who he is, puts him to all kinds of humiliating tasks, not the

least of which are trailing behind Miss Annesley and Count Karloff when they ride together and being impressed into the position of serving-man when Count Karloff dines at the Colonel's.

From the time he enters the service of Miss Annesley the plot thickens, and there is a deep undercurrent of villainy running through the romance. Karloff plays a bold and daring game for the hand of the fair American, and during all this time Warburton's love for his divinity grows in intensity. At last the very dramatic climax is reached, and then follows what from a literary point-of-view is an anti-climax very similar to that found in Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, after the joyous recognition of Melnotte by Pauline. The novel is written simply to entertain and is one of the best light love stories of the season.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. New edition with supplementary chapters on George Eliot at Work, her Friends and her Home-Life. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 360. Price, \$1.25. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

THE EXCELLENT life of George Eliot, by Mathilde Blind, will remain a standard biography dealing with the most illustrious woman novelist of the English-speaking world and one of the greatest, if not the greatest female writer of the nineteenth century. The new edition of this notable work which has recently been brought out by Little, Brown & Company has been greatly enhanced in value by the introduction of able and carefully-prepared chapters by Frank Waldo, Ph.D., and G. A. Turkington, M.A., in which we have a charming description of the friends and home-life of George Eliot, and a critical estimate of her place in literature, together with an exhaustive bibliography. George Eliot's works were among the strong literary influences that in no small degree colored the thought-world of thousands of our most reflective citizens. Her place among the illustrious representatives of English literature is assured. Her works will long be read, though we doubt if they will ever again be as popular as they were a quarter of a century ago. Her life, though not a particularly eventful or strenuous career, nevertheless possessed a strong human interest, which in the hands of Mathilde Blind becomes an absorbingly fascinating and instructive story,

forming a capital introduction to the writings of George Eliot. It is a volume that we take pleasure in recommending to our readers as a book which should find a place in all well-ordered libraries and a work that every young person should read as a part of his general culture.

Bethink Yourselves! Tolstoi's Letter on the War Between Russia and Japan. Paper. Pp. 59. Price, 10 cents. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Company.

THIS pamphlet merits the widest possible circulation. It is a cry of one of the greatest conscience-voices of any age to the conscience of twentieth-century civilization. It is a trumpet-call to true Christian men and women to range themselves positively and effectively on the side of Jesus and of all the noblest prophets and leaders of the world in that moral struggle which is bound to be one of the greatest conflicts of the twentieth century—the war against war. We believe the incoming time will witness the advent of the golden age of peace, and surely such a result will be inevitable if men and women pledged to the cause of human weal unite in the educational propaganda now being vigorously carried on. Such powerful pleas as Count Tolstoi's will necessarily greatly aid the cause of peace. This little pamphlet is admirably adapted for propaganda purposes. It is printed in clear, pleasing type, on excellent paper. The size of the work admits of its being carried in the side-pocket.

The Wolverine. A Romance of Early Michigan. By Albert Lathrop Laurence. Illustrated. Cloth. Pp. 338. Price, \$1.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

The Wolverine will appeal to those readers who delight in the old-fashioned love-story in which little attention is paid to psychical problems, but which abounds in action and is

vibrant with human interest. The heroine in this novel is a beautiful French Catholic, Marie Beaucœur. The hero, Perry North, is a stern Puritan. Religion rises as a barrier between them, and the fear of losing her soul leads Marie to the commission of an act that well-nigh blasts the future of both lovers and that results in years of struggle, battling and estrangement, during which stirring events are transpiring in which the leading characters play prominent parts and where some of the situations are strongly dramatic. Especially is this true of the chapters dealing with the disputation over the boundary between Michigan and Ohio, which almost ended in a state of civil war. There are also many other exciting episodes in the novel, but the chief interest from first to last centers in Perry North and Marie Beaucœur. It is a case where the course of true love runs over rocks and rapids, but where the current gains in strength, compelling force and volume as it hastens toward the broad and peaceful plains where the sun shines on the silver surface of the stream that runs joyously through flower-decked fields and fruit-laden forests that ring with the music of love's sweet melody.

Baby Bible Stories. By Gertrude Smith. Cloth. Pp. 171. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company.

THIS is a beautifully-gotten-up book for small children. In it such Bible stories as those of Noah, Joseph, Moses, David, Jonah and the whale, and Daniel and the lions are told in simple language that can easily be understood and appreciated by small children. Here also are some New Testament tales, such as the healing of Jairus' daughter. The stories are well written, and by those who believe in teaching the little folks the wonder-tales of the Old Testament as part of the divine word of God the book will be highly appreciated. It contains about thirty excellent illustrations and is tastefully bound.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG'S *Forty Years in the Wilderness; or, the Masters and Rulers of "the Freeman" of Pennsylvania*: In this issue we open a series of papers that we believe will be the most important contribution to the literature of the moral and political renaissance that is dawning which has been made or will be made for some time to come. "Forty Years in the Wilderness" will run through seven issues of THE ARENA. The series has been prepared by the eminent citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG, whose valiant service for civic morality has endeared him to all the nobler minds of Pennsylvania. In these papers will be given an authentic history of the rise and domination of corrupt practices in the government of the Keystone State, which have virtually overthrown republican rule, debauched the electorate and well-nigh destroyed high political ideals among the people. This bold, brave, conscientious and authentic story, penned by one of the great merchants and manufacturers of Pennsylvania, cannot fail to exert a tremendous influence on all high-minded men who love justice and appreciate the priceless worth of free institutions. The opening paper gives a vivid picture of "The Birth of Corruption." Next month in a powerful contribution the master-spirit in this reign of corruption, graft and political debauchery will be graphically portrayed in a chapter that will hold the interest of the reader with the compelling power of a great tragedy. It is the duty of every American to read these papers. Nay, more; it is the high duty of every parent to read them aloud to his sons and at the same time to instill lofty civic ideals and principles into the minds of the children. We are at a point in our history when, like the Children of Israel of old, we must decide whether we will be counted on the Lord's side or on the side of Baal; whether we will imitate our heroic patriotic fathers, who were ready to freely sacrifice fortune and life for the principles of democracy, or whether we will become part of the sodden camp-followers of sordid, materialistic commercialism and fatal reaction that scoff at the lofty ideals and moral principles which alone can exalt nations and give permanent greatness to a people or happiness and prosperity to the masses. These papers are not unlike the great prophet-messages of olden times that awakened Israel from its sordid stupor and not unfrequently so deeply stirred the imagination that great reformatory advance steps followed. They come from one of the highest-minded citizens of our day and nation, and we believe they will profoundly impress the conscience of tens of thousands of our citizens.

The Reign of Boodle and the Rape of the Ballot in St. Louis: Seldom have the American people been treated to so bold, brave or circumstantial a revelation of the overshadowing menace to republican government as in LEE MERIWETHER's powerful and daring story of the shameful conditions that have flourished in St. Louis through the union of the pillars of society and corrupt bosses in the systematic robbery of the people of inestimably valuable possessions by bribing the people's servants. The

keen analysis made by this well-known lawyer, author and publicist of the St. Louis situation and the factors that have rendered such appalling and almost incredible conditions possible, will apply with equal force to other municipalities, to various commonwealths and to the nation at large. These are facts which THE ARENA proposes to make perfectly plain in a series of papers similar to the above that we shall give our readers from time to time; for the campaign for the restoration of the government to the people and the driving of the corruptionists from the temple of free government has just begun and there will be no cessation until the conscience of America has been so aroused that the victory for democracy and public purity shall become inevitable.

Really Masters: Though the recent astounding revelations of wholesale corruption and political debauchery in the United States are well calculated to appall and dishearten friends of free institutions, the very fact that there is a general demand on the part of the people for an accounting with their stewards is a tremendously hopeful sign. Moreover, there are other evidences which point to the fact that we are indeed on the eve of one of those great moral awakenings in political life which rejuvenate democracy and exalt nations. In "Really Masters" Mr. ELTWEED POMEROY, President of the Direct-Legislation League, gives our readers in this issue of THE ARENA accounts of some inspiring recent victories for real democracy on the Pacific coast. The magnificent triumph in Wisconsin of the new primary-election law through the able leadership of Governor LAFOLLETTE is another distinct triumph for good government, as were the election of Governors LAFOLLETTE and Mr. FOLK and the defeat of Governor PEABODY in Colorado.

The Savings of the People: The second paper in our series of international discussions on progressive democratic measures appears in this issue and is from the pen of Honorable J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., the eminent English postal authority. In it the author discusses at length the savings of the people and proves how beneficent have been the postal savings-banks to the inhabitants of Great Britain. Our country would undoubtedly have been blessed with a similar system long ere this had it not been for the strenuous hostility of corporate wealth and especially the opposition of the savings-banks. Wherever these national banks have been introduced they have proved a beneficent influence, fostering thrift and stimulating the saving habit, giving to the people an absolutely safe repository for their earnings, and also furnishing the government with wealth by which it is enabled to develop public utilities and materially increase the nation's prosperity. Yet whenever attempts have been made to give our people these advantages, all the machinery of the "system" has been set in motion to prevent the passage of the needed legislation. Mr. HEATON will contribute a second paper to our international series, in which he will discuss the parcels-post of Great Britain.

A Christian Woman on Divorce: The question of divorce is one of the uppermost ethical problems before the people, but the discussions as a rule impress us as being extremely superficial and pitifully inadequate. The writers for the most part seem to mistake an effect for a cause and would imitate the ignorant quack who would place a plaster over an eating sore without cleansing the wound. The remedies they propose would in our judgment immensely aggravate the evil symptoms which all thoughtful citizens recognize. It is our purpose to publish several papers during the coming year on this subject of divorce. This series is opened this month by a remarkably thoughtful discussion entitled "Light versus Legislation," in which a noble-minded Christian woman makes an extremely thoughtful appeal to the conscience of orthodox Christianity. The writer of this paper, Mrs. KATRINA TRASK, is, as many of our readers will remember, the author of the fascinating romance of Revolutionary days entitled *Free not Bound*, which we reviewed in THE ARENA last spring. She has also written some poetry of exceptional strength and beauty. In the present paper the magnificent intellectual grasp of the subject is only equaled by the lofty ethical plane on which the discussion is held.

Henrik Ibsen and Social Progress: In this issue Professor HENDERSON opens his series of six papers on the great present-day dramatists of the Old World and their art and message. These papers we think will prove of special interest to our readers, coming as they do from the discriminating pen of a thoroughly competent dramatic critic and an educator *en rapport* with the vital thought and larger view of our age.

The Social Message of Emerson: The great Concord philosopher is generally held up to the world as an extreme individualist. In Rev. OWEN R. LOVEJOY's thoughtful paper we see him presented from another view-point and one which we think reflects in a true way the larger vision of EMERSON. This noblest of our philosophers was no iconoclast. If his range of vision was cosmic in its scope, his heart kept rhythmic beat with the heart of humanity.

The Struggles of Autocracy with Democracy in the Early Days of the Republic: This extremely valuable paper opens a series of four contributions prepared for THE ARENA by one of our oldest and most valued contributors. They deal in a striking and luminous manner with the four great struggles between autocracy and democracy which marked the history of our nation, including the present battle between privilege and reaction on the one hand and free government on the other. Mr. E. P. POWELL is a careful historian and a logical thinker. His volume on *Nullification and Secession in the United States* is a standard work of great value to historical students, and his *Our Heredity from God* is one of the most wholesome and helpful ethical discussions of evolutionary progress that has appeared.

Justice for the Criminal: Dr. G. W. GALVIN continues his series of papers in behalf of the most helpless of our people in this issue with a suggestive

and practical plea. In our next number we expect to publish his argument in behalf of the out-of-workers. As a close student of human misery, vice and crime, he has come to the conclusions arrived at by a great number of our more progressive and altruistic social reformers, viz., that the state is overburdened with enormous expenditures for the maintenance of prisons, asylums, poor-houses and the machinery of law and order, that would and could be easily reduced very materially if a relatively small portion of the money was spent in aiding men to preserve self-respecting manhood by the state giving to each seeker after work employment in some wealth-producing labor. He holds that by sane, rational, humane and far-sighted statesmanship the commonwealth could greatly reduce her present penal and charitable expenditures while elevating the standard of citizenship throughout the state and removing a great, haunting fear from the minds of hundreds of thousands of the people. It is the purpose of Dr. GALVIN and some other high-minded citizens to form an association for the furtherance of the six-fold work which he enumerates in his paper in this issue. He holds, with the twentieth-century altruists, that in a very real way we are all our brothers' keepers and that no man can hope to be quit of obligation or responsibility who remains indifferent when so much can be done along wise and practical lines toward bettering and brightening the fate of the millions under the wheel. All persons who are interested in this great work should communicate with Dr. GALVIN, care of the Emergency Hospital, 142 Kingston street, Boston, Mass.

A Defence of Walt Whitman: We call the attention of our readers to the vigorous defence of WHITMAN's *Leaves of Grass*, by CLARENCE CUNNINGHAM. The author is a citizen of Charleston, South Carolina, and his defence of the work of the Poet of Democracy deserves the careful consideration of all readers. WHITMAN was a great, free soul. In a large way he typified virile democracy that is the antithesis of the pitiful, reactionary, wealth-worshipping, monarchy-aping and sordid, make-believe democracy that is now seeking to usurp the seat made by our fathers for the genius of Liberty and Progress which found embodiment in the Declaration of Independence and under whose sway it was believed the United States would become and remain the moral leader of civilization as well as the hope and inspiration of the down-trodden of all lands.

"Bart." of Minneapolis: In our brief paper on "A Pioneer Newspaper Cartoonist" we have given the first of a series of illustrated sketches of the leading newspaper cartoonists of our day which will appear from time to time during the present year. The cartoonist has not only come to stay, but is becoming more and more a real power in the newspapers throughout the land; and the hundreds of thousands of people who enjoy the work of such artists as BEARD, WARREN, OPPER, "BART." and BUSH naturally desire to know something about the men whose cartoons have awakened so many trains of serious thought and have not unfrequently caused real delight at the humorous yet telling portrayal of current events. We expect our next sketch to deal with the life and work of WARREN, the famous cartoonist of the Boston Herald.